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ENDING
APRIL 26, 1930

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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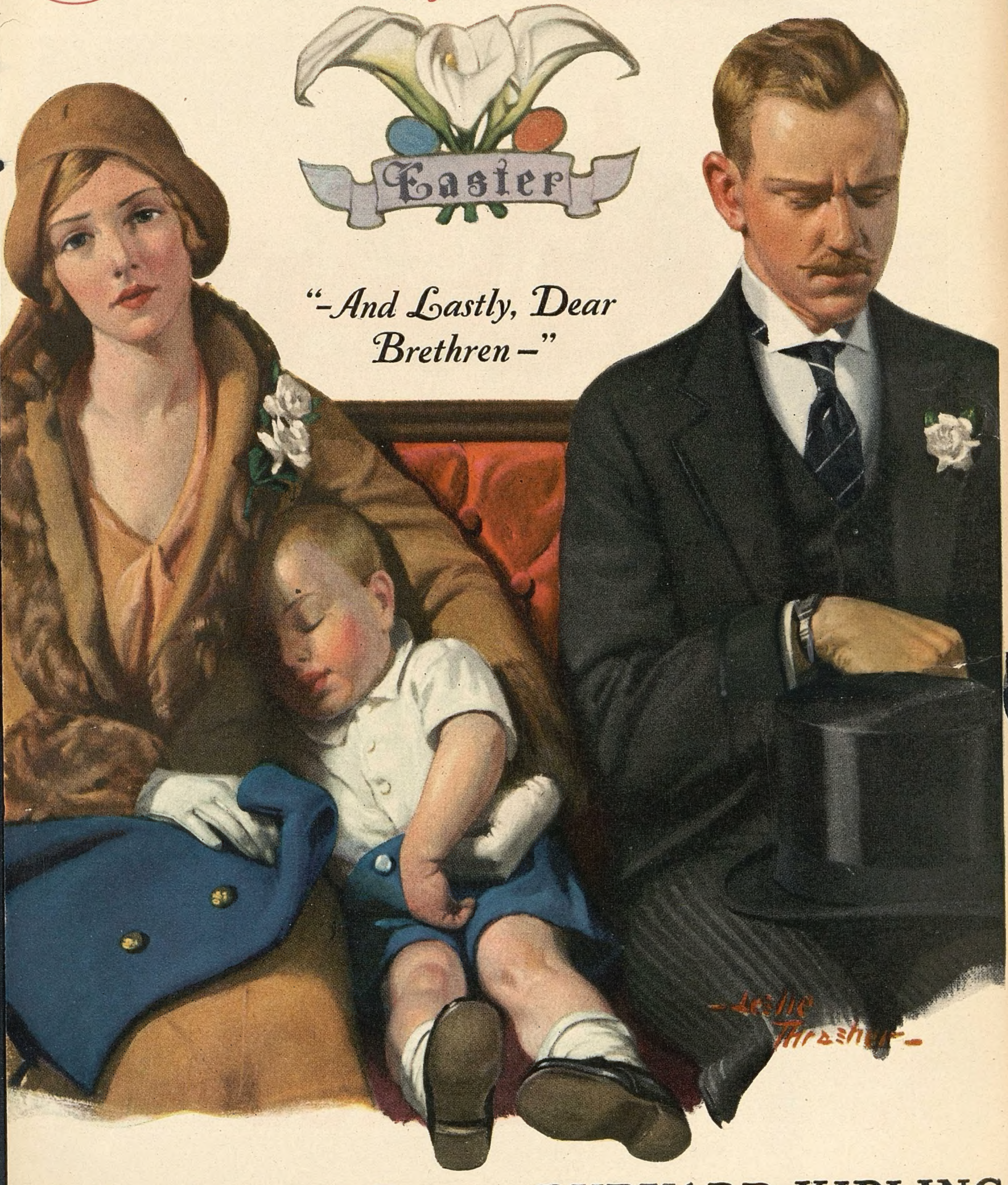
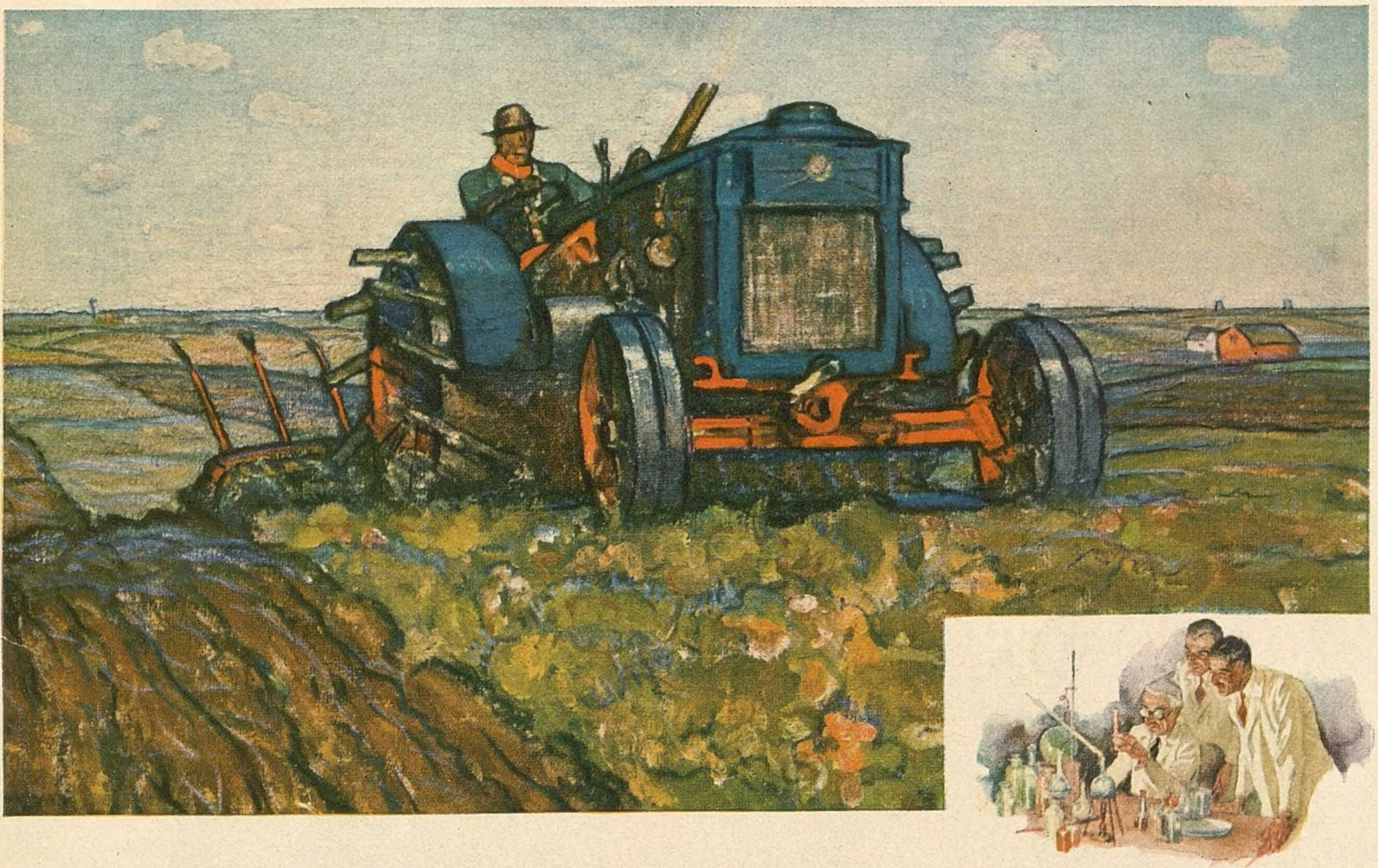

Easter
Leslie Thrasher

"–And Lastly, Dear Brethren–"

A NEW STORY OF INDIA *by* **RUDYARD KIPLING**



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IF the young wife does not know

(does not know all the facts about feminine hygiene)

then she should send for this free booklet

HOW vain the attempt is likely to prove only the young wife knows, the young wife who has tried to get true information about feminine hygiene. She is startled to learn how much misinformation is circulating among her friends. What theories they hold to be facts. How wrong some of these theories are; some of them even dangerous.

There is a vast difference between the real truth and the current speculations regarding this intimate matter. And unless the young wife is absolutely sure she knows *all* the facts, she should read the booklet called "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." Then she can be sure.

The professional opinion on the subject

Of course doctors and trained nurses are in perfect accord with the idea of feminine hygiene. More than others they value this surgical cleanliness and respect those women who will be satisfied with nothing less.

However they will usually give this warning: Beware of caustic and poisonous antiseptics. They are dangerous. They may do irreparable damage. They may cause hardened membranes and areas of scar tissue. They may interfere with normal secretions.

Caustic and poisonous antiseptics! Until recently, no other germicides were powerful enough for feminine hygiene! No wonder the medical profession was worried. It would not advise the use of bichloride of mercury and compounds of carbolic acid. It could not keep women from using them in their search for peace of mind that comes with daintiness and well-being.

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APRIL 26, 1930

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 7
No. 17

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> *" Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.*

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF WALTER ECKERSALL

This editorial is inspired by the fact that the late Walter Eckersall was a close personal friend of the writer. His death last month led to reflections about his kind of career and speculations as to whether or not it was worth while.

Eckersall in action in 1906.

Somehow, from the sedentary point of view to which we seem to be condemned, we cannot help wondering in a hedonistic vein (hedonism being the Epicurean doctrine that pleasure is the sole or chief good in life) whether Eckersall's life wasn't as satisfactory as a man can hope to find.

During his most intense years—from the age of sixteen to that of twenty-two, in high school and university—he led a life of the senses. But he led it in the highest meaning of the phrase; his was a life of vigor, of training of the body, the life of a Spartan and a life of glory.

Anyone who knows football knows that he was one of the half dozen greatest figures the game has ever seen. He was a marvelous ball-carrier, kicker, tackler, and field leader.

When he was a student at the Hyde Park High School in Chicago he was the most admired and looked-up-to individual in the institution. His four years at the University of Chicago were a dazzling stretch in which he was the hero of his time and place.

Newspapers printed thousands of columns about his prowess on the gridiron, and not merely full-page, but double-page pictures showing his features literally larger than life. Games at Stagg Field became one-man shows, with the crowds cheering Eckersall as no man had ever been cheered before. Magazines gravely discussed him. He was an American obsession.

Now Walter was not a scholar, a genius, a money-maker, or much of a writer. He made his living from his university days to the day of his death by writing about football, but it was not so much by literary skill as by knowledge of his subject.

We have all heard people deplore the case of the college athlete who is a shining hero when he is a boy and ends his days as a nobody.

Well, we know some of Walter's classmates. Some are judges and some millionaires. Most of them are alive and some have happy families.

But nobody can be sure that when they all meet, as they must eventually meet, in Elysium, and add up the sum of living they did on earth, Walter Eckersall will not prove to have had more intense, keen, delightful sensations than any of them.

And incidentally it may be remarked that in attaining these sensations he gave a vast amount of pleasure to thousands who were stirred by his grace, fleetness, and beauty of body as he flashed back and forth over the field, bringing joy to his own side and grief to his opponents.

If Tennyson was right when he wrote " Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," may not one wonder whether eight years of zestful living isn't better than a lifetime of prosperous dullness?

Doesn't the captain of a victorious football team, winning the last game of his career, get more satisfaction and delight out of it than a man of fifty-five, with somewhat faulty digestion, gets out of being inaugurated President of the United States?

Eckersall died at forty-six. He kept his vigor to the last, and to the end was able to bowl and play golf with the best of them. Another few years would have taken even these pleasures. He had lost his youth. He was coming to the end of his kind of living, and he knew it. If he had lived another twenty or thirty years would he have gained or lost?

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

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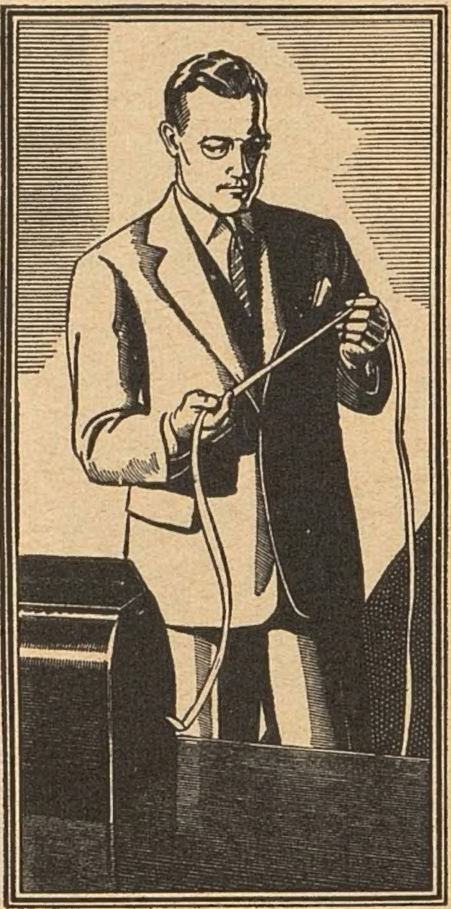
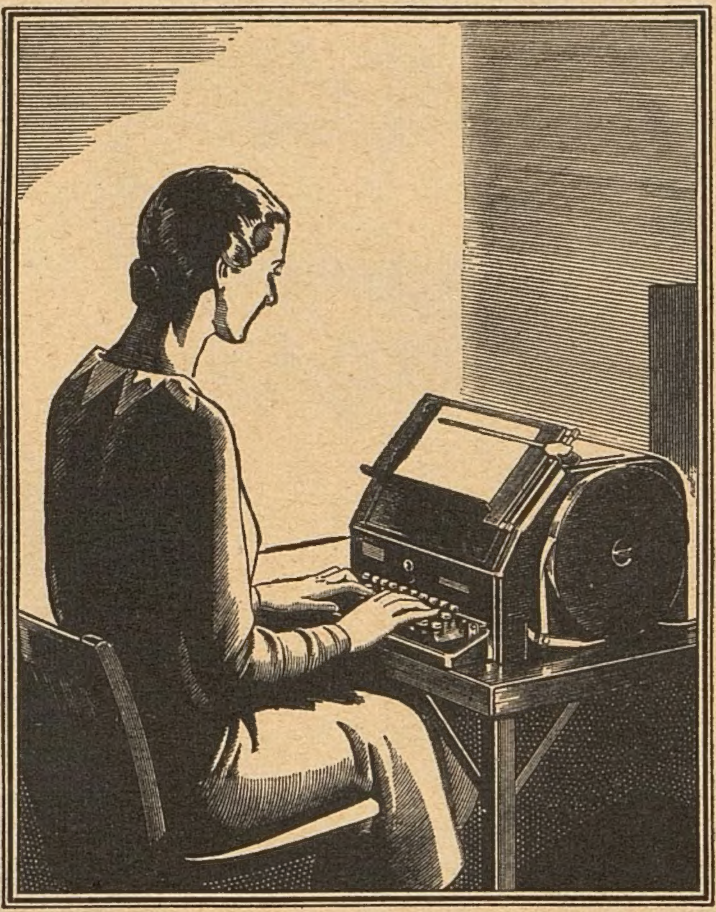
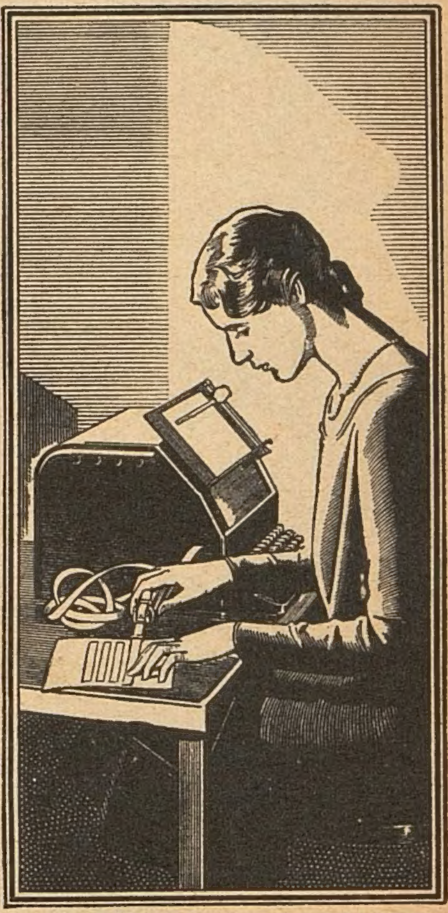


BRANCH OFFICE EXECUTIVE RECEIVES THE MESSAGE AS IT IS TYPED IN HEADQUARTERS



SENDING THE MESSAGE FROM HEADQUARTERS TO THE FIELD



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Are You Wet or Dry?

"I Vote Dry"

BRONX, N. Y.—There is this to be said for prohibition: Living without drugs or stimulants, happiness for millions of women and children, safety in an automobile age, increased savings bank deposits, wages brought home Saturday night, better forms of enjoyment, better minds and better bodies, better American men, women, and children.

Helen L. Shinedling

I vote dry.—*Helen L. Shinedling.*

Practice and Theory

HOBOKEN, N. J.—I am wet and against the Eighteenth Amendment in practice and in theory.

In practice, because it cannot be enforced.

In theory, because I do not believe that an amendment which tends to nullify rather than amend the Constitution can be legally made.—*Daniel E. Russell.*

Sanctimonious Despotism

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I am against the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution because the Eighteenth Amendment is against me.

Every other article of the Constitution is my guarantee against despotism. In the Eighteenth Amendment, despotism has clothed itself in the sanctimonious garb of righteousness, that its attack on my freedom may escape my attention.—*W. B. Van Ingen.*

W. B. Van Ingen

To Wreck or Be Wrecked

FITCHBURG, MASS.—I am dry. Why? Because I believe that the rapid pace at which our lives are swept along demands that we have prohibition.

The future, with its monstrous business combines, its colossal cities, its greatly increased rapidity of transportation, demands that our minds be clear.

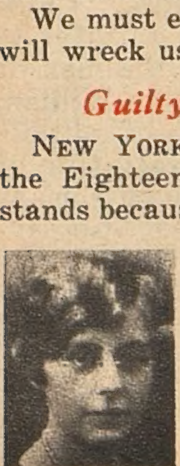
We cannot have our brains befogged by drink and conduct our lives as we shall be forced to.

We must either wreck drink or drink will wreck us.—*Grace H. Woods.*

Guilty on Four Counts

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I am opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment as it now stands because:

1. In general, it is a breeder of crime and lawlessness.
2. It is responsible for the unnecessary loss of lives: the lives of federal agents, smugglers, and innocent bystanders.
3. It is responsible for the production of poisonous liquors which have brought blindness, paralysis, or death to many.
4. Its unsuccessful enforcement is a huge expense to this country.—*Doris A. Bevan.*


Doris A. Bevan

Liberty Is Paying $1,000 a Week for the Best Answers to This Question

THIS week we divide $1,000 among the writers of the ten letters on this page—$100 to each. Next week we shall print more letters, and award another $1,000. Send us your views.

What we want is the simplest kind of statements. You can write on a single sheet of paper or on the back of a postcard. Simply tell whether or not you believe that the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act are the best means of handling the liquor problem in the United States. Write as often as you wish. Literary skill will not count at all, but brevity will count.

Address Prohibition, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. We regret we cannot return your letters or enter into correspondence concerning them.

A Crusader's Credo

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.—I am wet because:

I believe in temperance—and I have seen prohibition cause heavy drinking among many who were moderate drinkers before prohibition. I have seen alcohol introduced to countless women, girls, and boys who would never have known its taste had not the Eighteenth Amendment popularized "parlor drinking."

C. N. Palmer

I believe in tolerance—and I have seen that dry zealots are as intolerant as were ever their witch-drowning, heretic-burning ancestors.

I believe in justice—and I have seen that those who would impose their personal religious and moral viewpoint, through partisan laws, give no heed to justice. There is no justice in "life for a pint," or in "death on suspicion."

I believe in law and order—and I have seen contempt for all laws grow with the growing contempt for a cruel, inhuman, useless, and unenforceable law. I have seen the rule of gunmen replace the rule of reason.

I believe in moral honesty—and I have seen Americans degenerate into a nation of uncaught criminals ruled by a government of unashamed hypocrites.—*C. N. Palmer.*

Referendum by Squeals

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I am dry. I believe that the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act are the best means of handling the liquor problem in the United States.

Harry Ashton

In the short time they have been in effect they have freed millions of people of the liquor habit, and in time they will free millions more—if kept in force. If they were not accomplishing their purpose, there would not be so much squealing from the wets. The squeals of the wets are the best proof that they are effective measures.

Some people will never obey any kind of law. To destroy or change the present liquor laws, or to make new laws, would be foolish.—*Harry Ashton.*

For the Weak-Willed

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Every great reform has caused much unrest and adverse criticism. No reform has ever been accomplished at once.

I. J. MacManus

For the sake of the youth and the weak-willed of this great country, I believe we should uphold the Volstead Act. Not in the spirit of forced submission, or encroachment on personal liberty, but in the spirit of St. Paul, who wrote to the Romans, "No man liveth to himself."—*I. J. MacManus.*

Temperance vs. Prohibition

CHICAGO, ILL.—I consider the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act a challenge to that personal liberty which, according to the Constitution, is the birthright of every American.

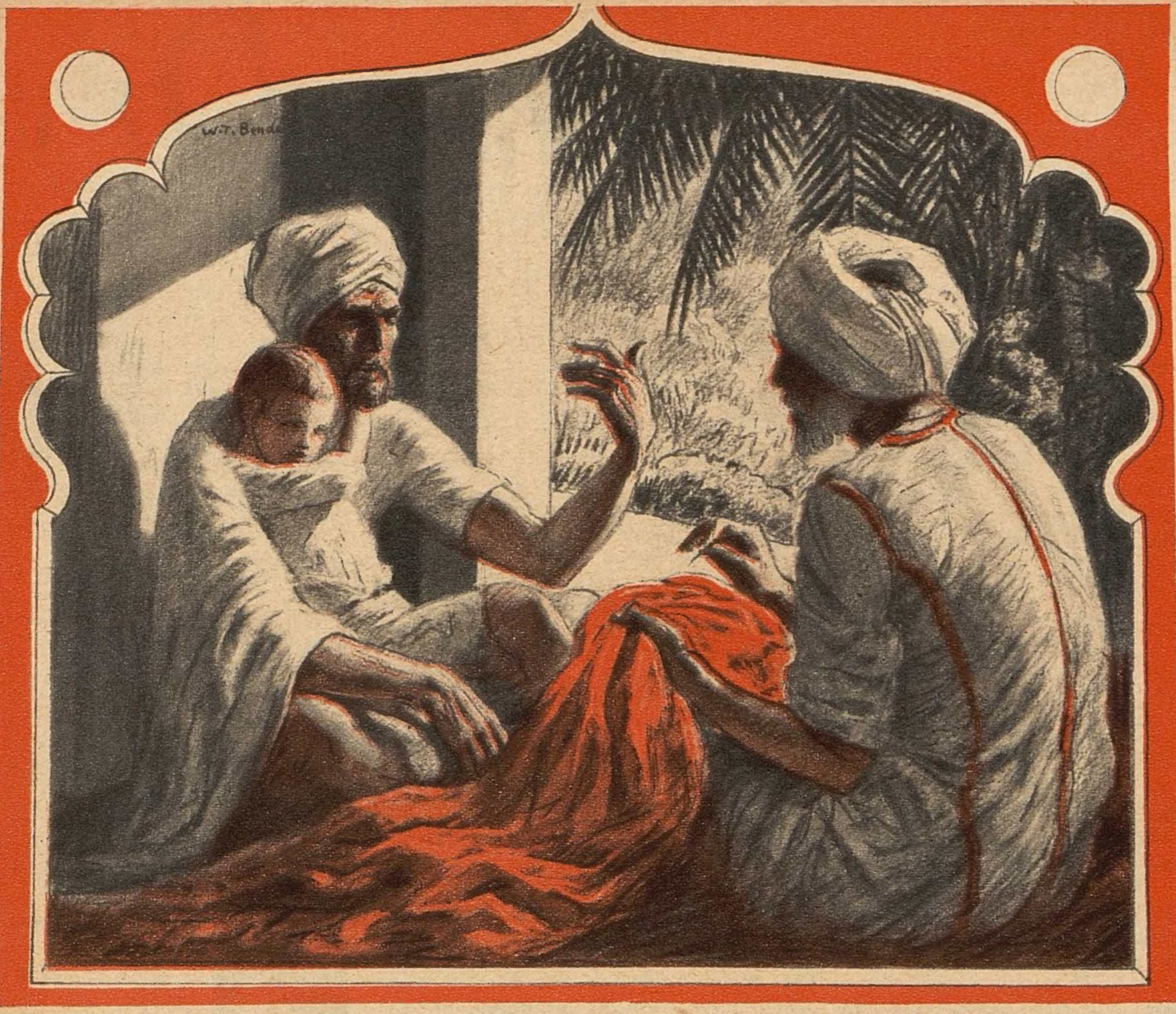
An amendment that does not command the respect of the majority could not be expected to succeed.

Temperance, in itself, is a grand thing but will never be enforced with laws, as the experiment has shown. Only education and time will cure the evil—but not force.—*C. F. Moore.*

Consider the Decalogue

WESTFIELD, MASS.—I am for the Eighteenth Amendment because it is a part of the Constitution, and I am sworn to obey, protect, and defend the same. If failure to enforce constitutes an argument for repeal, why not, with equal force, advocate the repeal of the Ten Commandments because the Christian church has never been able to enforce them 100 per cent?—*Patrick J. McMahon.*

Patrick J. McMahon



"I will listen to that tale. Make me my place!" said William. An inviting lap awaited him, into which he dropped.

The Debt

A New Story of India

By

RUDYARD KIPLING

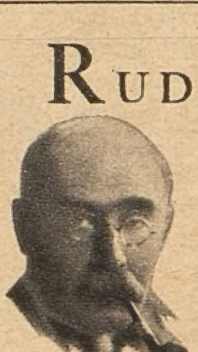


Photo by E. O. Hoppe

whose poems and tales of India first found their way back from the other side of the world forty-three years ago, when their author, at twenty-one, was doing newspaper work in Lahore. In 1892 he married an American girl and for four years thereafter lived in Vermont. Now, at sixty-four, he has a home in Sussex, England, but is still a quite indefatigable globe-trotter.

Pictures by W. T. BENDA

THE Doctor of the Gaol and his wife had gone to tennis in the Gardens, leaving their six-year-old son, William, in nominal care of his ayah, but actually to One Three Two, and old Mahmud Ali, his mother's *dharzi*, or sewing-man, who had made frocks for her mother since the day when skirts were skirts.

One Three Two was a "lifer," who had unluckily shot a kinsman a little on the wrong side of the British frontier. The killing was a matter he could no more have shirked than a decent Englishman his club dues. The error in geography came from a head-wound picked up at Festubert, which had affected his coördinations. But the judge who tried the case made no allowance, and One Three Two only escaped the gallows on an appeal engineered and financed by the Colonel and officers of his old regiment, which he had left after twenty years of spotless service with a pension and—as was pointed out at the trial—urgent private affairs to settle.

His prison duties—he had been a non-commissioned officer—were to oversee the convicts working in the Doctor's garden, where, bit by bit, he took it upon his battered and dishonoured head to be William's bodyguard or, as he called it, "sacrifice." Few people are more faithful to such trusts than the man of one fair killing, and William made him chief of all his court, with honorary title of Busi-bandah, which means much the same as "Goosey-gander."

So, when William came out with his scooter into the afternoon smell of newly watered paths, which attracts little snakes, One Three Two, with a long-handled hoe, kept within striking distance of him at every turn, till the child wearied of his play.

"Put away, Busi-bandah," he commanded, and climbed up the verandah steps to old Mahmud, cross-legged on the

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carpet, surrounded by beautiful coloured stuffs. It was a dinner dress, and Mahmud held a seam of it between his toes.

" Drink tobacco," said William spaciously. " *They* will not return till dark."

" But this stuff will tell," said Mahmud above the frock, for the smell of native pipe tobacco clings.

" Take of my father's cigarettes," William pointed indoors with his chin.

One Three Two went into the drawing-room, and came back with a couple of cigarettes from the store beside the wireless cabinet.

" What word of the Padishah's sickness? " he asked.

William swelled importantly. It was one of his prerogatives to announce what the Man in the Box said about the sick King of England and Emperor of India.

" He slept little last night because of the fever. He does not desire to eat. None the less his strength holds. Five doctors have taken oath to this. There will be no more talk out of the Bokkus till after I am asleep."

" What does thy father say? " Mahmud asked.

" My father says that it is in the balance—thus! " William picked up Mahmud's embroidery scissors and tried to make them ride on his forefinger.

" Have a care. They may cut. Give me." Mahmud took them back again.

" But my mother says that, now all people everywhere are praying for the Padishah's health, their prayers will turn the balance, and he will be well."

" IF Allah please," said Mahmud, who in private life was Iman or leader of the little mud mosque of the village by the gaol gates, where he preached on Fridays.

" I also pray every night," William confided cheerily. " After ' Make me a good boy,' I stand to *'tenshin*, and I say, ' God save the King.' Is that good *namaz* (prayer) ? "

" There is neither hem nor border nor fringe to the Mercy of Allah," Mahmud quoted.

" Well spoken, tailor-man," One Three Two laughed. He was a hard-bitten Afridi from the Khaiber hills, who except among infidels, rode his faith with a light hand.

" Good talk," William echoed. " For when I had the fever last year, and my father said it was *tach-an-go*—that is, in the balance—my mother prayed for me, and I became well. Oh, here is my blue buttony-bokkus." He reached out for Mahmud's lovely old lacquered Kashmiri pencase, where oddments were kept, and busied himself with the beads and sequins. One Three Two rolled a deep-set eye towards Mahmud.

" That news of the Padishah is bad," said he. " Hast thou enquired of the Names, Iman, since his sickness came? "

THE Koran discourages magic, but it is lawful to consult the Names of Allah according to a system called the Abjad, in which each letter of the Arabic alphabet carries one of the Nine and Ninety Names of God beginning with that letter. Each Name has its arbitrary Number, Quality, Element, Zodiacal Sign, Planet, and so forth. These tables are often written out and used as amulets. Even William, who thought he knew everything, did not know that Mahmud had sewn an Abjad into the collar of his cold-weather dressing-gown.

" All the world has questioned," Mahmud began.

" Doubtless, but I do not know much of the world from here. How came it with thee? "

" I took the age of the Padishah, which is sixty and three. Now the number Sixty carries for its attribute the Hearer. This may be good or bad, for Allah hears all things. Its Star is Saturn, the outermost of the Seven. That is good and commanding. But its Sign is the Archer, which is also the sign of the month (November) in which his sickness first struck the Padishah. Twice, then, must the Archer afflict him."

One Three Two nodded. That seemed reasonable enough.

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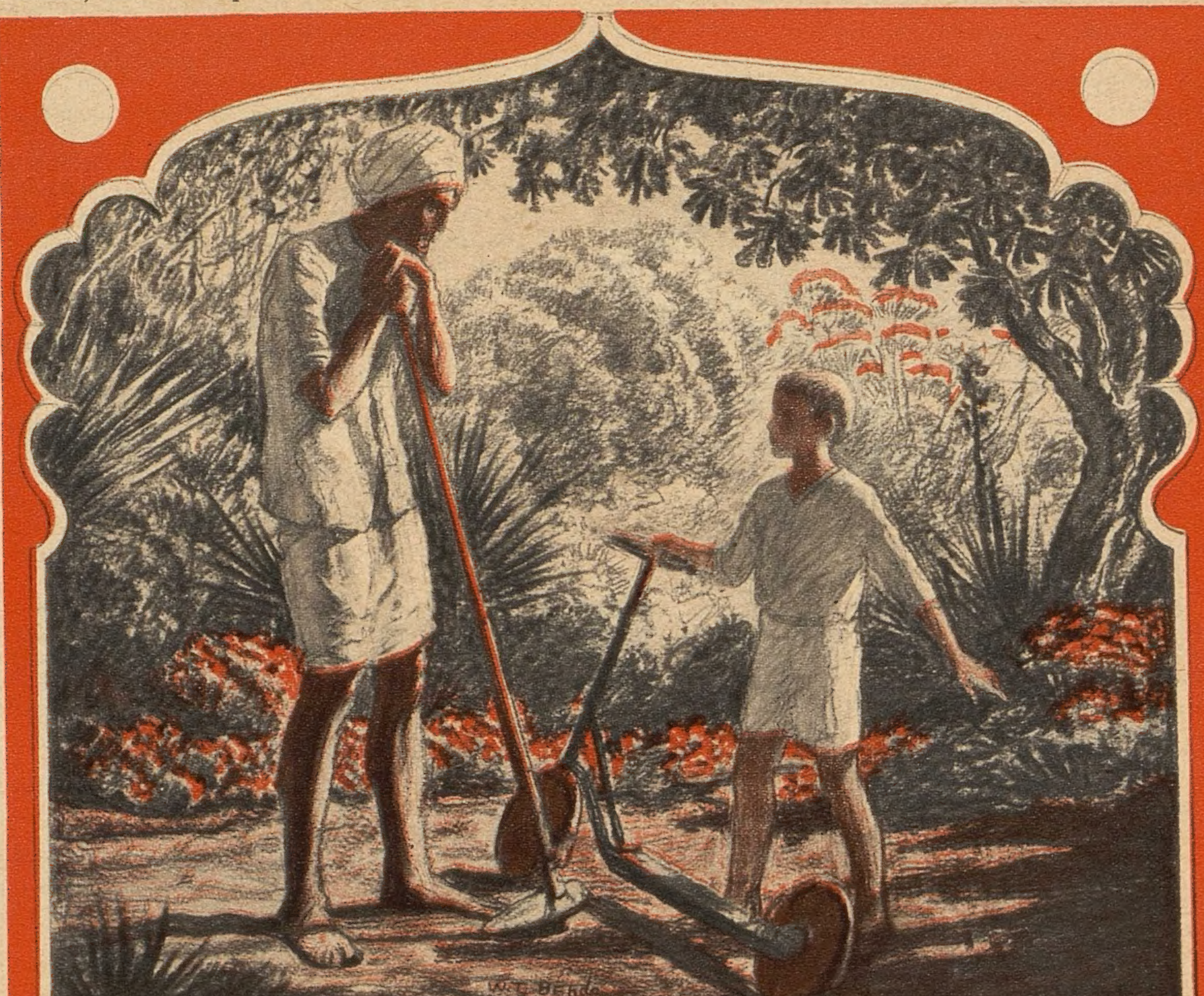


When William came out with his scooter into the afternoon smell of newly watered paths, which attracts little snakes, One Three Two kept within striking distance.

THE DEBT
Continued from page nine

"As for the number Three, its attribute is the Assembler, which again may be good or bad. For who knows to what judgement Allah calls men together? Its sign is the Crab, which, being female, is in friendship with the Archer. It may be, then, that if the Archer spare the Padishah both now and later—for he will surely smite *twice*—the Padishah will be clear of his malady in the month of the Crab (late June or early July)."

"And what is the Planet of the number Three?" said the other.

"Mars assuredly. He is the King. The Abjad does not lie. Hast thou used it?"

"There was a priest of ours cast it for me, when I would learn how my affairs would go. The dog said, truly enough, that I should punish my cousin, but he said nothing of my punishment here."

"Did he reckon by thy name-letters or by thy age?"

"By my name, I think. I am no great scholar."

"Be merciful!" said Mahmud. "No wonder thou art afflicted, oh Zuhan Khan. Thy letter is Zad, which carries for its Name, The Punisher. Its Attribute is Terrible, and its Quality Hate."

"All true," One Three Two returned. "Am I not here till I die? I submit myself to the fixed decree. And, certainly, were I free," he chuckled impiously, "my kin on the hills would kill me. But I live. Why? Because a man may draw back-pay, as it were, for his good deeds. I dug my Captain, who is now Colonel, out of some ground that fell upon him in Frangistan (France). It was part of the work. He said nothing—nor I. But seven years after—when I was condemned for that affair of my burnt cousin, he spent money like water on lawyers and such witnesses as would testify for my sake. Otherwise . . . " One Three Two jerked his beard towards a little black shed on a roof outside the high garden wall. No one had ever told William what it was for.

"It may be thy good deed in saving that Captain's life was permitted to count in thy balance," Mahmud volunteered.

"And *I* am no more than a convict . . . What is the order, Baba? I am here."

William had suddenly shut the pencase. "Enough," he said. "Bring again my *eskootah*, Busi-bandah. I will be a horseman. I will play polo."

NOW little snakes, who have a habit of coming out on damp garden paths, cast no warning shadow when a low sun is blinded by thick mango trees.

"It is brought," said One Three Two, but in place of getting it he said to Mahmud: "While he rides, I will tell thee a tale of the Padishah that my Colonel told me."

"No, let be my *eskootah*. I will listen to that tale. Make me my place!" said William.

It was not five steps to the man's side, but by the time William had taken them, an inviting lap awaited him, into which he dropped, his left cheek on the convict's right shoulder in its prison blanket, his right hand twined in the beard, and the rest of him relaxed along the curve of the right arm.

"Begin, Busi-bandah," he piped from out of his nest.

"By thy permission," One Three Two began. "Early in the year when thou wast born, which was the year I came to be with thee, Baba, my Colonel told me this tale to comfort my heart. When I—when I . . . "

"Was to be hanged for thy bad cousin," said William screwing up his eyes as he pointed with his left third finger to the hut on the roof. "*I* know."

"'Keep a thing from women and children, and sieves will hold water,'" Mahmud chuckled in his big silver-black beard.

"Yes, Baba, that was the time," said One Three Two recovering himself. "My Colonel told me that after the war in Frangistan was ended, the Padishah commanded that every man that had died in his service--and there were multitudes upon multitudes—should be buried according to his faith."

William nodded. When he went out, he always met funeral processions on their way to the Moslem cemetery near the race-course, and, being a child below the age of personality, there were few details of wedding or burial that he had not known since he could ask questions.

"This was done as commanded, and to each man was his tomb with his name, rank and service cut in white stone, all one pattern, whether he had been General or Sweeper—Sahib—Mussulman—Yahudi—Hubashi—or heathen. My Colonel told me that the burial-places resembled walled towns, divided by paths, and planted with trees and flowers, where all the world might come and walk."

"On Fridays," murmured William. Friday is the day when Muhammedan families visit their dead. He had often begged afternoons off for the house-servants to go there.

"AND every day. And when all was done, and the People of the Graves were laid at ease and in honour, it pleased the Padishah to cross the little water between Belait and Frangistan, and look upon them. He gave order for his going in this way. He said: 'Let there be neither music nor elephants nor princes about my way nor at my stirrup. For it is a pilgrimage. I go to salute the People of the Graves.' Then he went over. And where he saw his men laid in their multitudes, there he drew rein; there he saluted; there he laid flowers upon great stones after the custom of his people; and for *that* matter," One Three Two addressed Mahmud, "so do our women on Fridays. Yes, and the old women and the little staring children of Frangistan pressed him close, as he halted among the bricks and the ashes and the broken wood of the towns which had been killed in the war."

"Killed in the war," William answered vaguely.

"But the People of the Graves waited behind their white walls, among the grass and flowers—orderly in their lines—as if it were an inspection with all set out on the cots."

One Three Two gathered the child closer as he grew heavier, towards sleep.

"My Colonel told me this. And my Colonel said—and Allah be my witness *I* know—it was killing cold weather. Frangistan is colder than all my own hills in winter—cold that cuts off a man's toes. Yes. That is why I lack two toes, Baba. And bitter it was when the Padishah came in spring. The sun shone, but the winds cut. And, at the last, and the last, was a narrow cemetery, walled with high walls, entered by one door in a corner. Yes—like thy Gaol-Khana. It was filled with our own people for the most part—Mussulmans who had served. It lay outside a city among fields, where the winds blew. Now, in the order of the Padishah's pilgrimage, it was commanded that wheresoever he chose to draw rein, there should wait on him some General-sahib who had fought near that place in the long war. Not princes, priests, elephants, nor dancing-girls, but a General of his service.

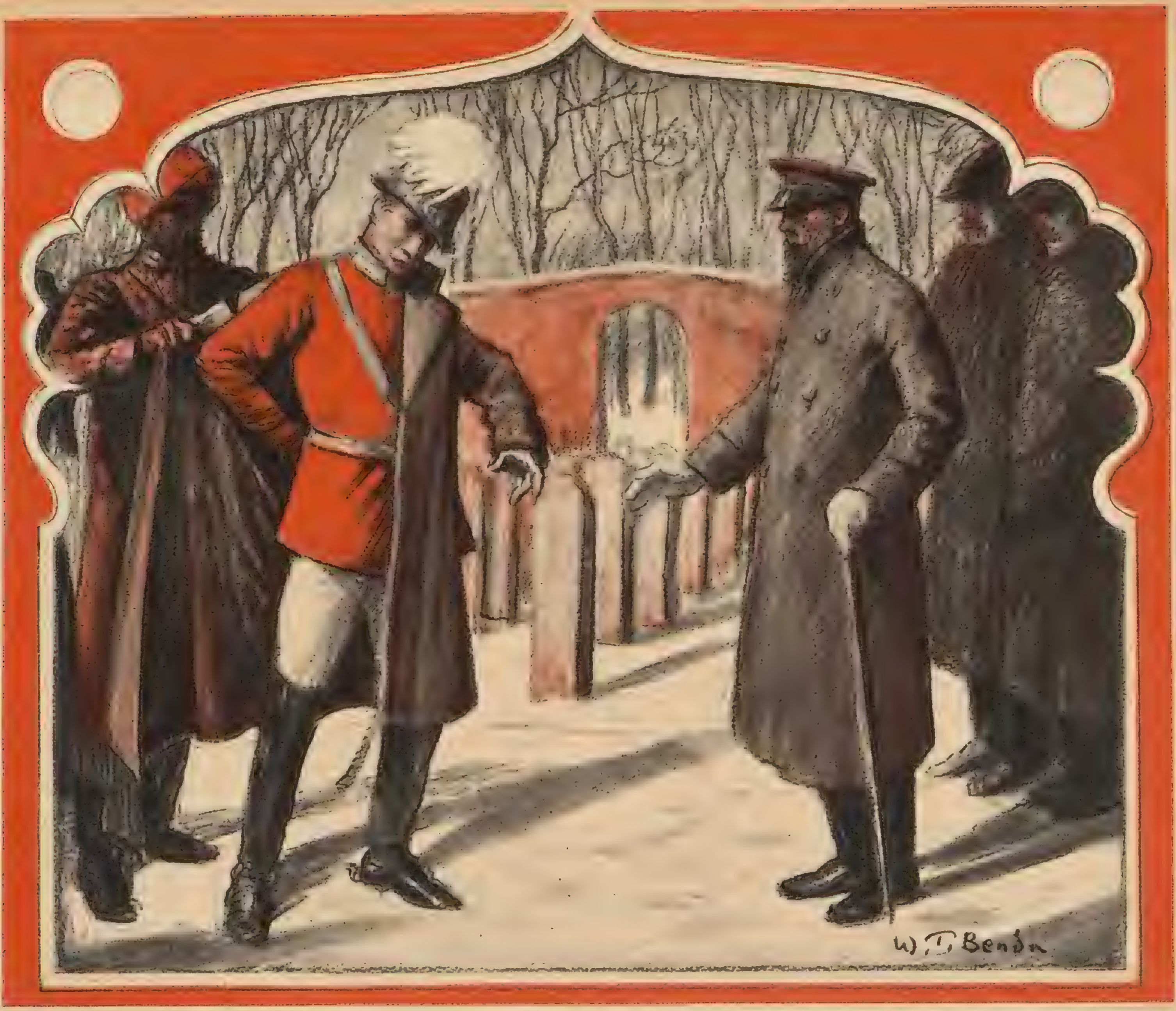
"And so to this narrow high-walled burial-place of the one gate came a General-sahib, sworded and spurred, with many medals, to wait the Padishah's coming. And while he waited he clothed himself—for he had been sick—in his big coat, his *Baritish warrum*."

"I know," said William, rousing himself. "Mahmud made me a little one out of the old one of my father when he came back. But Mahmud would not sew me any crowns or stars on the shoulder."

Mahmud drew a quick breath (he had been putting away his hand sewing-machine), and went softly into the house. The sun was setting, and there was a chill in the air.

"Yes, all the world knows *Baritish warrum*. So the General waited, sheltering himself from the wind that blew through that gate till the feet of the Padishah were heard, walking across the waste ground without."

One Three Two reached up his left hand, took the cold-weather dressing-gown, that Mahmud fetched from the nursery, and laid it lightly over William.



" The Padishah cried out: ' By Allah, oh man, I conjure thee put on that coat.' "

His voice went on in a soothing purr. " And when the feet of the Padishah were heard without the gate, that General stripped off his heavy coat, and stood forth in his uniform, as the order is. Then the Padishah entered. The General saluted, but the Padishah did not heed. He signed with his open hand thus from right to left—my Colonel showed me—and he cried out: ' By Allah, oh man, I conjure thee put on that coat in one breath. This is no season to catch sickness.' And he named the very sickness that was to fail upon himself five years after!

" So the General cast himself into that coat again with speed; and, in one breath, the Padishah became in all respects again the Padishah. His equerries rehearsed the General's name and honours, and the General saluted and put forward his sword-hilt to be touched, and he did the Padishah duty and attendance in that place through the appointed hour. And on the outgoing the Padishah said to him: ' Take heed that never again, oh man, do I find thee at such seasons as this without thy thick coat upon thee. For the good are scarce.' And he went down to the sea, and they cast off in the silence of ten thousand bareheaded (he had forbidden music because it was a pilgrimage).

" And thus it was accomplished, and this, my Colonel told me, was his last act in his *haj* (pilgrimage) to the People of the Graves . . . Wait thy prayer awhile, Mahmud. The child sleeps. I tell more. When the Padishah was gone the General said to my Colonel, who was on leave in Frangistan, ' By Allah, to him do I owe my life, for an hour coatless in this chill would have slain me! ' "

" The Padishah forenamed the sickness that fell upon himself? " Mahmud asked.

William breathed evenly.

" That very sickness—five full years before it fell."

" It may be a sign," Mahmud conceded, " even though it is a little one."

" A man's life is not a little thing. See what a *tamasha* (circus) that fat pig of a judge made over the one I spilled."

" A little thing beside the great things which the Padishah does daily, in his power."

" What do *we* know of them? He is Padishah. The more part of his rule is worked by his head-men—as, but for my Colonel, my hanging would have been. Nay! Nay! We say in the Regiment, ' How does a man bear himself *off* parade? ' And we say in my hills, of those cursed crooked Kabul-made rifles, ' A gun does not throw true unless it has been bored true.' But thou art no soldier."

" True! And yet in my trade we say, ' As the silk so is the least shred of it. As the heart, so the hand.' "

" And it is truth! This deed that the Padishah did among the People of the Graves declared the quality and nature of the Padishah himself. It was a fair blood-debt between a man and a man. The life of that General is owing to the Padishah. I hold it will be paid to him by Allah and that the Padishah will live."

" If God please," said Mahmud, and laid out his mat. The sun had set, and it was time for the fourth prayer of the day. Mahmud, as Iman of a mosque, was strict in ritual, but One Three Two only prayed at dawn and full dark. So he sat till he heard the Doctor's car challenged at the Gaol Gate before he carried William in to the nursery.

* * *

" What did the Man in the Bokkus tell about the King? " William asked his mother when she kissed him good-night in his cot.

" Only the same as this morning. Shall I hear your prayers, little man? "

" No need! " muttered William. Then he sat bolt upright, intensely awake, and speaking in chosen English: " Because Busi-bandah says the King will get well anyhow. He says it is his back-pay for making the cold General put on his British warm."

He flopped back, burrowed in his pillow, grunted, and dived far beneath the floods of sleep.

THE END

Thirteen Hours in a Trapped Submarine

How the S-48's Crew Double-Crossed Death

By HAROLD E. ADAMS

Former First Officer of the S-48

I KNOW what went on in the minds of those poor fellows who were trapped in the torpedo room of the S-4 when she went down off Provincetown.

I know, because for thirteen hours forty other men and I experienced the same sensations when we were trapped seventy feet below the surface of Long Island Sound.

We were a working crew from the Lake Torpedo Boat Company, in Bridgeport, Connecticut, taking the S-48 down the Sound to a dry dock. On such trips it is customary to have a few regular navy men aboard, acting as observers. It is their duty to check up on the boat while she is under way and discover any defects.

On this trip we had two commissioned officers and several chief petty officers. In addition we were carrying a dozen yardmen as passengers to the dry dock.

About eight o'clock on a gray December morning we pulled away from the Lake Company wharves at the foot of Seaview Avenue and headed down the Sound. A small launch coughed along in our wake. There was a photographer aboard who was to take pictures of us in a "crash" dive—forty feet submergence in one minute.

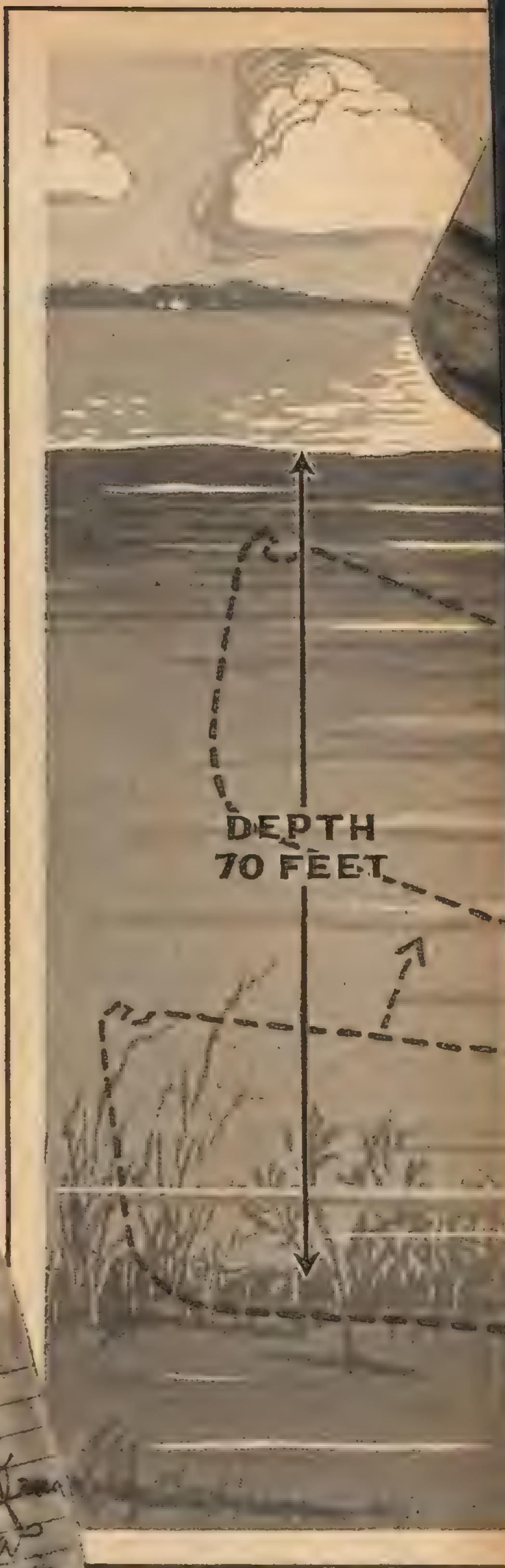
Beyond Bridgeport harbor we ran into dirty weather and Captain J. C. Austin kept to the bridge. I was busy amidships, in the control room, preparing for the dive.

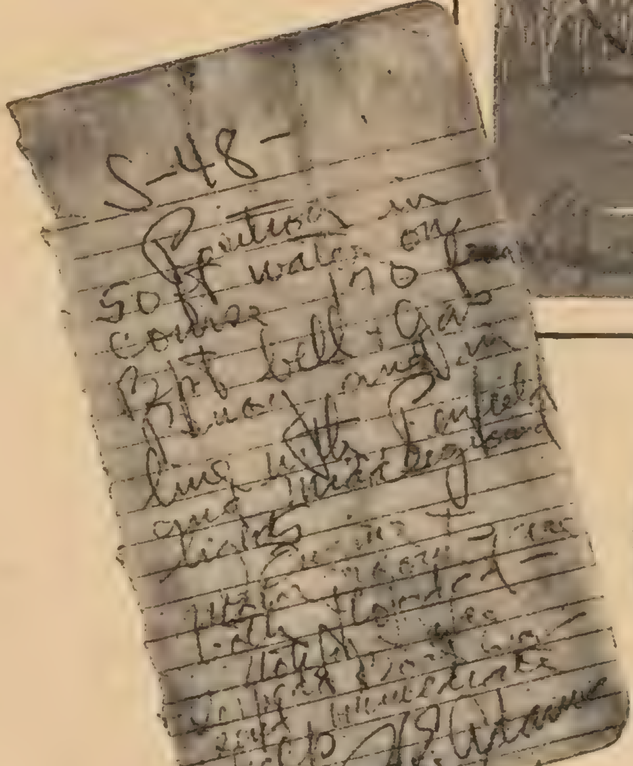
Our boat, the S-48, was 240 feet long, divided into five compartments. Any boat 240 feet long might be thought a fair-sized craft, but the interior of an S boat is so jammed with equipment that two men cannot pass in the center runway unless one pulls aside. If three or four men should walk from one end to the other, their passage is registered in the incline of the hull. Every minute piece of machinery has a special purpose, and it was my particular job to know each piece of equipment aboard the S-48.

I have heard the submarine called a mechanical monster. We might as well call it the most human machine ever built. It has eyes, ears, and voice, and many a crew will swear that their boat can think. At all events, the S-48 was a good boat, one of the best we had built in the Lake yard, and everybody wanted to see her pass with honors. So we thought that it might be as well to make a test dive while waiting for the launch.

"Prepare the ship for diving," Captain Austin ordered down the conning-tower hatch, and we stood by, six or seven miles offshore, about nine o'clock in the morning. Peter Tickey, the engine-room chief, secured his engines, since this was to be a static dive, made without any headway. A minute later our skipper dropped from the bridge and I heard the hatch closed behind him. All around us men sealed the ship, going about their ordinary duties.

"All secure," I reported to Captain Austin, and he ordered, "Flood the safety tank," and then, "Flood the main ballast tank."

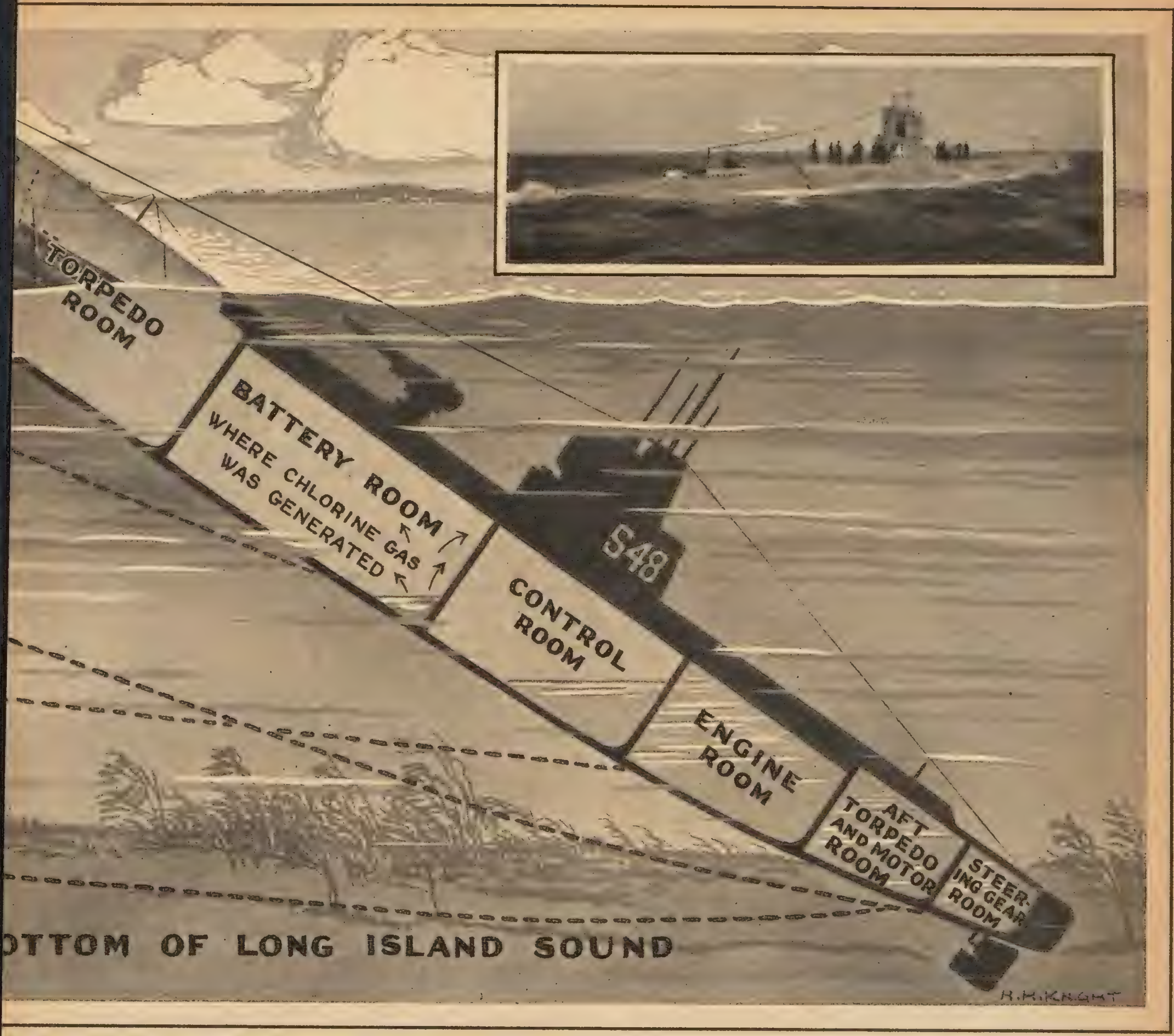




S-48-
Position in
50 ft water on
course 170 from
Bpt bell + Gas
buoy and in
line with Penfield
and Middleground
lights

The author, and at the left, the message that he inclosed in a bottle and fired with a torpedo from the sunken S-48. It reads: "Position in 50 ft. water on course 170 from Bpt bell & gas buoy and in line with Penfield and Middleground lights. Engine & motor rooms are both flooded—notify Lake Torpedo Boat Co.—send immediate help. H. E. Adams." It was recovered a year later. By a special photographic process, Mr. Adams has since made it legible.

Lynn Abbott stood, stop watch in hand, to see how long the flooding required. We opened the valves by means of air motors, sounding like coffee grinders, a sudden, whirring noise in the quiet ship. I was at the diving control station amidships, watching Abbott from the tail of my eye. Seven or eight men besides himself were


TORPEDO ROOM
BATTERY ROOM
WHERE CHLORINE GAS WAS GENERATED
S48
CONTROL ROOM
ENGINE ROOM
AFT TORPEDO AND MOTOR ROOM
STEERING GEAR ROOM
OTTOM OF LONG ISLAND SOUND
R.H.KNIGHT

howing details of the structure of the S-48 that figured in her trapped crew's fight with death, and how her bow was gradually lightened until it would rise out of water. Insert: the S-48 in a run on the surface.

at work in the two aft compartments, with the rest of us amidships or up forward.

The motors had hardly turned over, opening the valves, when a wall of water jumped across the port engine in the second aft compartment. I never saw anybody look so astonished as Abbott. He held the futile stop watch in his hand, his eyes bulging. And I must have been equally thunderstruck. The water looked peculiarly green and clear, springing over the engine. Later we learned that a yard workman had left off a manhole cover behind the engine and out of sight.

CRIES from the motor and engine rooms told me that they were filling fast. I could see men struggling toward the control room, fighting against the flood, which had veered aft, carrying us down like a rock.

"Bring her to the surface!" Captain Austin cried, and I ordered the motors ahead. Instantly fireworks began, while salt water soaked the motors aft of us.

Almost at the same moment we struck bottom—a sharp thud—in seventy feet of water. One after another the men caught aft reached the control rooms. Whitey Smith hesitated, trying to close the motor-room door, but the water dragged him back. Somebody laid hold of him; we pulled Whitey to safety and slammed the bulkhead door. Through the glass we could see the green water fill the aft compartments, surging to the top of the hull. And water immediately spurted around the edges of this door and along an overhead ventilator line. All this took a couple of minutes at most. We had barely shut the door in time.

When the fireworks started, Phil Marr, our electrical chief, saw what was going to happen—a short circuit that would burn us out completely—and pulled his switches. We were not only flat on the bottom in seventy feet of water and helpless as well, but in total darkness. Not quite total, though, because the phosphorescent dials of two depth gauges might have been stars of the first magnitude, blazing in the black hole of our prison ship.

Eight or ten men were in the control room. We had worked together under all kinds of conditions; we knew and trusted each other. There was hardly any need for orders. Every man fell to his task, and the first one must be to check the flood from that ventilator line.

But it had two doors, one on either side of the bulkhead, both inclosed by the tin sheeting of the ventilator line. These doors worked with handles, one of them beyond the bulkhead and out of reach, the other on our side. This door became jammed; the handle wouldn't work. Water spouted upon us in a steady stream.

Exactly the same sort of accident prevented the closing

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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of another ventilator door on the S-4 and undoubtedly resulted in flooding one compartment. Our luck was better. Fumbling in the darkness and wet, we tore down the ventilator line with any tools we could find, or no tools at all, then shored up the ventilator door with a four-by-eight that chanced to be in our sunken workshop.

The waterfall stopped. We caught our breath in thankfulness and "dogged" the main door tighter than ever. But we couldn't stop the leakage. Water came in at every crack. There was plenty of it on our side, if no pressing danger, and many tons more were beyond the door.

Moving around in the blackness, knocking heads against one another and the clutter of machinery, we put things to rights. Phil Marr found a saw and began cutting the electric cables, hoping to isolate our end of the ship. This was a slow, difficult job, working in the dark. Finally he sawed the last one and plugged in his switches again. The lights came on with a sputter. No man ever blessed a light as we blessed ours.

Now I looked around at the crew, men I knew intimately, the best crew I ever sailed with. And they looked at me, saying nothing. My throat was so dry that I tried twice before I managed to say, "Well, fellows, here we are, and we've got to get out of this."

I don't recall that anybody even answered. There was a moment's council of war, when Captain Austin delegated me to take command up forward. He remained in the control room, at the point of greatest danger, and divided the crew for whatever tasks seemed necessary. Plainly we had to lighten our forward end and try to raise the torpedo tubes out of water. That was the one chance. With 240 feet of ship in seventy feet of water, the thing should be possible.

First I entered the battery room, forward of the control room, where a large part of the crew and yardmen were waiting. They had stayed there and kept quiet while we worked, without knowing exactly what had happened. In the torpedo room, at the bow, I found the rest of them. And the first question made me start.

"What's wrong, Mr. Adams?" asked one man.

Surely this was confidence, organization, to wait in the darkness a hundred feet from the danger point—and never know the nature of the danger.

"Wrong?" I repeated. "Well, we are full of water at the aft end. But we are going to get her up. Just hold on." And how they held!

I remember that it was cold, the numbing kind of cold that stiffens fingers and congeals hearts. Here were forty-one men penned in the barest number of feet, with enough air for thirty-six hours if nothing went wrong. We had two flooded compartments and water leaking into three others. There was nothing aboard in the way of food except a few sandwiches and maybe a bottle or two of milk or cold coffee.

BY this time the launch should have reached the scene and was probably looking for us. In fact, that very thing happened, because the launch cruised over our position and returned to shore, thinking we had gone down the Sound. Had navy regulations included a marker buoy, we could have released it and attracted attention. But we had no buoy, and if we ever left the bottom of the Sound it would be by our own efforts alone.

Four dummy torpedoes at the bow weighed 2,000 pounds each. Get those overboard, and we would be lighter by four tons. The only way, of course, was to fire the torpedoes, using our stored air supply. A waste of something precious, perhaps, but the only way. First I wrote a message, slipped it into a bottle, and put that in the tail of one torpedo, giving our position and asking for help. A year later it was returned from the Long Island coast, and it continues to be a reminder of those vivid hours. The position I gave in it proved to coincide exactly with that determined by surveyors on the surface after the S-48 was found. It was rather gratifying to have been so accurate, in the circumstances.

Next I took a paintbrush, smearing a message on the torpedoes with red paint: "Help S-48." Crude, certainly, but the best I could do. We fired the dummies, one after another, then began blowing our forward tanks, each one lightening the ship by tons of water, restoring buoyancy to that end.

Afterward we dropped our two anchors and started to shift movable machinery back into the control room, piling it against the door. Work was a blessing. Give a man a job and he doesn't think about himself. We labored there in the growing cold as men never labored before, under the yellow flickering lights. One glance through the conning-tower eye ports showed a world of green water.

And little by little, to our infinite joy, we saw the deck tilt upward. But there was plenty to do in the control room. Water continued to flow around the edges of the door until we needed the pumps badly under our deck. It developed that a strainer inside the suction pipe was clogged; the pumps wouldn't work any better than the ventilator door. Jack Hauser lay flat on the deck and cut that pipe with a hand saw, reaching underneath the deck to do it. In our stress the job seemed to take hours, yet he made swift work of it, for we had the lights on and the pumps going an hour after we struck bottom.

The urgent question became: how many feet had we gained; how many did we still have to rise?

GUS APPLEBERG was our master mathematician. He could work geometrical problems with a speed to amaze anybody. But Gus was hard hit, muttering endless prayers.

One instrument, called an inclinometer, indicated the angle of our keel. By consulting it and putting mathematics to work, we should be able to learn how many feet separated the bow from the surface. An easy problem for Gus, yet the man was so upset that he couldn't work a small boy's sum. Happily the depth gauge showed that we were rising steadily. Everybody cheered up.

Bill Walsh contributed the best suggestion of any. Since the S-48 was a warship on a trial cruise, she had six or seven tons of lead in her ammunition room to take the place of a wartime load. This lead was in sixty-pound pigs. Captain Austin ordered it removed to the growing pile against the control-room door, but Walsh proposed that we drop it overboard.

Our equipment included a sounding machine—an opening through the hull, closed at either end by a valve. Bill declared that we could open the top valve and slide a pig of lead into the tube, then close the valve on our end and open the lower one, dropping the pig. Captain Austin at first vetoed this play, saying that it was too risky. Somebody might make a mistake and flood the forward compartments. We had already seen what carelessness could do.

Yet we had to take chances, and I urged him to let me train relays of men for the work. In the end he intimated that I had command up forward and could do as I thought best. Se we started to drop the pigs. It took four or five minutes to drop each one, or less than half a ton an hour. And we had six to seven tons!

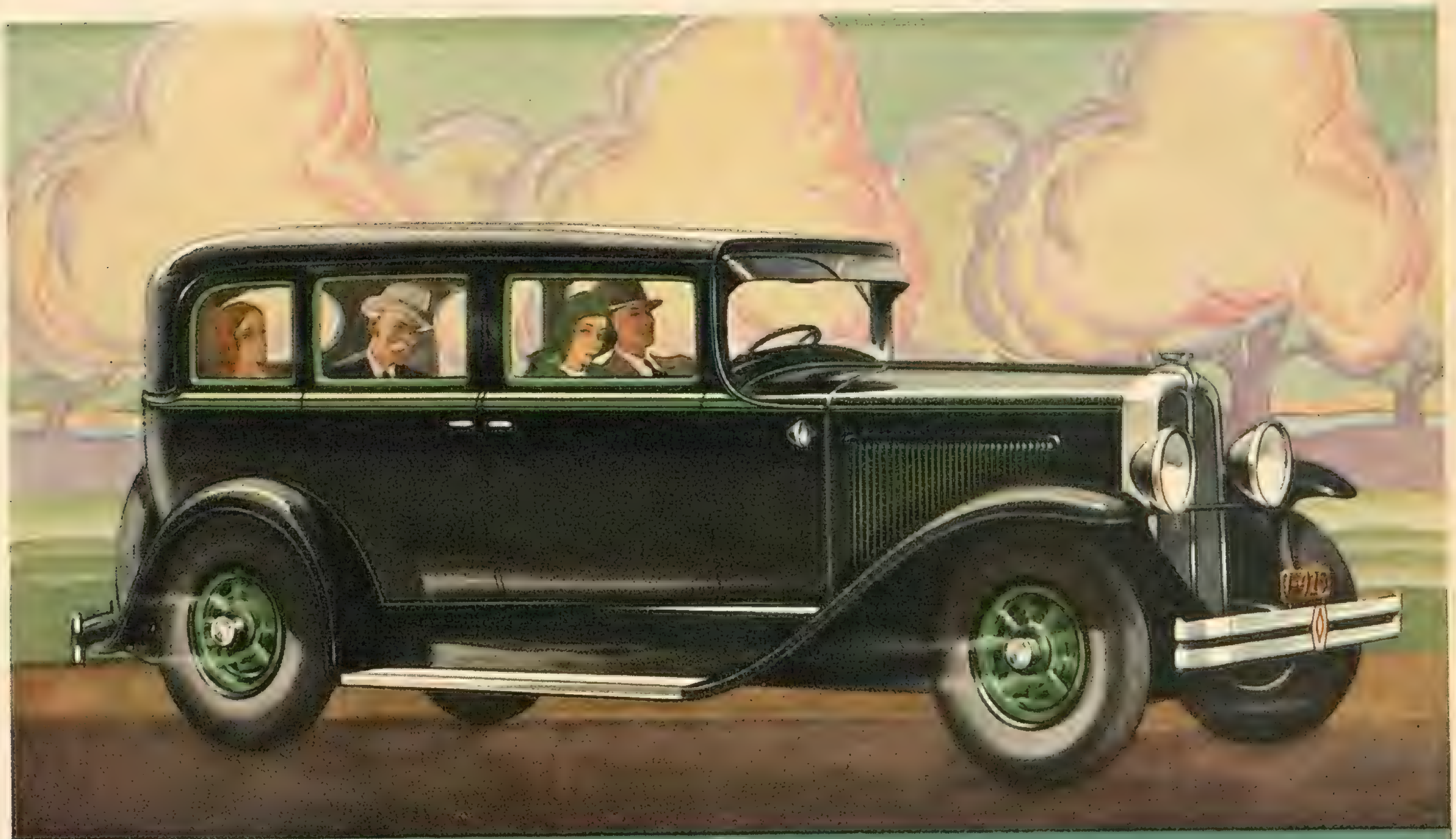
With this work organized I looked around for other means to lighten ship. We had about reached the end of our devices, except the removal of more machinery. And we still were many feet beneath the surface. By this time it was two o'clock in the afternoon—maybe three.

Studying the inclinometer, I saw that our gain was slow but steady. Then the S-48 tilted to such an angle that water collected on the bottom of the battery room and, out of sight, ran into the aft end of this room, filling several battery compartments. The instant that salt water touched their chemical contents they generated chlorine gas.

Startled, we looked at one another upon catching the first sniff of gas. So far the air had been pure enough. Chlorine from the batteries meant death. We had to drain those batteries and drain them quickly. But a battery is not easily drained. The complicated interior prevents a man from putting his hand inside. Neither

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

A famous name, a finer car a smoother 60-horsepower engine



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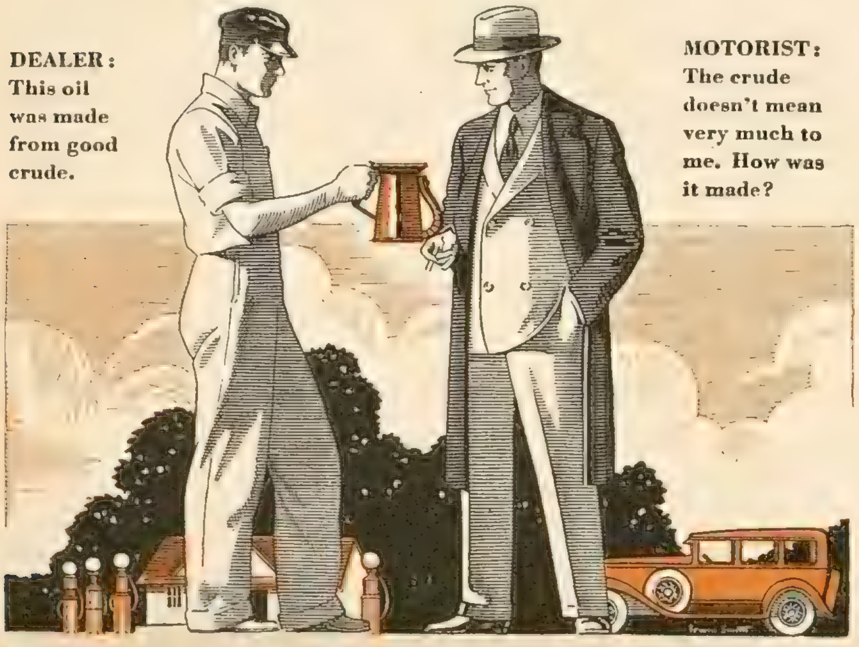
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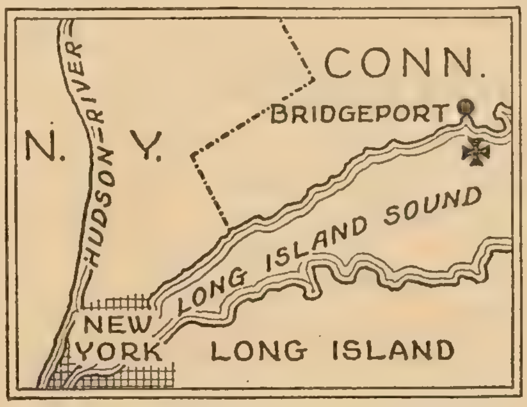
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

did we have any suction apparatus. And every second death floated from the batteries.

Lieutenant Smith, one of the navy men, volunteered to take charge. Only science could serve us, and science in this case demanded the use of a siphon. He ordered an air hose cut, dropping the cut lengths into the flooded compartments. Once start the flow and it would continue, even running uphill so long as the discharge end remained at a lower level. But suction alone would start the siphon, and we lacked anything like a suction pump.

Now other men volunteered—to take those lengths of hose in their mouths and suck the water and sulphuric acid out of the batteries. Of course, the acid would burn their mouths if they failed to drop the hose in time. Several men were burned; nobody complained.



Where the S-48 went down on December 7, 1921.

While one vital minute followed another they kept to the task. The air was heavy, choking, but at last they started the siphons, reducing the peril. But it was a respite that we had won, not security.

I saw that this respite must be short. The S-48 was so full of chlorine that we never could survive long enough to raise her at the rate of our progress. Up forward the men worked steadily, methodically, dropping pigs of lead. Each one eased our bow by so many pounds, but this pitifully slow effort would take hours to complete. Then we had no assurance of lifting our tubes clear, and that offered the one chance of life.

The first bad sign was one yardman whispering to another, then two or three with their heads together. These men had worked around submarines, probably for a long time, but only a few of them knew what it was to be submerged. Whispering is bad in a submarine at any time. And in such a time as this it was deadly. I hustled among the men, trying to find something for them to do.

When the first one toppled over from the gas, it was shocking. None of us was prepared for anything like that. The man simply crumpled. I felt the same way myself, with a splitting headache and swaying spells. Then I went down, a little surprised to find myself going.

The Supreme Power decreed that we should be saved. Every time an emergency arose, a remedy followed. Lynn Abbott had a small bottle of ammonia. He went from man to man, giving each a whiff of the bottle as they toppled over. It brought them back to life, though they sat up queerly and looked around with glassy eyes.

I found the bottle under my nose, held in Abbott's hand, before I fully realized that the gas had got me. One deep gulp and my head cleared. Probably I could have held on when I felt myself going, but it was such an easy thing to let go—just to rest a minute, as you might say. Abbott's ammonia saved many a man.

BUT another one dropped, and then another. Every man aboard breathed gaspingly. Whispering turned to audible muttering, open alarm. Our crew kept to their stations, but the yardmen were restless, growing frightened. We certainly were getting into a desperate fix. There was not much more to be done, except to keep dropping the lead. If we cut off the lights and stopped the batteries it might help the air, though the difference would be slight. And we had to keep the pumps going. The air was so bad that any slight difference in the poisoning would not help us greatly. The batteries, running or otherwise, would generate chlorine. Better to keep the lights on and see what we were doing. I never despaired. We were bound to get out.

Yet no confidence could deny the plain facts of our condition. A few of the men were talking among themselves, getting ready to die. One or two babbled of their mothers. Appleberg kept to his praying, half to himself and half aloud. One navy man proved more dangerous. Two of his officers had cornered him, trying to keep the man quiet. But he repeated over and over, "We can't live another ten minutes like this. I know chlorine gas. It will get us, sure. We can't live—" And so on, while the officers tried in vain to soothe him.

That "ten minutes" sank into the men's minds. The whole ship muttered his words. I saw the navy officers look at one another. A few minutes more of such talk and we would have a breakdown. There was nothing to do but knock the man out.

Yet we never came to it. Not a man on board really cracked. Several fell into delirium, something they couldn't help. Not one of the crew ever quit his station.

I felt myself going down a second time, as easy as sinking into nothing. Blurred moments—and there was the faithful Abbott, his bottle beneath my nose. Somehow I struggled out of the daze. Breathing was worse than ever, long and painful gulps.

But my second whiff of the ammonia bottle brought an idea with it. We had on board a low-pressure blower, used to empty main ballast tanks when on the surface. The blower never had been designed to operate under water, but the thought struck me that it might work. Our bow was fifteen to twenty feet submerged—and the air growing more poisonous every minute.

By an intricate connection the pump could be harnessed to a discharge point at the very tip of the bow. Clear this line and maybe the pump would operate, though it was forty feet under water. We promptly cleared the exhaust line with high-pressure air and threw the pump's pressure into the same line. Next, the air storage tanks were opened into the forward compartment.

SOME of the men had grown disagreeable and doubtful of everything. They knew that the blower was surface equipment and didn't believe that it would operate with the ship submerged. But we kept up feverish efforts; it was this or nothing. They feared that water would pour through the exhaust instead of letting the air out. White, anxious faces surrounded me.

I admired the two navy officers and their men, who had no part in working the ship, but continued as observers though we were fighting for life. They stood aside, leaving their lives to us, and with a discipline that never questioned our efforts. Only the petty officer worried us, repeating his ominous "ten minutes."

No sooner did the pump take hold in the exhaust line than the barometer went crazy; also Tickey, the engine chief, who was watching it. He cried to me that the pressure was rising, rather than falling. Any moment we might be buried under a deluge of water.

I jumped toward the barometer, but realized before I reached it that the pump was taking its suction as I had hoped, discharging the foul gases. They carried the air with them. In another minute we would have a vacuum unless I succeeded in tapping the air supply further. And there was Tickey, half frantic beside the barometer. In that instant a fog shrouded us, filling every corner. As the pressure went down the moisture went with it and the fog resulted.

But think of a crew unfortified by much science, suddenly drenched with fog after hours of cold, confinement, and chlorine gas. That was the critical moment, right on the verge of relief. While ghostly faces loomed and disappeared, I reached the air tanks and increased the flow. Five minutes later everybody could feel that the pressure was down; the fog slowly cleared. Heads quit pounding and choking ceased. We were still in distress, but relieved of the imminence of death.

Relief gave us fresh courage. Pigs of lead went overboard faster than ever. And the deck inclined steadily upward, at a sharp angle. By half past four we thought that the torpedo tubes should be clear. Now, indeed, every heart stopped. Cautiously we opened the outer door of one tube, watching the gauge as men await their fate. No water appeared in the glass; the tubes should be clear.

A little eighth-of-an-inch plug in the inner door of the

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

THIRTEEN HOURS IN A TRAPPED SUBMARINE
Continued from page seventeen

tube could be removed. If water spouted through that opening our efforts were yet in vain. But we removed it and no water followed, only a sharp hissing sound resembling the whistle of a peanut stand. Escaping air!

One man sprang to the tube, hoping to see daylight. But our air regulation was wrong. We had lowered the pressure inside until fresh air from above forced its way down the tube and through the opening. The lookout almost lost his eye from the rush of air.

I wore glasses and could look safely. There, far above, was the blessed light, a patch of blue seen at the end of a twenty-foot tube. Reaction started men to laughing. They clapped each other on the back and remembered affectionate names. From the depths we had come to the heights. Each wanted to be the first out.

Pete Dunn, being the torpedo man and a little fellow besides, had the honor of going first. Pete grinned his widest, crawling into the twenty-one-inch tube. Since the two doors of the tube, at either end, were interlocking and could not be opened at the same time, we had to lock Pete in at the bottom end, then open the upper. Not a nice place to be locked up, but he went gamely.

Buchanan followed him, and they had a hammer between them to rap on the lower door of the tube when they came back to report. It was but a few minutes until we heard the hammer strokes and opened the door, after closing the upper one. Little Pete, in trying to scale the slippery sides of the bow, had fallen overboard, the coldest bath he ever took. Buchanan got him back on the bow, showing a few feet above water, and sent Pete down the tube, blue from cold.

NEXT WEEK

A new story—and
this time about
Hollywood

by

Viña
Delmar

who wrote "Bad Girl"
and "Kept"

His unexpected return gave the men a new occupation—to rub him down and find dry clothes. They guyed Dunn as well, for such is the nature of man that his ducking put everybody in a good humor—if they needed any further cheering up.

The two reported a clear and cold evening, a stiff wind, and a rolling sea. We had opened the windward tube, but they thought water might pour down any minute, so we closed it and opened the other one, to port.

There was room on the bow for only five men. Feeling that we had safety in reach, we broke the interlocking device of the open tube and five men crawled through the smooth bore, rising at a severe angle—a feat of the gymnasium better suited to small boys than grown men. Yet up they went, and mighty happy to go. The rest of us down below were getting long breaths of fresh air.

By six o'clock we were passing up mattresses and bedding soaked in oil, which the men on top set afire, circling the S-48 with a ring of flames. Soon we heard the joyful cry of "Rescue!"—in time for dinner, too!

But after a long while the doleful news came down that the craft had gone on. Our lookouts could easily see the Connecticut shore and vessels passing in the Sound. Half a dozen times they reported rescue at hand, always followed by disappointment.

Captain Austin ordered me to the top side with the searchlight. "Don't send down word of rescue until a ship is alongside," he directed.

That was the first time I had crawled through a twenty-one-inch tube and, being a fairly large man, it was a tight job. But I got to the bow, followed by the searchlight. Bill Walsh took his station at the lower end of the tube, a pair of pliers in hand, to cut the searchlight wire in case of need.

A fine, cold night greeted me. On shore I saw the lights of houses and the flash of automobiles along the roads. It was dinnertime, warm and comfortable, in those houses so close at hand yet so far away. Out in the Sound many vessels were passing, the Sound steamers brilliantly lighted. I turned the flash of our light their way, sending a stream of S O S messages.

None of them paid us any heed. We began to feel that the world was a forlorn place, close to shore and lights and home, but marooned on a few feet of wet and slippery ship in the cold, black night. Spray broke around us, freezing upon our foothold. We burned all the bedding and started upon our clothes. Before long we should have only the searchlight—that seemed useless.

When we had about lost hope of an early rescue, Providence once more intervened. Captain Eugene Olsen of the Standard Oil tug No. 28 saw strange flares in the Sound and decided that a small boat was on fire. He had a barge in tow and the wind was getting up, yet the captain put about and headed toward us. We had been disappointed so often that it was hard to believe.

The tug's lights grew brighter as she came up fast. We felt sure that her skipper had seen our flares—a belief that turned out to be correct, though we certainly did not expect the kind of reception Olsen intended for us. Being a practical man, unaccustomed to meet submarines standing on end, with crews burning their last dungarees to catch his eye, he thought that a small boat was in flames and headed for us, his fire hose ready.

We had suffered much from water that day, but we were yet to suffer more. Without knowing the captain's mind, I saw that his tug would bear directly across the submarine, and cried a warning down the tube as she bore upon us. Walsh snapped the searchlight wire and got a shock to lay most men out. But they closed the tube as the tug swept over us, taking our radio mast, periscope, and deck lines. The men below gave themselves up.

As for us, we went overboard into the black water, rising to see the barge at hand, a vague, massive shape. In ways that none of us ever can explain, we caught at the slippery sides and scrambled aboard. No use trying to explain how; we simply did.

But what had happened to the S-48 while we fought in the dark for a handhold? There was agonizing need of haste, but no way to hasten. The towline snarled in a hook at the submarine's bow, dragging the hull toward it. Another jerk, as the barge sheered off, and the line surely would pull the S-48 down.

An axe lies near the towline on every barge. Swinging it high, we cut the line. At the moment Olsen saw no more than frantic men cutting the line of his tow and waving to him in the night—men come from nowhere, apparently mad.

The line parted and the barge sheered off, but free of the submarine, her tail so deep in the mud that it held fast. While Olsen swung around to come nearer, the barge tossed about wildly. He was only yards distant when we made him understand.

Then he fell to like a good sailor, putting off his small boat for the rescue of the men below, no easy matter in that howling wind. We drifted away, watching the tug's lights, our beacon of hope. Only a few minutes now until the rest would be safe.

Rescue developed into a slow job, especially when one man was caught fast in the tube. At last Olsen had them all, and was glad to have done, that he might start in pursuit of his barge. Those on the tug, finding us missing, thought we were lost when the crash came.

I will leave to anybody the conception of our feelings when the tug picked up the five of us and we all saw each other again. There was many a wet eye in that crew.

I looked at my watch. Half past ten. Better than thirteen hours in a trapped submarine. And we still send telegrams to each other on the seventh of December.

THE END

The Most Amazing Radio Value Ever Offered!!!

Newly Designed Low Utility Console Cabinets

The cabinets of wood, illustrated here in the CROSLEY "Companionship" Series Chum, Playmate and Comrade models are distinct innovations in radio cabinet design and construction. They serve many purposes in the home other than as mere containers for radio receiving sets and speakers, readily lending themselves to use as end tables, bedside tables and occasional tables.

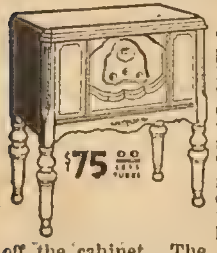
Improved Dynacone and Dynacoil Power Speakers

Improved speakers of two types give a diffused non-directional grand piano effect. In the Buddy and Chum the improved and refined CROSLEY Dynacone power speaker is used. The Playmate and Comrade incorporate the perfected Type "M" CROSLEY Dynacoil power speaker. In all cases the speakers are mounted on or in the bottoms of the cabinets, diffusing the sound into the room instead of blasting it into the faces of the listeners.

Tone-Tested by the World's Leading Musicians

Much of the beautiful tone of the new CROSLEY "Companionship" Models can be attributed to the suggestion and help of such noted artists as Alma Gluck, Edith Mason, Efrem Zimbalist, Jose Mojica, George Gershwin, and others equally famous. With CROSLEY sets in their homes these artists "listen in", comment, advise, and give CROSLEY engineers the invaluable benefit of their opinions. In this manner, the tone quality of CROSLEY radio is developed and constantly improved to a richness, color and naturalness that mechanical tests alone could never attain. And this beautiful tone is exclusive with CROSLEY.

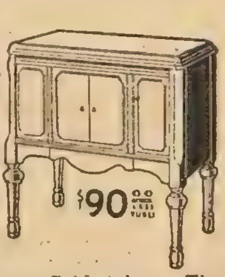
"Companionship" Series Models in Low Utility Wood Consoles



The CHUM

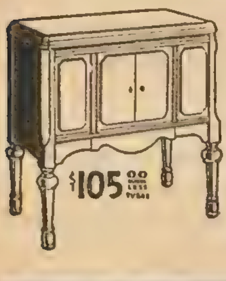
This model is a useful, beautiful, inconspicuous low table for use anywhere. It is constructed of 3 and 5-ply walnut veneer with matched Australian laurel front panels. The center panel is of rich golden maple with recessed dial panel showing through in burl walnut finish. The heavy top and molding set off the cabinet. The set uses six tubes, two of which are Screen Grid. A CROSLEY Dynacone power speaker is mounted in the bottom of the cabinet. Dimensions: 28½"-high, 27" long, 14¾" deep. Amazingly low priced at only $75, less tubes.

The PLAYMATE



This handsome wood model is built of two-tone walnut veneer, the swing doors being of diagonal matched veneer. The heavy top and molding add to the beauty of the cabinet. The doors open to reveal the recessed dial panel of burl walnut finish. The set is the refined CROSLEY seven-tube Monotrad using two Screen Grid tubes. The power speaker is the CROSLEY Type "M" Dynacoil and is mounted in the bottom of the cabinet. Dimensions: 29¼" high, 28¾" long, 16¼" deep. No radio value has ever approached this model at only $90, less tubes.

The COMRADE



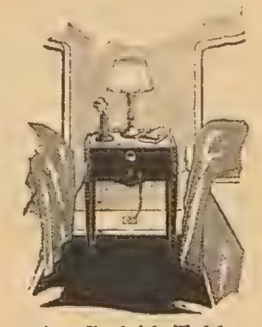
This set is enclosed in the same cabinet as the Playmate but incorporates the refined CROSLEY Unitrad eight-tube chassis, giving somewhat greater sensitivity and performance due to the use of three Screen Grid tubes instead of two. You've never seen so much value in radio for only $105, less tubes.

A NEW Screen Grid, Neutrodyne Circuit, Power Speaker, A.C. Electric, Low Utility Console Model at an Unheard of Low Price!!!

With the perfection and presentation of the new CROSLEY Buddy and the new CROSLEY "Companionship" Series there was ushered in a new era in the development of radio receiving sets for the home. In the sensationally popular Buddy is offered, for the first time in radio history, a radio receiving set, complete in a magnificent new low utility console with improved power speaker built in, using Screen Grid tubes, employing the highly sensitive Neutrodyne circuit, and operating from an electric light socket, at a price so low that every home can afford to have one or more in it. For more than eight years it has been the CROSLEY policy to provide the people with reliable and dependable radio reception at the lowest possible cost. Every effort has been devoted to find ways to give you greater and greater value at no added cost—often at a lowered cost, as in the case of the new CROSLEY "Companionship" Series. The great popularity of CROSLEY radio has made possible the big CROSLEY plant and the quantity production methods by which the cost of manufacturing radio receiving sets has been reduced to bed-rock. These savings come to you in lowered prices and better performance.

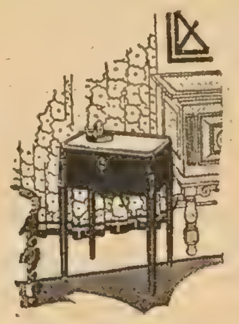
As an End Table

the Buddy serves as a convenient resting place for books, magazines, ash-tray, etc.



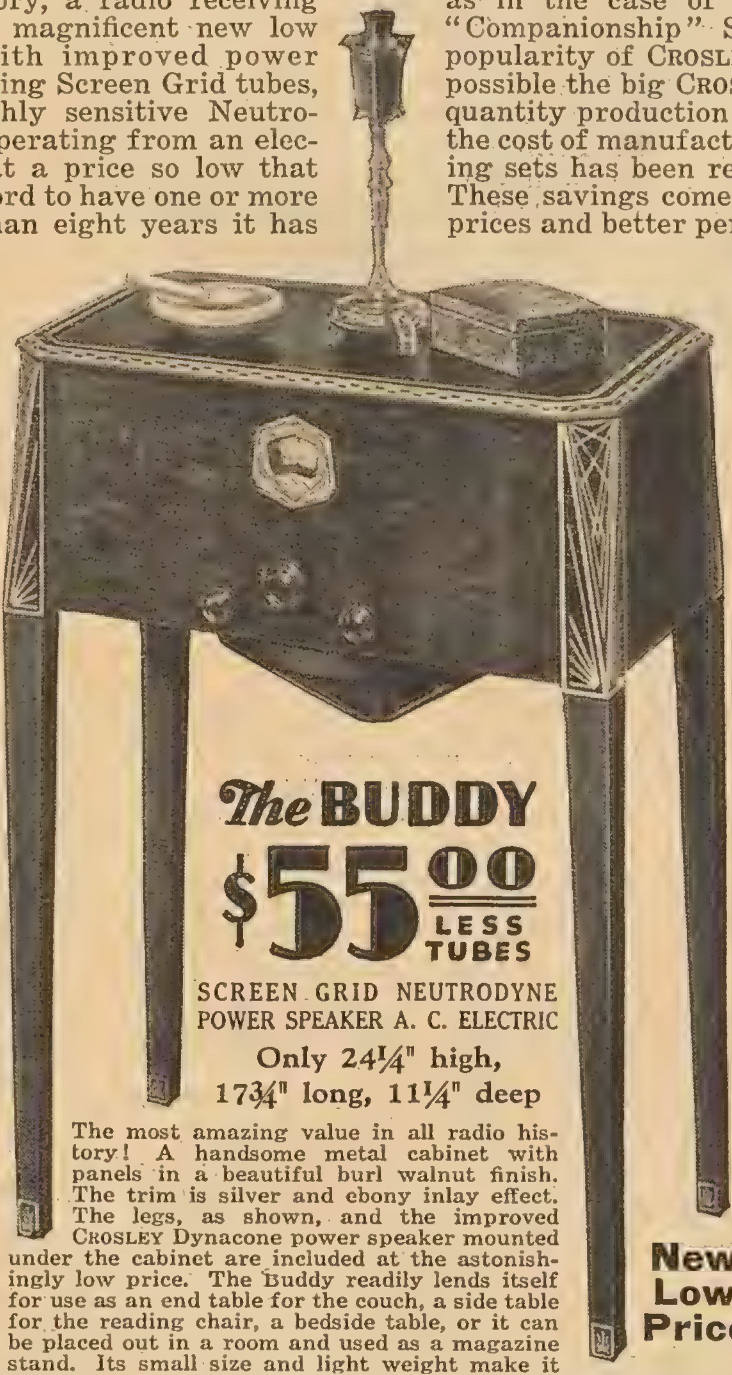
As a Bedside Table

the Buddy provides ample space for night light, a book or two, telephone, etc.



In the Dining Room

the Buddy provides entertainment and amusement and serves as a temporary resting place for many things.



The BUDDY

$55.00 LESS TUBES

SCREEN GRID NEUTRODYNE POWER SPEAKER A. C. ELECTRIC

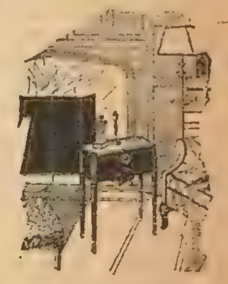
Only 24¼" high, 17¾" long, 11¼" deep

The most amazing value in all radio history! A handsome metal cabinet with panels in a beautiful burl walnut finish. The trim is silver and ebony inlay effect. The legs, as shown, and the improved CROSLEY Dynacone power speaker mounted under the cabinet are included at the astonishingly low price. The Buddy readily lends itself for use as an end table for the couch, a side table for the reading chair, a bedside table, or it can be placed out in a room and used as a magazine stand. Its small size and light weight make it harmonize with its surroundings no matter where placed and easily moved from place to place in the home. These unusual features cause many to buy the Buddy as a second radio receiving set for the home. Others install two or three in different rooms. The set uses six tubes, two of which are Screen Grid. Never before has a Screen Grid, Neutrodyne, power speaker, A. C. electric radio receiver been sold at such a low price.

New Low Price

As Occasional Table

the Buddy will become a real companion providing ample space for nut bowl, candy dish, etc.



In the Library

the Buddy will enhance the enjoyment of any book by providing smoking materials at your finger tips.

In the Kitchen

the Buddy brings in cooking and baking lectures and provides a place for note book in which to jot down recipes.

Screen Grid, Neutrodyne, A. C. Electric

All CROSLEY "Companionship" radio sets incorporate Screen Grid radio frequency amplification. Screen Grid tubes give amplification of fifty times per stage, while the older type of tubes cannot be relied upon to give amplification greater than eight to twelve times per stage. CROSLEY radio sets are built under the Neutrodyne patents and incorporate the advantages of the Neutrodyne circuits.

Most Amazing Radio Values Ever Offered

Just look at the illustrations of the new CROSLEY "Companionship" Series shown here—read the descriptions of sets, speakers and cabinets—visit your nearest CROSLEY dealer today—hear the marvelous tone, examine the cabinets, compare these models in every way with other sets—then determine for yourself whether or not they represent the most amazing radio values ever offered.

Western Prices on All Models Slightly Higher

The CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION, POWEL CROSLEY, Jr., President, *Cincinnati*

Home of WLW—*"the Nation's Station"*

YOU'RE *THERE* WITH A CROSLEY

CROSLEY RADIO

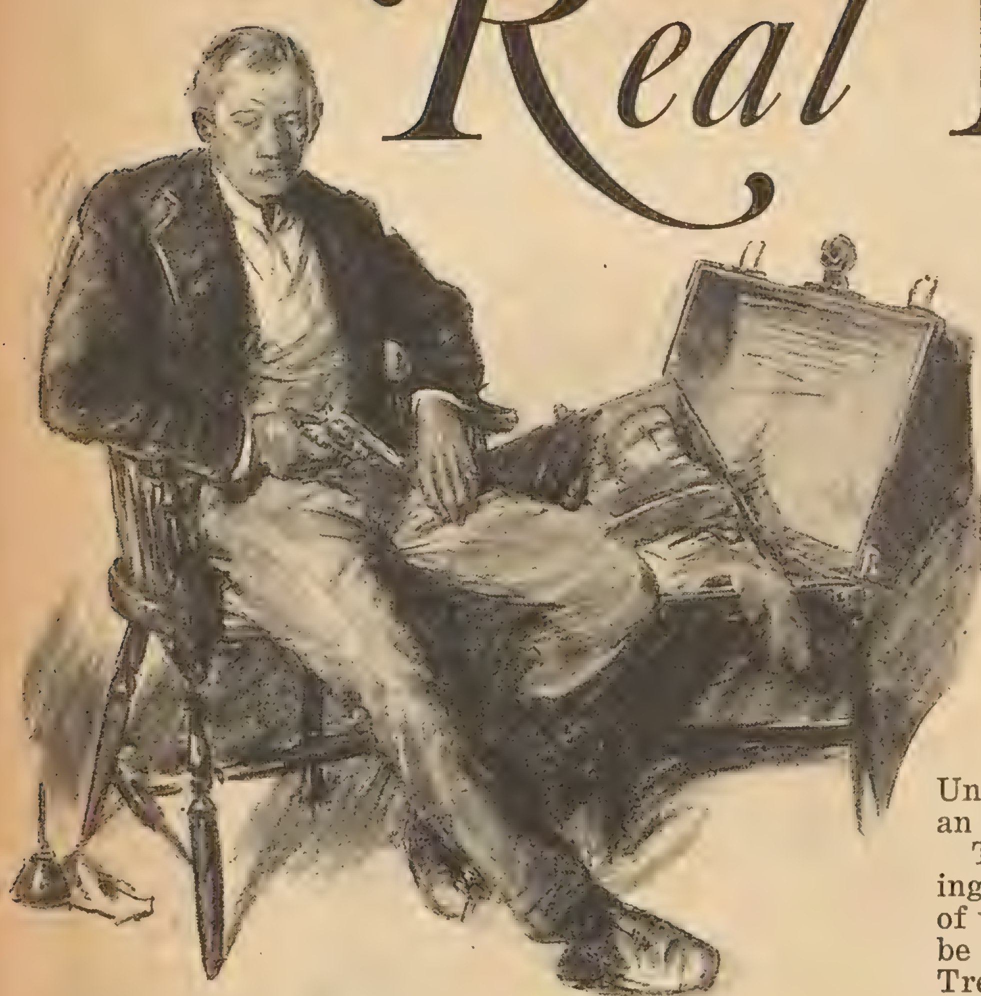
Real Money

A Story of Paper Profits

By

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Pictures by L. R. GUSTAVSON



That night he hunted up an old revolver he had had when a boy.

THE recent amazing decline in stock prices brought loss and woe to a great many people, but not to all. One of those to whom it brought happiness and an actual money profit was Professor Horace Willicks of Colwin College.

Professor Willicks is an elderly, nervous, absent-minded man, occupying the chair of Abstract Philosophy at Colwin College, and he has been a widower for thirty-two years. Thirty-one years ago his sister Emmy came to keep house for him and to see that he did not go to his classes without his trousers or let his absent-mindedness make him too ridiculous in other ways.

Emmy Willicks was much like her brother Horace. She was a gentle timid soul—not at all self-assertive—and two years older than her brother. She was intellectual rather than social, and her greatest desire in life was to save enough money to buy a house in Concord, Massachusetts, where she and her brother Horace might live their old age, studying the lives of Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, and the others, and writing a three-volume study of the great Concordians. In this work Professor Willicks was to do the part dealing with the Concord philosophy, and Emmy was to handle the rest. It may be said that Professor Willicks and his sister Emmy lived for this one great object.

The salary of Professor Willicks was small and but little more than covered the household expenses. Emmy Willicks had a small inherited income, and all of this, with what she could save of her brother's salary, she put away in the Colwin Savings Bank. This slowly growing fund was to give them freedom and happiness in Concord when it amounted to enough. It grew very slowly.

About the time when stocks began to climb upward Emmy Willicks happened to become friendly with Eliza Trent, the wife of Professor Oscar Trent, who occupied the chair of Applied Economics at Colwin College. Eliza Trent was a positive and somewhat worldly woman, and far the best dressed of the college wives. She had considerable money in her own right and considered contract bridge intellectual enough to satisfy anyone. Her husband was a handsome man, below middle age, and was sure he knew as much about business conditions in the United States as any other man. He frankly predicted an era of prosperity such as the world had never known.

To gentle Emmy Willicks with her smoothed-back graying hair Oscar Trent was an oracle of finance. In a world of which she knew nothing whatever he seemed to her to be a giant. One evening when she responded to Eliza Trent's appeal and helped make up a table of bridge at the Trents', Professor Trent talked of stocks.

Miss Emmy was one of those bridge players who put down a card and then put hand to mouth and say, "Oh, partner! I'm so sorry! I shouldn't have played that!" and who forget what is trumps. She played bridge to be accommodating.

"Yes," said Professor Trent in his world-informing way. "There is no doubt whatever that we are in for a long and permanent advance in values. The United States has been thinking on this plane, actual values are on this plane, and our ideas—and prices, naturally—must climb."

HE showed the two planes with an extended hand. One was on a level with his chest; the other was considerably over his head.

"I am buying Independent Oxygen," said Eliza Trent. "On a margin, of course."

"Independent Oxygen," said Professor Trent, "I consider one of the soundest properties in existence. Its past history, the continuous increase in population, the use of oxyacetylene torches, and the shifting of the Gulf Stream, with the consequent increase of fogs and pneumonia, make a safe buy of Independent Oxygen. I can safely say that an investment in Independent Oxygen at today's price will mean financial independence for the buyer in a remarkably short time."

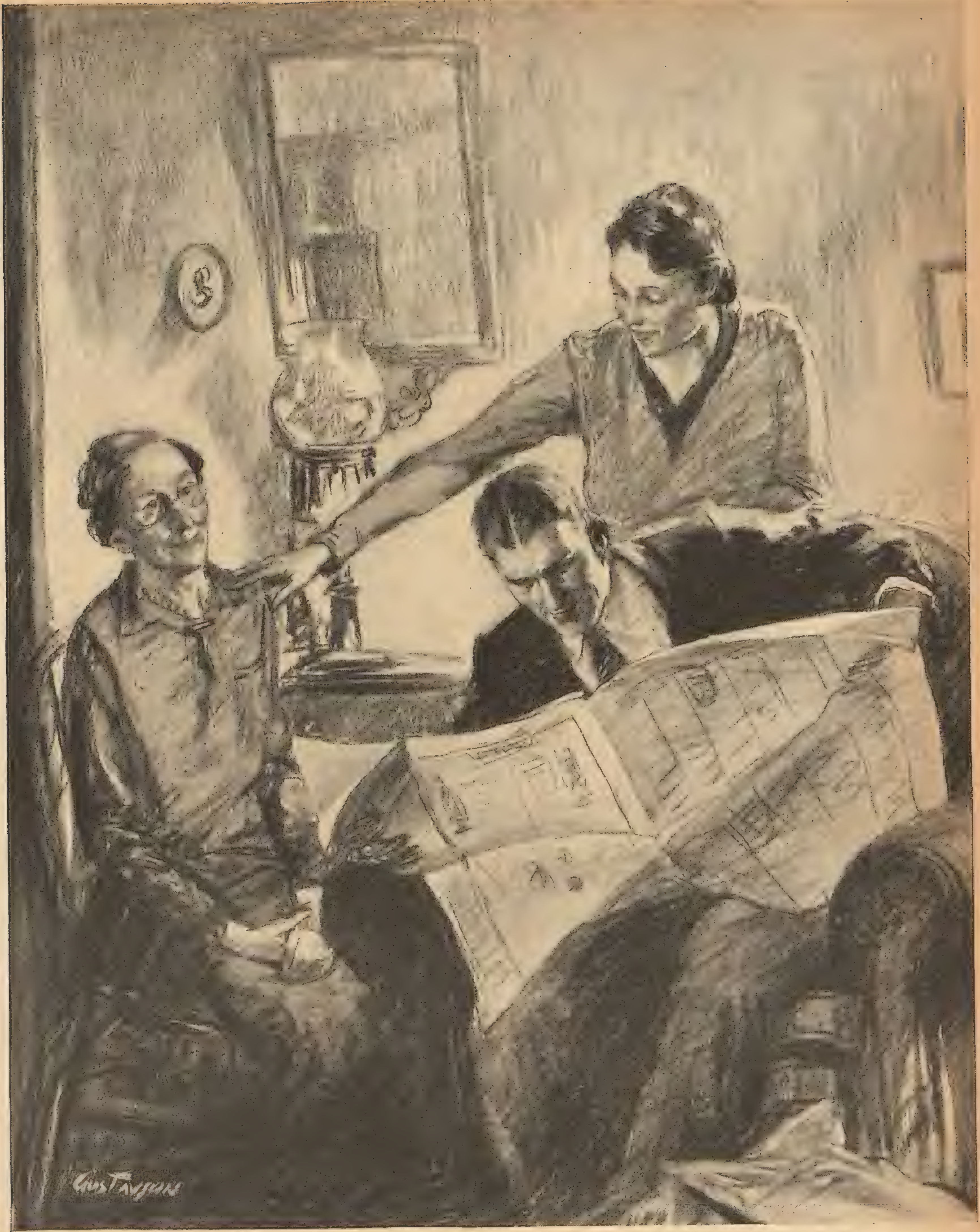
"How would I store the oxygen if I bought some?" Miss Willicks asked timidly.

"My dear lady!" said Professor Trent. "You don't buy the article itself; you buy the shares of the company that manufactures and sells the oxygen."

There followed a further explanation, in which Mrs. Trent took a lively and enthusiastic part, and when Miss Willicks went home she had a vague and pulse-quickening knowledge of how to buy on margin and a sincere belief that she and her brother Horace were a couple of silly old fogies who had let themselves slip out of the current of actual life. The next morning she went to the savings bank and drew out most of her money. This she put in an envelope, and on the envelope she wrote some figures, and at breakfast she gave the envelope to Horace.

"Wait! Wait, Horace!" she exclaimed, for he had the salt-shaker in his hand. "You've already salted your egg three times, brother."

"Have I, Emmy?" he asked. "I knew it tasted odd; I thought it must need salt."



To gentle Emmy Willicks with her smoothed-back graying hair Oscar Trent was an oracle of finance.

"Listen, Horace, dear," Miss Emmy said. "Please pay attention to me—close attention."

"I know," said Horace. "I'll mail it, sister."

"No," said Miss Willicks. "It's not a letter to mail. There are two thousand dollars in this envelope."

"Dear me! You surprise me!"

"Two thousand dollars," repeated Miss Willicks, "and —please pay attention, Horace!"

"Yes, my dear," said the professor vaguely. "You were saying?"

"Two thousand dollars," repeated Miss Willicks again. "And I want to buy Independent Oxygen stocks with it. Professor Trent says I should."

"I'm quite sure he would not say so unless he was quite sure it was quite right," said Professor Willicks. "Isn't that almost all the money you have, Emmy?"

"Yes, practically all," said Emmy. "But I am sure I am right if Professor Trent advises me to buy. I want you to buy it for me, Horace."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

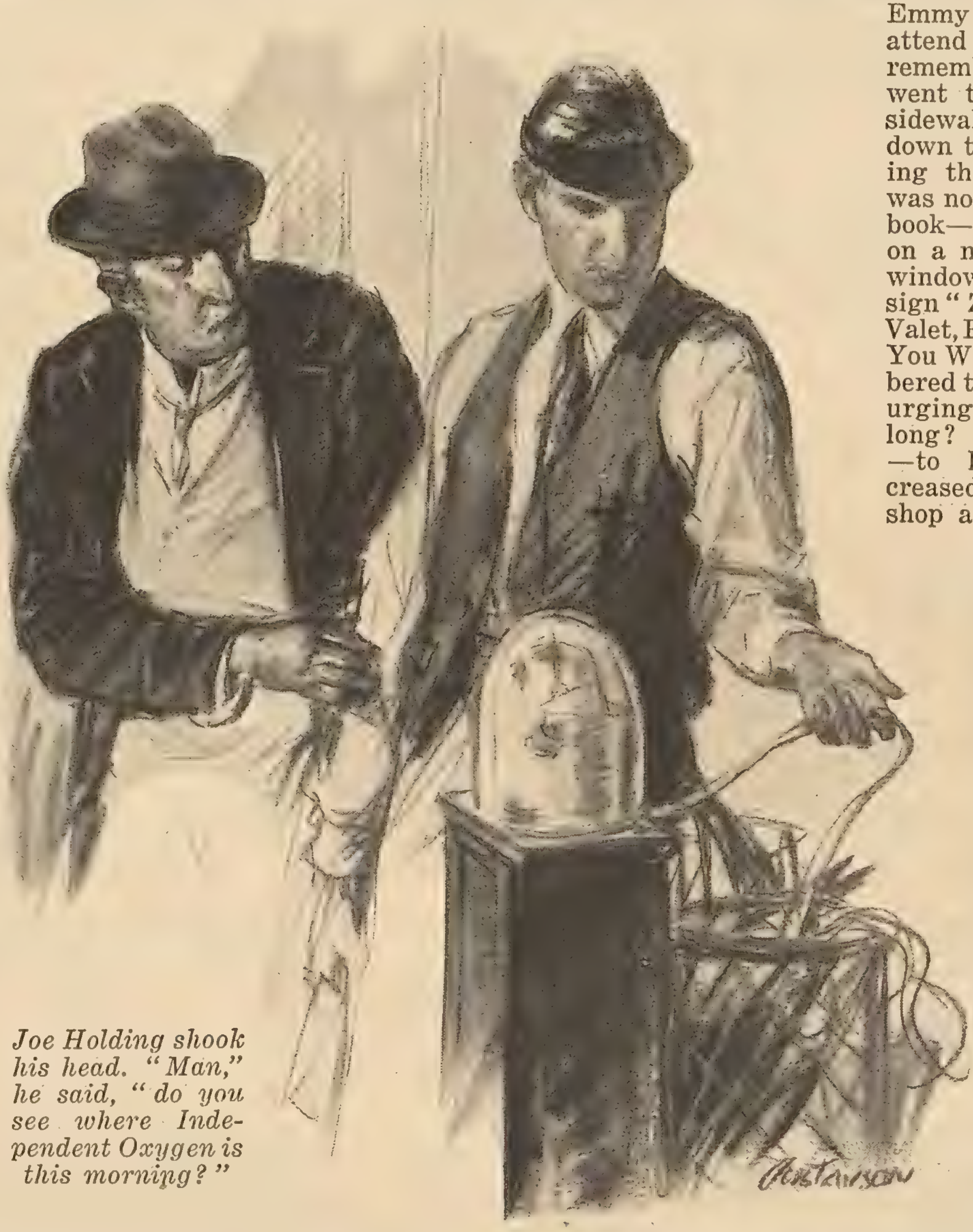
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

"Yes, indeed, my dear," said Horace agreeably. "I will attend to it before I go to my class. Universal Oxygen, did you say, Emmy?"

"No, not Universal Oxygen, Horace. Universal Oxygen doesn't seem good to Professor Trent. It is Independent Oxygen I want to buy," the professor's sister told him. "I've written it all down on this envelope—four hundred shares of Independent Oxygen at twenty dollars a share."

"But, my dear!" said Professor Willicks, smiling at his sister; "four hundred shares at twenty dollars comes to eight thousand dollars, not two thousand."

"I know all that, Horace," Miss Emmy said. "But Professor Trent and Eliza explained it all to me. I want to buy on margin, and twenty-five per cent is all I have to pay down. Twenty-five per cent margin is all the brokers require. And, of course we will not have to pay the rest. Independent Oxygen will go up, and we will sell our four hundred shares, and make a great deal of money, Horace."



Joe Holding shook his head. "Man," he said, "do you see where Independent Oxygen is this morning?"

"I SEE how it is," said Horace. "It will be very nice to have a great deal of money, Emmy. Yes, you are quite right. Where—ah—do I buy this—ah—Independent Oxygen?"

"I have written that on the envelope, too," said Miss Emmy. "The brokers Mrs. Trent uses are Holding and Keeps on Main Street. It is all written there on the envelope, Horace. Just do what I have written on the envelope. And, Horace, dear—"

"Yes, Emmy?"

"Please do it before you go to your class, brother. There is a very lively market, Professor Trent says, and Independent Oxygen may advance in price any moment. You will attend to it right away, won't you?"

"Yes, yes; of course, Emmy!" the professor said. "Large affairs I never forget—never! Little ones I may sometimes—"

"Don't put that in your pocket, Horace—that's the corner of the tablecloth, not your handkerchief," Emmy said, and she made sure that Horace had the envelope in his pocket, and she kissed him with unusual affection as she parted from him at the front door.

Professor Willicks turned toward Main Street and walked at a brisk pace, thinking of the answer he had prepared for the annoying question the red-headed youth had asked him in class three days before. He hoped he had prepared an answer that met any trick the boy had hidden in his question. The fellow was bright, but he was impudent, and the last time Professor Willicks had prepared an answer it had been met with howls of joy by the class.

Now, in this question the red-headed boy had asked there was, firstly—

Professor Willicks, finding himself on Main Street, stopped short and stroked his upper lip with the side of his left forefinger. There was something rather insistent Emmy had asked him to attend to, if he could just remember what it was. He went to the edge of the sidewalk and looked up and down the street, questioning the store fronts. It was not food; it was not a book— His eye alighted on a narrow shop on the window of which was the sign "Z. Marx, The Colwin Valet, Pants Pressed While You Wait," and he remembered that Emmy had been urging him — for how long? a month? a year? —to have his trousers creased. He entered the shop and entered a high-boxed and curtained inclosure, and tossed his trousers out.

"And please make haste, Mr. Marx," he said. "I am due at the college in a very few minutes."

AT noon Professor Willicks went home with Professor Sharp for luncheon and the afternoon passed very pleasantly over Professor Sharp's manuscripts and cigars, and it was late in the afternoon when the telephone bell rang and Professor Sharp handed Horace the receiver. Emmy was speaking.

"Horace?" she said. "Professor Bliss said he thought you were there. I just wanted to ask you, Horace—you didn't forget my errand?"

"No, no, Emmy!" said the professor. "I remembered perfectly this time. All attended to, sister."

"I'm glad," said Miss Willicks. "It means so much to me."

"Something she thought you might have forgotten to do?" asked Professor Sharp.

"My trousers," explained Horace contentedly. "Emmy has been wanting me to have them pressed this long time."

"I thought you looked peculiar some way," said Professor Sharp. "Now, this Shelley letter . . ."

About six Professor Sharp telephoned Miss Emmy that Horace was going to remain for dinner, and the evening was spent with the manuscripts, and it was midnight when Profesor Willicks started for home. Miss Emmy was long since in bed and asleep, and Horace was soon sleeping the sleep of the innocent.

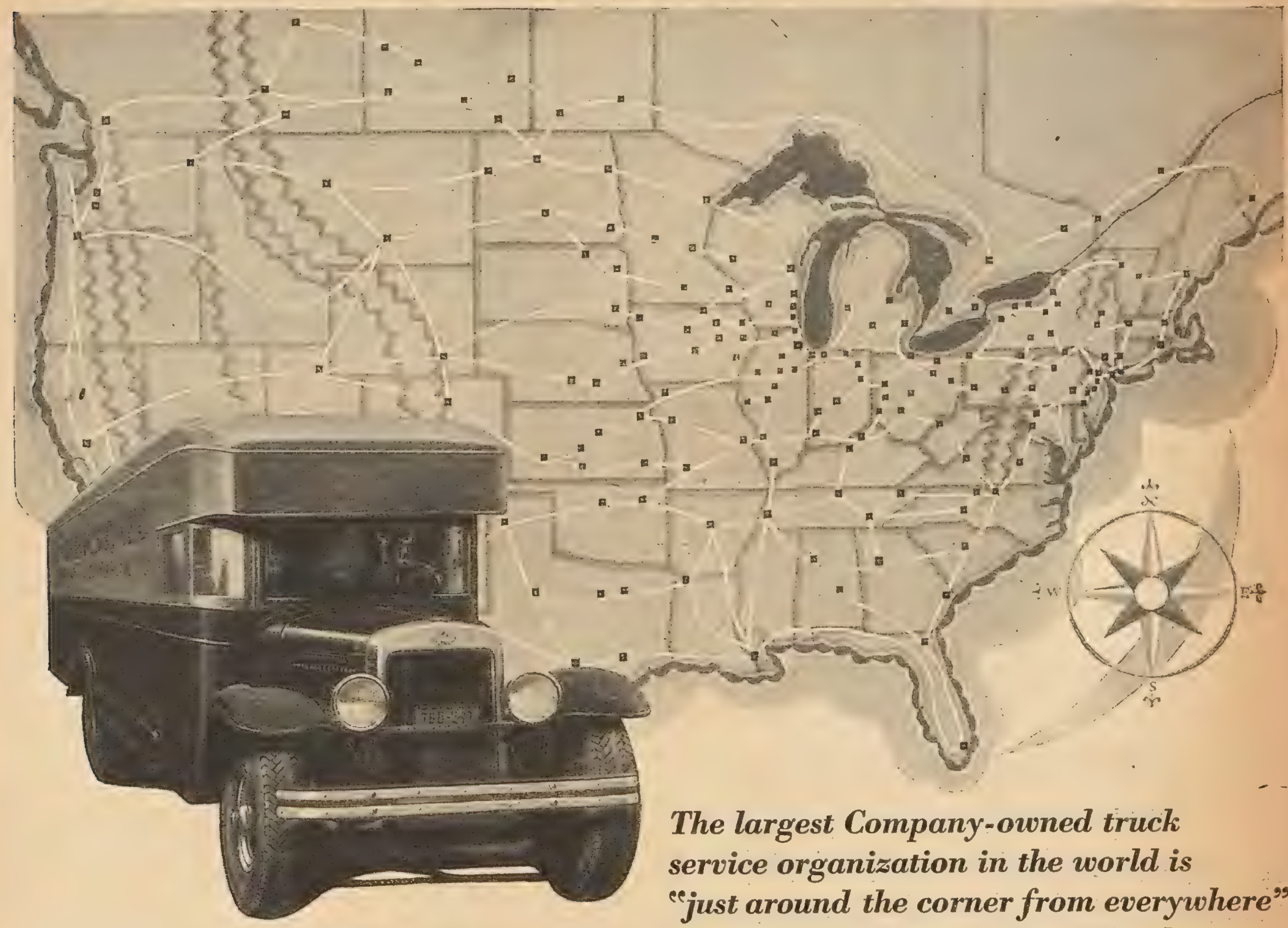
The next morning at breakfast Miss Emmy referred to the purchase of the Independent Oxygen shares, but she did it merely in thanks.

"I am so glad you did not forget, yesterday," she said.

"I do not always forget, Emmy," Professor Willicks said with a gentle smile.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

You can't get away from Service like this



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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

Late that afternoon, in the room he called his study, Professor Willicks put his hand in his pocket to find his handkerchief—which he had left in his hat—and he found Emmy's envelope. He looked at it curiously, wondering why Emmy had given him a letter to mail with no stamp on it, and he put on his spectacles and turned the envelope over to read the address, and suddenly he remembered that he had been told to buy 400 shares of Independent Oxygen at 20.

"Dear, dear!" he exclaimed. "Emmy will be distressed. I must attend to this at once."

He went down and put on his hat and went out. Fortunately, Emmy had run over to the Trents. Unfortunately, the day before had been the day—which some of you will remember—when President Glower of Independent Oxygen gave out the annual statement of the company and issued his Address to the Stockholders. Those who owned Independent Oxygen at that time will remember the phenomenal jump Independent Oxygen made that day on the Exchange, beginning its remarkable upward soaring. Opening at 20, it jumped to 28 on the first trade, to 36 on the next, and then glided pleasantly upward, to close at 43½. The next day it opened down, at 40¾, and climbed steadily on every bid, to 54¼, at which figure it closed, just as Professor Willicks put on his hat to go down to Holding & Keeps to buy 400 shares at 20.

"My dear man!" Joe Holding exclaimed, laughing in Horace's face as he held him by the lapels of his coat. "You're too late. You want to get up earlier in the morning to get Independent Oxygen at twenty in a market like this; you want to get up about forty-eight hours earlier. Independent Oxygen is up to fifty-four and a quarter."

"Dear me!" said Professor Willicks unhappily. "I'm too late, I fear. It's most unfortunate—most!"

"And I wouldn't touch it at fifty-four and a quarter, if I were you," said Joe Holding. "Too high, that's my opinion, unasked and freely given. I look for a recession."

"You mean it will go down again?" asked Horace hopefully.

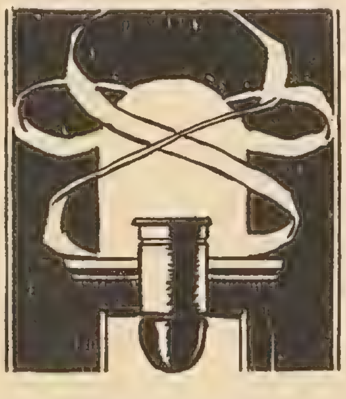
"If I know anything about it—yes!" said Joe Holding.

"Thank you. You are—ah—most kind," said Professor Willicks. "You don't know how you relieve me, sir. I thank you most kindly. Ah—may I leave my name and address, and will you let me know when Independent Oxygen is—ah—again at twenty?"

"That's what I'm here for," said Joe Holding. "That's your bid price, is it?"

"Yes. Quite so!" said Horace. "And thank you again."

After this interview, which had at first made Horace feel most miserable, he felt better again. Independent Oxygen would recess, or whatever it was Mr. Holding had said.



ON the whole, Horace thought, it would be better not to annoy Emmy by saying anything at all; she would be delighted because Independent Oxygen was so much higher than 20, but she did not know it was going to take a recess. When it recessed back to 20, Horace told himself, he would quickly buy 400 shares at that price, on the 25 per cent margin Emmy had mentioned, and all would be well.

Emmy did come home from Eliza Trent's in quite a flutter. She actually threw her arms around Horace's neck, kissing him twice and putting his distance glasses quite askew on his nose.

"Now, now!" exclaimed Professor Willicks as playfully as he could. "What's all this?"

"Horace, I just can't help it! I could sing and shout! I've just been over to Eliza's, and do you know what Independent Oxygen has done? It has gone up to fifty-four and a quarter! Horace—think of it! Eliza figured it out for me—our two thousand dollars is almost twenty-two thousand now!"

"Dear me!" said Horace, turning a sort of apple green.

"And Eliza's husband says that's only the beginning, Horace! That's only the result of President Glower's revelation of the actual condition of the company. It is merely putting Independent Oxygen in its proper place in the list. The real upward movement hasn't taken place yet, Horace. Just wait until the whole list begins to move upward! Horace, we're going to be rich! Rich, Horace!"

"Dear me!" said Horace again, his color shading off from apple green to bister, which is a sickish yellow. "I'm—you overwhelm me, Emmy. I feel somewhat ill. I think I will lie down awhile."

"I shouldn't have told you so suddenly, poor dear," said Emmy contritely.

For five days Professor Willicks remained in bed with something like jaundice, and during that time he was even more interested in the stock-market reports than Emmy herself. He slept with a copy of the Wall Street final closing edition of the newspaper in his hand.

Joe Holding had been right. Independent Oxygen did recede—it receded to 39¾, like a man dropping back for a run before making a high jump, and then it really did begin to soar. The whole list, as you know, soared. With it Independent Oxygen went upward. It passed its previous highest mark of 54½ and went to 60.

WHEN Independent Oxygen reached 62¼ Professor Willicks took pencil and paper and did some figuring. He could no longer hope to buy Emmy 400 shares, but he decided that he had better buy what he could. It was now the middle of summer and Emmy had gone to the Dannerts in the Berkshires to stay until the opening of college in the fall, and Professor Willicks was, at least, not confronted by Emmy's happy eyes. She wrote: "I am so happy, Horace dear! Each day when I look at the Ind. Oxy. quotation I utter a blessing on dear Professor Trent and Eliza for showing me the way to this new great happiness. I am learning to drive a car, Horace; we must have a car—a good one—when we go to Concord; it will put Boston at our door. Jane says she knows of a very fair house at Concord we can get for thirty thousand dollars. It will need some repairs—not over five thousand."

With Independent Oxygen at 62¼ and $2,000 to invest on a 25 per cent margin, Professor Willicks figured that he could buy for Emmy 128 shares. This was not 400, but it would be something, and he went down to Holding & Keeps' office and handed Mr. Holding the slip of paper on which he had jotted down his figures. Joe Holding shook his head.

"Man," he said, "you must have been asleep since I don't know when. Look at that board—do you see where Independent Oxygen is this morning? Sixty-eight."

He drew a line through Professor Willicks' 62¼.

"And this twenty-five per cent margin notion," he continued, drawing a line through that figure, "has been dead just about since Noah quit the ark. Fifty per cent is what has to be put up on the blue-chip stocks, and I haven't heard anybody yet call Independent Oxygen a blue chip. I might take a small buy at sixty per cent, but I'm not keen for it."

"How many shares could I buy on a sixty per cent margin for two thousand dollars?" asked Horace. Joe Holding looked at the quotation board on which the boy had just changed Ind. Oxy. from 62½ to 68.

"Forty-five, anyway," said Joe Holding.

"I'll—I'll consider it," said Professor Willicks. "There will—do you think there will be any recessions? In the price? In the—ah—amount of margin required?"

"This last statement of brokers' loans ought to slide some of the list down some," Joe Holding said. "I don't know what the Federal Reserve is liable to do. No chance of smaller margins, professor."

The rest of the summer was a period of misery for Professor Willicks. Every letter from Emmy was a knife in his heart. Each week, as Independent Oxygen continued to rise, she wrote more joyously. She was planning a world tour. They would spend a year at Oxford. She had seen just the car she would buy, and only six thousand dollars. Wouldn't it be better to buy a house in Boston—the library was there; Concord only a few minutes away. Jane knew of a very fair house in Wellesley Hills for thirty-eight thousand dollars.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

DO YOU SMOKE WHEN YOUR HANDS ARE TIED?

◆ ◆ ◆ KEEP MOUTH-HAPPY WITH SPUD'S COOLER SMOKE!

When there's nothing you can do about things but sit and wait . . . do you pass the time by lighting cigarettes? That's when you should introduce yourself to Spud . . . to a cigarette that keeps you continually mouth-happy . . . even if it's the last Spud of a 2-pack session! You'll soon find how 16% cooler smoke heightens your enjoyment of Spud's full tobacco flavor . . . how your tobacco senses always respond to Spud's selected leaf and blend. Then, you'll know why smokers from coast to coast are calling Spud the great, new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

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"SMOKE 16% COOLER BY TEST"...a little book telling how Spud's greater coolness was proved scientifically and what it means to you...sent gladly on request.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

When Emmy returned to Colwin she was radiant. She seemed twenty years younger, but she cried out when she saw Horace—he seemed twenty years older. Independent Oxygen was hovering around 112 after the late August jump, and Emmy counted her wealth at about $45,000. Professor Trent and Eliza said Independent and Universal Oxygen were to merge, and that Independent would touch 200 certainly.

"I'm going to hold for two hundred, Horace," Emmy said. "Eliza thinks Independent Oxygen will go beyond that, but I won't be greedy. I'm going to sell at two hundred. I'll have eighty thousand dollars then, and that will satisfy me."

Horace groaned.

"You poor dear!" cried Emmy. "You're not well."

"I'm mighty far from it, Emmy," Horace said.

That fall Independent Oxygen continued to climb, as we all know, with the rest of the list, but Professor Willicks was given a leave of absence on account of ill health. He spent the beautiful fall days in a chair in his side yard, a book open on his knee, but his forehead creased with ineffectual thought. His physician could discover nothing seriously wrong—a slight liver derangement perhaps, but nothing else—and could advise nothing. Each upward step of Independent Oxygen turned Professor Willick's face a tinge yellower and gave his eyes a more hopeless look.

"You've got to exercise more, Horace," the doctor told him. "You'll do no good sitting here. Walk, man!"

So, as November neared, Professor Willicks began to walk. He also began to talk to himself—and you know what a bad sign that is. Yet, in spite of her concern regarding Horace, Emmy could not avoid being radiantly happy. Independent Oxygen crept upward and upward. It reached 150. It reached 175. Late in October it crept to 189, to 192, to 198, to 198½.

"Horace," cried Emmy ecstatically, "tomorrow—or next day at the latest—Indox will touch two hundred!"

She had begun to use the Street term for Independent Oxygen, so constantly did she and Eliza Trent talk of it.

"Yes, two hundred," said Horace miserably. "Yes, Emmy."

"And I am not going to break my word, Horace. At two hundred we will sell. I think, Horace, if you feel able, you had better be at Holding and Keeps' tomorrow. You can sit there, and when Indox touches two hundred—sell, Horace. Sell, you understand. Eighty thousand dollars is enough for us."

"Yes, Emmy," Horace said meekly.

THAT night he hunted up an old revolver he had had when a boy. It was a ridiculous affair with a revolving chamber for six cartridges and a pearl handle. With his door locked he cleaned it and oiled it. He felt old and ill and worthless.

The next morning, before the hour for the opening of the stock market, Horace went out of the house. He walked toward the center of town and turned west on the main street until he reached Toomey & Grane's hardware store. He stood a moment or two, looking in the window and getting his courage together, and then entered.

"Yes, sir? What's yours today?" asked a clerk briskly.

"I want to shoot a dog," said Professor Willicks, fingering his coat lapel. "You sell cartridges here? Cartridges for pistols?"

"We certainly do!"

"I'd like to buy one."

"One? Only one?"

"One will be enough—if you sell one only. I don't want any more—just one. How much will one be?"

"One? What caliber, for instance?"

"It's about so long," said Professor Willicks. "The pistol is that long, about. How much will a cartridge for such a pistol be?"

"Well, I'll tell you, sir," said the clerk. "We'll say a nickel—five cents—one-half dime—so there'll be no hard feelings. But you've got to know what caliber you want. Is it a twenty-two? Or a forty-five? Or a thirty-eight?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Professor Willicks.

"I'll tell you what you do," said the clerk. "You go home and get the pistol and bring it down here, and I'll fit a cartridge in it. That's the way to do it."

Professor Willicks went out of the store. Fortunately, when he reached home, Emmy was over at Eliza's—he could not have stood saying anything to her or hearing her speak to him. He took his revolver from his bureau drawer and dropped it into his coat pocket. He walked downtown again and as he neared the hardware store heard a newsboy crying, "Great crash in stocks! Whole list goes down!" or words to that effect, and he wedged his way into Holding & Keeps', where half the town seemed crowded. He glanced at the board. Independent Oxygen stood at 163, and even as Horace looked the boy changed the quotation to 151¼. A strip of paper tacked above the board announced, "Ticker one hour behind market."

"It's a crash," someone beside him said to Horace. "The bottom is dropping out. I'm cleaned. How about you?"

For the first time in weeks Professor Willicks smiled.

"Do you think it is going lower?" he asked.

"Look at that board! It's slumping while we're looking at it. Nobody knows where it is. See that?"

The boy was changing the strip of paper; the new one said, "Ticker 1 hr. 30 minutes behind market."

WHEN Horace went home the last ticker figures had been dotted onto the tape and the final sale of Independent Oxygen had been recorded at 143¾. As he opened the front gate his hand touched something heavy in his pocket. He was surprised to find it was a revolver; the morning seemed ages ago. He felt ten years younger.

Emmy, when he went inside, was at the telephone.

"Well, that's what I think, 'Liza," she was saying, in the same chipper tone that had come to her with her dabbling in stock. "It's a flurry; the market is basically sound. Yes, indeed; I'm going to hold on. I'd not be so silly as to sell on a temporary dip. Yes; thank the professor for me. Closed at one four three and three-quarters."

Each day after that Independent Oxygen led the way downward. If some ambitious diver of a stock fell 10, Indox jumped down 25. The middle of November found it at 28; that day it dropped by eighths to 22½. Emmy Willicks made a wry smile.

"Isn't it what Eliza says?" she asked Horace. "'Easy come, easy go.' What goes up must come down! Such is life! No new clothes for me this winter, Horace, darling. But there'll be many more keeping me company."

She did not, to Horace's surprise, take the matter to heart at all.

"Oh, I just hoped all those things!" she said. "You never can tell about the market, Eliza says. But I'm through, Horace. It's too exciting for elderly dames. Are you going down tomorrow?"

Horace said he was. It was not necessary to say where "down" was—it was Holding & Keeps.

"If Independent Oxygen goes down to twenty, Horace, sell out," Emmy said.

That night Horace brought home to Emmy what was practically the $2,000 she had given him in the beginning. Like Emmy, he had learned a few things about playing with stocks and he deducted what he thought would be the commission of a broker. He handed the money to Emmy and she folded it carefully and put it in her purse.

When Professor Horace Willicks went up to his room he put the pearl-handled revolver far back in the lowest drawer of his bureau. He closed the drawer and straightened up and took a long deep breath.

"Ah!" he said cheerfully. "Yes, indeed!"

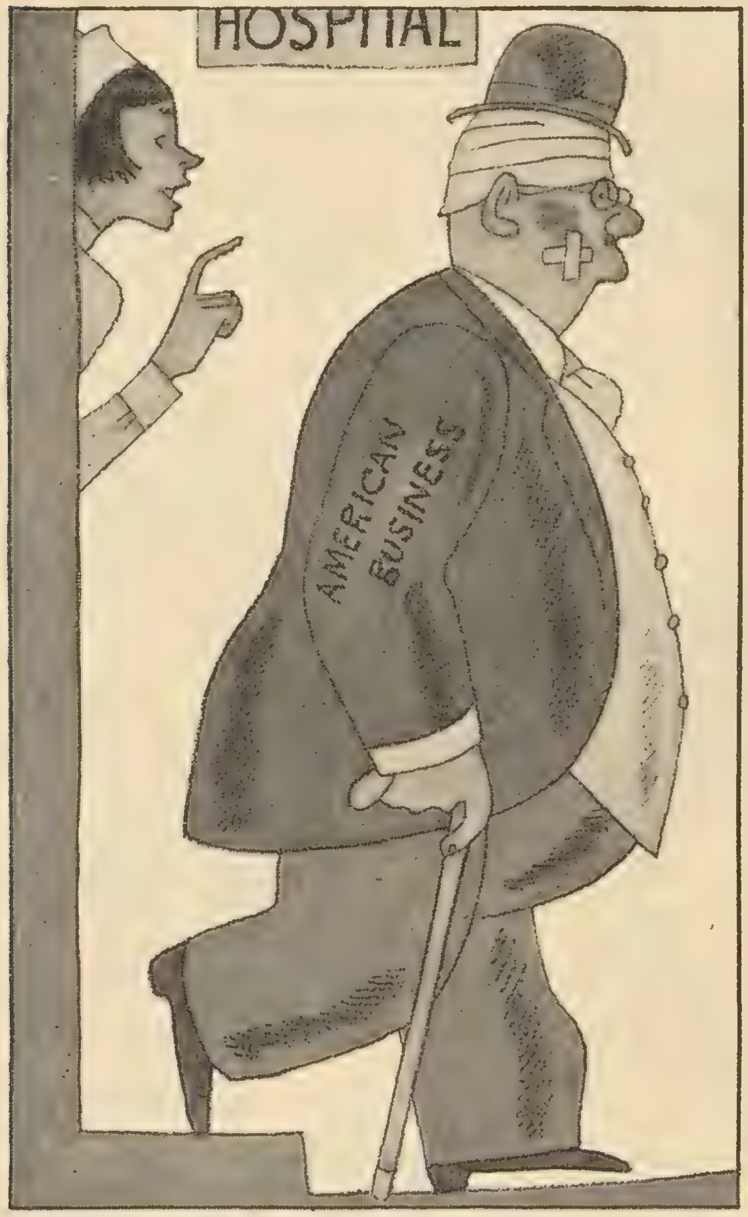
He felt happy. And why not? He was one of the few to whom the Big Drop had brought relief and an actual money betterment. He had saved the five cents he would otherwise have spent for a cartridge.

THE END

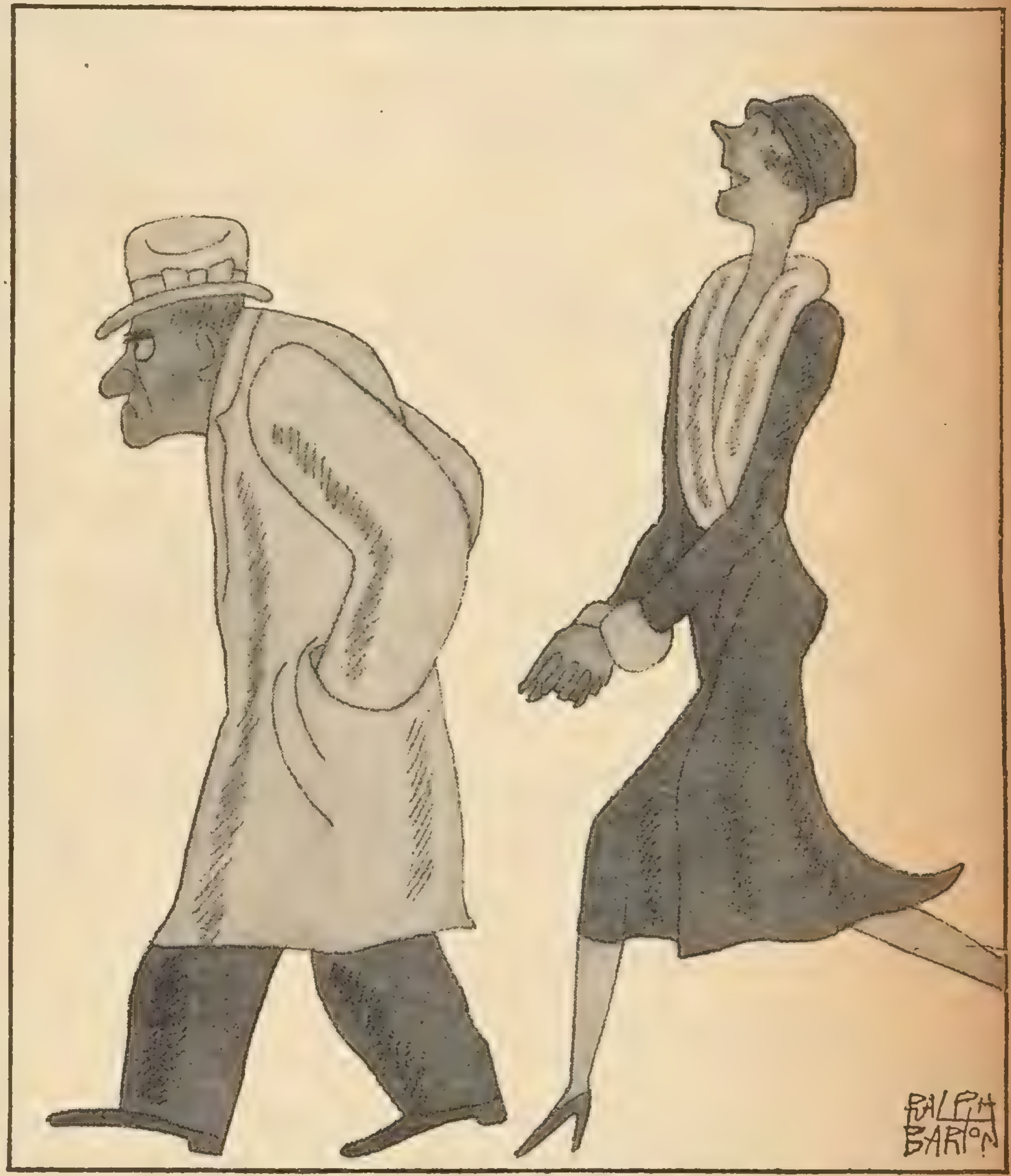
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

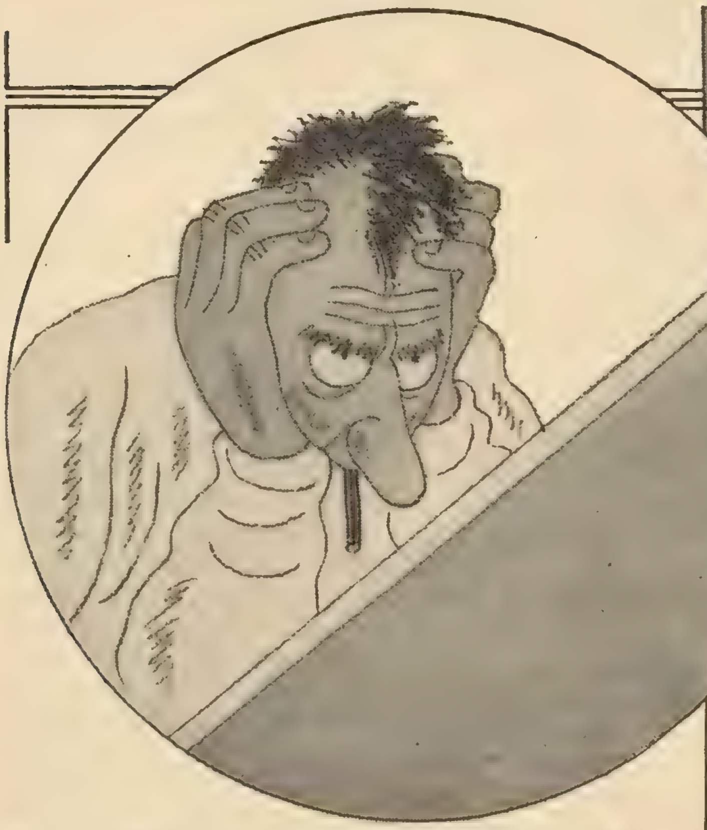
By RALPH BARTON


HOSPITAL
AMERICAN BUSINESS

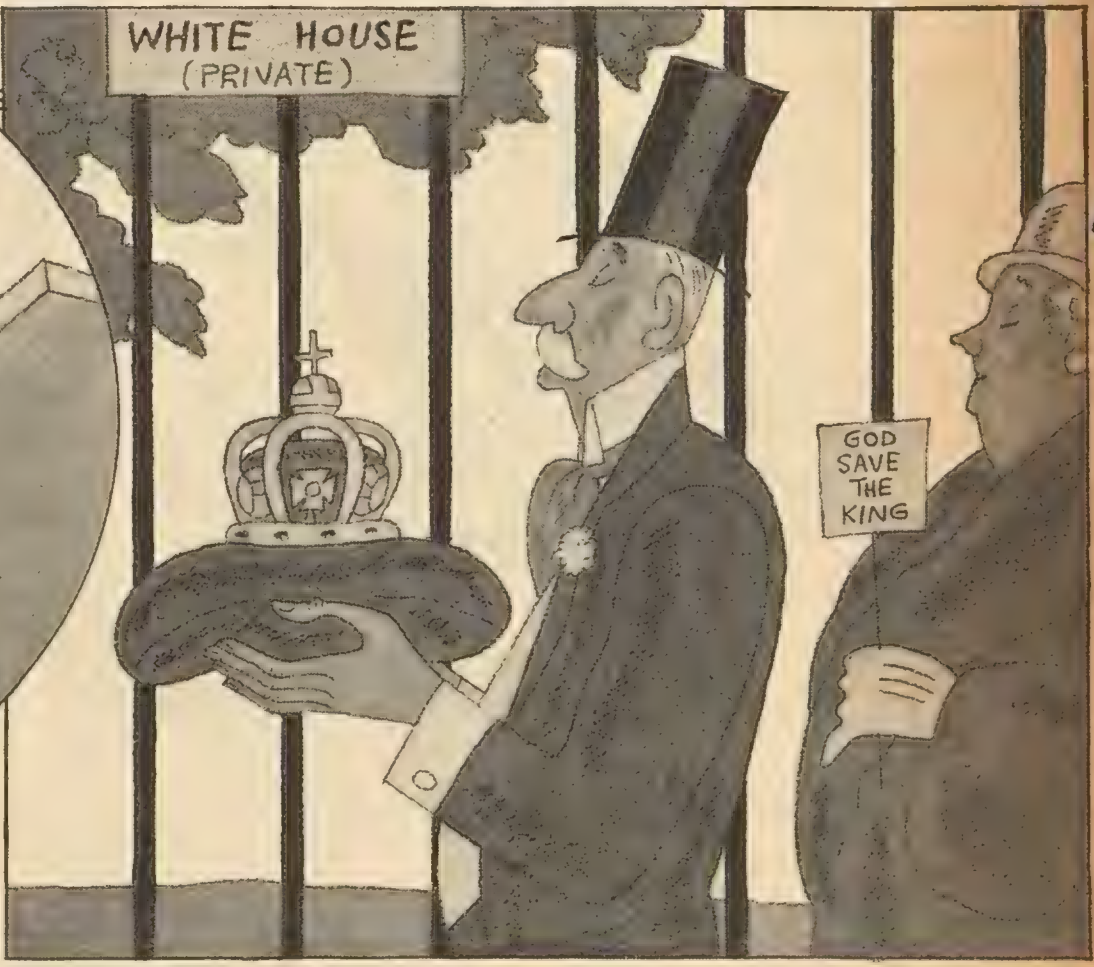
"YOU CAN GO HOME, now, but be careful at the crossings after this!"


RALPH BARTON

PORTRAITS OF A MAN AND A WOMAN on their way downtown to buy themselves new spring outfits.



BLESSINGS OF THE DRY LAW. We could name a few cartoonists who are pretty busy just now thinking up other subjects to draw cartoons about if Prohibition is repealed.


WHITE HOUSE (PRIVATE)
GOD SAVE THE KING

THE FIVE THOUSAND American Royalists decide to stage a series of demonstrations to offset the Red Terror stirred up by the five thousand American Communists.

Romance and the Talkies

A Story from France, and Some Others

Two Pages of Movie Reviews

By

Kate Cameron

Captain of the Guard tempts you with winsome Laura La Plante.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ Captain of the Guard

HOUSTON BRANCH has dramatized La Marseillaise, the song of the French revolutionists, for Universal, and under the direction of Paul Fejos it becomes the inspiration for a gripping and romantic story. The French Revolution is unfailingly dramatic. With the drama of this story we have, in addition, romance and lovely music.

There're desperate doings in Montana Moon. Just look at Joan Crawford, John Mack Brown, and Ricardo Cortez.

It is directed in a staccato style. The short scenes of the revolutionary groups, the bits of the leaders' inflammatory speeches, and the flashes of royalty at their games are very expressive, and much more effective than the usual long-drawn-out mob scenes.

The Carry On song, sung by the revolutionists, is rendered with spirit, but it is not as inspiring as La Marseillaise. John Boles, who plays the part of Rouget de Lisle, the composer of the great song, has a fine barytone voice which reproduces beautifully. If Boles were as good an actor as he is a singer he would be perfect.

The love story is charming. Laura La Plante is hardly recognizable at first, so great a difference does long dark wavy hair make in her appearance. She is just as attractive, however, as she is in her sleek blondness.

The story, with the revolution as a background, is of a young captain of Hussars, Rouget de Lisle, who falls in love with Marie Marnay, a country innkeeper's daughter (played by Laura La Plante). The lovers are parted during the period of the captain's military service, and while De Lisle is serving his king in Paris, Marie's father is killed by one of the king's officers.

Once a loyal royalist, Marie now becomes a passionate revolutionist. She is arrested, thrown into the Bastille, and condemned to death. De Lisle, who has betrayed her without knowing it, begs for her life. His pleas have no effect, and in his agony and desperation he warns the judge, his colonel, and Bazin, one of the king's secret agents, that their lack of mercy will incite the people to an uprising. He is arrested as a traitor.

Thereupon his sympathies turn to the revolutionists and while he is in prison he composes the beautiful and fateful Marseillaise. He is released by order of the queen, but he joins the revolutionists and on the day of the storming of the Bastille he rescues Marie and saves her from death.

The supporting cast is good. Sam de Grasse as Bazin stands out, and Stuart Holmes gives an interesting characterization of the foolish king, Louis XVI.

It's a good picture. You'll like it.

★ ★ ★ SARAH AND SON

Paramount has produced, under the gentle and restrained direction of Dorothy Arzner, a touching picture based on the strongest and most enduring of all the passions: mother love. If you are at all susceptible to tears you can't help shedding them with Ruth Chatterton in some of the scenes of Sarah and Son. The star gives a fine performance of the mother who is deprived of her son in his infancy and who spends ten heartbreaking years in an effort to recover him.

Ruth Chatterton and Fredric March in Sarah and Son. At the right, Philippe de Lacy in the same film.

The picture has its lighter moments, particularly those in which young Philippe de Lacy makes his appearance as Sarah's long-lost son.

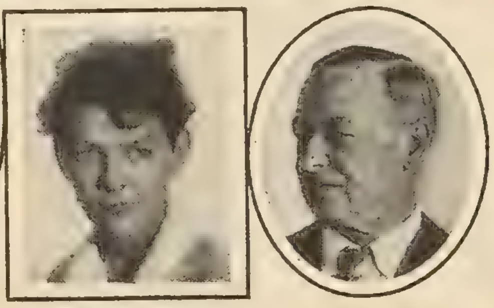
Ruth Chatterton as the simple Swedish girl and, later, as the successful and lovely opera singer, is charming.

Fuller Mellish, Jr., gives a creditable performance as Sarah's shiftless husband. Fredric March, as the lawyer who unwittingly keeps Sarah from seeing her son, and later becomes her lover and champion, is handsome and entirely sympathetic in the part. Gilbert Emery is the hard-hearted foster father.

Sarah and Son will pull at your heartstrings. Don't fail to see it.

★ ★ MONTANA MOON

Ricardo Cortez, who plays a part in Montana Moon, remarks in an aside that someone or other hasn't done right by our Nell, and that's the way I feel about Montana Moon. In directing this picture Malcolm St. Clair hasn't done right by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The story itself has all the elements of a fascinating romance, but the director's handling of it almost ruined it. If his intention was to kid the story, he spoiled the effect by going too far. What he did was to cheapen it by some low comedy (oh, so low!) that is forcibly dragged in where it doesn't belong, and by the meretricious behavior of the heroine.



The talkie comedy, She Steps Out, presents Marguerite Churchill and Rex Bell — also William Collier, Sr., shown at the left.

Joan Crawford, the Joan Prescott of the story, is featured as the reckless and willful daughter of a rich Easterner. She marries a cowboy on her father's Montana ranch. John Mack Brown plays Larry Kerrigan, the shy young husband who finds himself out of his element among Joan's fast and merry New York friends who flock to the ranch.

Mack's soft southern drawl is reminiscent of Gary Cooper in The Virginian, but the part he plays is entirely different. There are no shootings in this picture.

Ricardo Cortez, as a friend of the Prescotts, hasn't much to do, although he does a tantalizing bit of tango with Joan Crawford that there might have been more of.

★ SHE STEPS OUT

She Steps Out is a Fox Movietone taken from the stage play entitled The Family Upstairs. It is a homely little domestic comedy with a love story running through it. William Collier, Sr., has the leading male rôle and is amusing as the exasperated father of the family. Marguerite Churchill, Elizabeth Patterson, Dixie Lee, Rex Bell, and Charles Eaton are important in the cast.

While the love story is satisfactory the comedy is not as comical as it might be.

Do you know that—

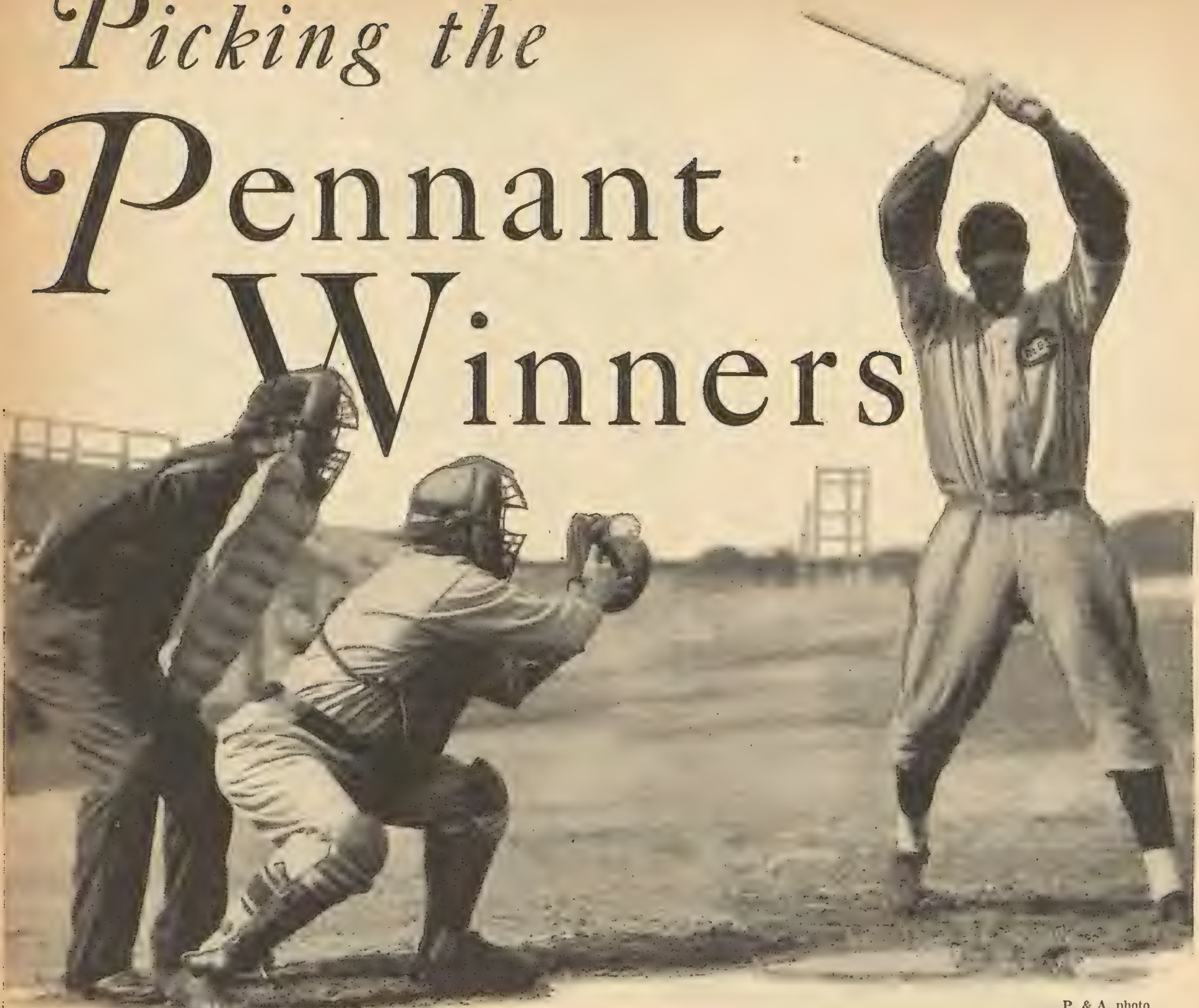
Lew Cody is replacing Ian Keith as one of Gloria Swanson's leading men in What a Widow?

Three- and four-star films of the past month

Three stars—Mamba, Be Yourself, Only the Brave, A Lady to Love, Slightly Scarlet, Roadhouse Nights, The Vagabond King.

Four stars—Song o' My Heart, Puttin' On the Ritz.

Picking the Pennant Winners



P. & A. photo

Bob Meusel at bat for the Reds, Rensa catching for the Tigers, in a pre-season game at Tampa.

A Baseball Forecast for 1930

By

HUGH FULLERTON

the veteran sports writer, who first predicted a world's series outcome in 1906, and has been doing that and doping pennant prospects ever since—for the last five years, in Liberty. His dope has proved correct in seventeen series and thirty-five pennant races.

PHILADELPHIA'S powerful team of Athletics will win the American League championship again in 1930. They will meet either the Chicago Cubs, the St. Louis Cardinals, or the Pittsburgh Pirates in the world's championship series next October and, unless accidents wreck them, they will find it easier to win the post-season series than they will to capture their own pennant.

The situation in the National League is almost beyond doping, so closely do the three leading teams figure; for, while the Chicago Cubs show a slight numerical advantage in team strength, the three leaders figure so closely together that a bad decision, a misjudged fly or two, or a few bad bounding balls on the infield may change any one of them from a first to a third place club. St. Louis, because of better distribution of strength and greater reserve power, has the advantage.

The National League race is the most difficult to figure in advance I have ever encountered. With four new managers, wholesale changes in the line-ups, the influx of a greater number of new players than in years, and not one team presenting the line-up with which it finished last season, the problem is difficult enough; but with two teams that have stagnated for years suddenly revived—in Cincinnati, by infusion of new blood and new ownership; in Philadelphia, by the development of two super-players—it is impossible to assign positions in advance with any certainty.

In addition, each of the three strongest clubs presents problems entirely outside of the mechanical ability of players. There are three big Ifs to complicate the situation further: *If* Hornsby behaves and works to the best of his ability, Chicago should repeat. *If* Gabby Street, the new manager of the Cardinals, can control his players and avoid such an insurrection against authority as that which ruined the team last year, the Cardinals will emerge victorious. *If* Jewel Ens, the new manager, can maintain the morale and avoid having players in conflict with Sam Dreyfuss, the new president who succeeds his father, Pittsburgh could come through.

Cincinnati and Philadelphia, while not yet pennant prospects, will be the main upsetting elements in the National League, for New York, always dangerous with McGraw directing the team, is vitally weak in some positions and the team has suffered through the conflict among the owners and officers. Brooklyn and Boston are hopeless as pennant prospects, but Brooklyn should win more games than it did last season.

In the American League Connie Mack, merely consolidating his strong position, is too powerful to be beaten save by some remarkable run of misfortune. The New York club, possessing as it does tremendous attacking power, and Washington, really a strong team, should be the close contenders; and, because Cleveland and St. Louis will make a much stronger fight this season, the Athletics will have a much harder race than they did last year.

THE DOPE

MR. FULLERTON'S predictions for the current season are based upon the following figures, which are explained in his article:

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	Offensive	Defensive	Total
Philadelphia	6476	3749	10,225
New York	6504	3665	10,169
Washington	6411	3682	10,093
St. Louis	6386	3672	10,058
Cleveland	6227	3588	9815
Detroit	6330	3473	9803
Chicago	6204	3338	9542
Boston	6122	3260	9382

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Offensive	Defensive	Total
Chicago	6431	3742	10,173
St. Louis	6383	3771	10,154
Pittsburgh	6458	3686	10,144
Cincinnati	6402	3577	9979
New York	6337	3525	9862
Brooklyn	6283	3466	9749
Philadelphia	6390	3344	9734
Boston	6181	3212	9393

Last year's American League race was, in fact, one of the most unusual in baseball history. At the start of the season Washington figured to have a slight paper advantage over both New York and Philadelphia. It was a team notorious for slow starting and for determined finishes. Last year the schedule forced it to play almost its entire series against the Athletics before July 1 and, by an amazing break of luck, the Athletics won fourteen out of the first fifteen games, gaining an unbeatable lead in the race and destroying Washington's hopes, already shattered by the illness of Johnson, the manager, and a serious operation which deprived the team of the leadership of its owner, Clark Griffith.

P. & A. photo

Rogers Hornsby, Cubs.

U. & U. photo

Charles H. Klein, Phillies

P. & A. photo

Gabby Street, Cardinals.

The team really did not settle to its form until August 4, and from then to the finish was as strong as any in the circuit. St. Louis, rating as dangerous, was wrecked by internal dissension and the illness of Melillo, and Cleveland, building from almost nothing, had the amazing good fortune to uncover not only one of the greatest pitchers in the league but to develop two star ball players to fill the weakest spots. Instead of a tail-end club it became a menace to the leaders.

In doping the outcome of the 1930 pennant races there is one unknown quantity which must be watched carefully—the ball itself. The terrific hitting which has made the game farcical at times in recent years evidently has palled upon the public to some extent. The pitchers attribute the heavy hitting to the increased liveliness of the ball, coupled with the fact that the cover is stitched more tightly around the core and that the horsehide itself is highly polished, almost glazed, which made it difficult for them to grip it in pitching. The decision to remove the high polish from the ball may have a tremendous effect upon pitching—and upon hitting.

If the change in the surface of the ball restores to the pitchers only a small percentage of confidence and ability to use curves it will affect the playing to a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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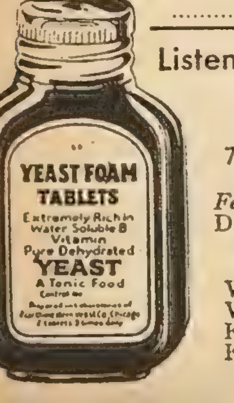

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

marked degree and will check batters who, though normally uncertain and nervous while at bat, have been “taking toe holds” when at the plate because they knew pitchers were working under a handicap and were afraid to put all their stuff on the ball because of the highly polished surface. The reports from training camps during the early practice are that the pitchers are confident they have been relieved of some of the handicaps under which they have worked. If this is true, better average pitching, with a consequent falling off in both batting averages and long hits, may be expected.

P. & A. photo
Bill Killefer, Browns' manager.

The method of doping the races used in this study is largely analysis of official records of all players. I have studied both the attacking and the defensive strengths of all the teams as individuals, using minor league averages as a basis for figuring the probabilities of the new recruits making good and becoming vital elements in team strength. The attacking power of a team, in which is included hitting, long-distance hitting, speed on the bases, and all items that go to make the scoring power of a team, I figure at 68 per cent of total team strength. The defensive value, consisting of pitching, fielding, throwing, and all items included in preventing scoring, is now 32 per cent of the total team strength.

I have had to figure the individual strengths of nearly 600 players including the recruits, but fewer than half that number actually count in these calculations.

Having figured the value of each individual, I added them into team totals, thus reaching the “dope” value of each team in the two leagues. Then, using the calculated team strength of each, I figured what each team should do against each other team in a series of twenty-two games—amending the figures where it was made necessary by the fact that some pitchers are notoriously strong or notoriously weak against some particular team.

By this method I calculate how many games each team SHOULD win from each other team, add up—and there you are!

P. & A. photo
Tony Cuccinello, Reds' new star.

THE dope indicates that the Philadelphia Athletics should hold their championship; that they will be a better team in many respects than they were last year; but that, because of stiffer opposition, they will have a much harder time than they had in 1929 in winning. It is not to be expected that they can defeat Washington and rout Johnson's team as they did last season. Their series practically decided the American League championship race before July 1. By winning fourteen out of fifteen games, a large number of them by one run, prior to July 1, the Athletics became unbeatable. The year before, New York's Yankees destroyed Washington's chances in the same manner early in the year, and also wrecked the Athletics.

New York, despite a decided slump in strength and a new and untried infield on the third-base side, still rates second because of its terrific hitting power. The new manager, Bob Shawkey, picking up the difficult job of Miller Huggins, has made the right start. He has the old-timers' theory that it is better to select one man and keep him on the job, even if he is not a finished performer, than to change players frequently, and, by naming two recruits to replace in left field and at third base, he settled the problem quickly, even though he may be compelled to change later.

RUTH, of course, is the New York team and for $80,000 a season will give his best efforts to win. If Babe's legs hold up, and if he does not crack as he did at one time last season, the team will be battling and should beat out Washington, which is not the threat this spring it was last. New York never has had consistently good pitching during its championship career, excepting when Hoyt or Pennock was working well—and neither Hoyt nor Pennock is as good as in former years. The team has covered a multitude of weaknesses by its heavy scoring.

Washington, besides an amazing streak of injuries, was a tough-luck team last season. Liska, who threatens to become one of the great pitchers of the country, lost many more than his share of low-score games; he should win many this season. Goslin, the big punch of the team, slumped badly in hitting last year and, instead of being the hardest-driving outfield in the circuit, the Washington veteran outfield went back to fourth rank among the outfields.

Buddy Meyers looks better this spring, and if Johnson is able to present his regular outfit and get it started playing championship ball before midseason, it will push the leaders and have a chance to beat out the Yankees if Ruth's wabbling legs weaken any further—which is one of the not unreasonable probabilities.

The dark horses in the race will be Cleveland and St. Louis, with Detroit showing some improvement and considerably more hitting power. Cleveland, despite its astonishing gains in strength during last season, is not yet a pennant threat. Peckinpaugh has shown himself a capable manager and a developer of players. St. Louis was a much stronger team than it seemed to be last season when internal dis-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

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PICKING THE PENNANT WINNERS
Continued from page thirty-two

sension and clash of authority, coupled with some discontent on the part of players, ruined whatever chances it had.

Killefer is the type of manager who ought to be able to handle such a situation. His experience in Chicago was invaluable for him, and the manager of St. Louis really has more trouble dealing with the owner than with his players. Killefer can manage the players and they will work for him. He must develop a third baseman and strengthen the outfield hitting somewhat. Securing Hale from Philadelphia may solve the third-base problem. Much depends upon Melillo's physical condition. If the report that he has a chronic kidney trouble is correct, the Browns will be in worse shape than the figures indicate. The left-handed pitching must improve because, to get high in the American League, left-handers who can check the slugging of Yankees, Athletics, and Washington are necessary.

Cleveland, the surprise of last season, will be fortunate to get as high this season as it did last. The team caught the league by surprise, as it is seldom any club discovers as many new players of high caliber as it did, or finds a pitcher who can place among the leaders in his first real season as Ferrell did. Detroit will win more games than it did in 1929—but scarcely can hope, with its pitching staff, to climb high in the race. If Alexander improves at first, the hitting will be troublesome to opponents.

P. & A. photo

"Uncle" Wilbert Robinson and Glenn Wright, Dodgers.

CHICAGO again seems rather hopeless. Shires is a serious problem, a spoiled ball player who might have been one of the great ones of the sport. The White Sox are strong at third but weak in two outfield and one infield positions, even with first filled; and they have a questionable investment in Cissell, who disappointed last season in attack but may ultimately justify the immense price Comiskey paid for him. How the team can get above seventh place is hard to conjecture. Bush, the new manager, is not the type needed to handle that team, which has become disorganized and undisciplined in recent years. Nor is the owner, Comiskey, easy to handle. Comiskey knows more baseball than any manager he has ever hired ever did, and only one of them, Jones, has known how to get along with him. The manager who could consult with Commy, and understand him, and who could fight back when he was right, would succeed. Unfortunately Comiskey's health has been bad for a number of years and he has seldom been in touch with his team or in position to help with timely advice when it was sought.

The team has potential pitching strength, and every time Comiskey has had a winning club it has been because of pitching and catching, although his present catching staff is lamentably weak.

Boston is hopeless still. Carrigan failed to build it up, and bequeathed to Heinie Wagner (a smart and aggressive man) a team that is outclassed in the circuit. Wagner has called upon the recruits—and the Red Sox open with what looks like the Pittsfield, Massachusetts, line-up. There is promise in the pitching staff if it does not get discouraged because of poor support, especially from the infield.

In the National League the race should be much better balanced, because three teams, Chicago, Pittsburgh, and St. Louis rate close together in strength, St. Louis being the best all around. Cincinnati, revived by changes of owner and manager, and with the influx of tremendous hitting power from the American League discards, has become a threat. New York will be troublesome, if not consistent, and that spotty and ragged Philadelphia team, with the attacking power of Klein and O'Doul to cover the weakness of the pitching, will smash the hopes of some contenders, even if it fails to climb higher itself.

The champion Cubs rely largely upon Hornsby's batting to protect their honors, and to wager upon the temperamental Hornsby is to take a big chance. He was good most of last year and made little trouble for the management—thereby breaking his own record. His batting and driving in runs furnished McCarthy just the percentage he needed to carry his pitchers over the hard spots; for while Root, Malone, and company pitched inspired ball at times, they needed, and will need, a lot of help to win a championship.

HORNSBY is a good ball player aside from his undoubted hitting ability. He needs a great deal of help from his short stop, and he handicaps a first baseman many times because no first baseman can tell whether he will try for a ball hit between them or not. He was uncertain in fielding late last season and almost stationary in the world's series, and, while his alibi that his heel was damaged and he was playing on one leg may have been valid, his playing looked indifferent in spots. English, a fine fielder, appears to move uncertainly at times as if wondering what Hornsby will do. The securing of Lester Bell to fill the near-void at third should help considerably. Bell is a veteran and just an average third baseman, but is an improvement over anything McCarthy has had, and he adds punch.

P. & A. photo

Adolph Liska, the Senators' promising twirler.

That outfield of the National League champions is still a mystery. Stevenson is not good, defensively, and Hack Wilson, the hero of Chicago, is a joke. If Hack is a great ball player, some smart manager ought to bring back Ping Bodie as a star. They play much alike; Wilson moves his legs faster, but they do not get him any place. Nor can he hit really good pitching, although he can murder the kind of pitching he faced last year on an average. If the change in the ball helps pitching, Hack will be one of the chief sufferers. The Athletics pitchers showed those of the National League some points on stopping the Cub slugging.

The reported recovery of Hartnett is the biggest hope of the Cubs. He ranks high among the catchers of the league, if his arm is back in shape to stay. The catching weakness of the team last season made it appear miraculous that it could win.

St. Louis really had the best chance to win the National League championship last season and, but for the revolt in the ranks at the climax of the race, probably would have worn down the Cubs and won out. The team is well constructed, has a strong and consistent pitching staff, is very strong on the first-base side of the diamond, and is better fortified in reserves than any of the rival clubs. The team broke in midseason of 1929 because several of the veteran players, including two star pitchers, refused to obey Billy Southworth, the manager, who made the blunder of letting them get away with it without notifying the owners or suspending the players. It cost Southworth his job when the facts of the rebellion became known. Drink added to the disorganization in the ranks and the Cardinals dropped out of the race quickly, never being able to get back into it.

Gabby Street, who was with them during the insurrec-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Coughing is a source of continual annoyance and discomfort during Spring and early Summer. Not only to those whose tender throats make them easy victims of changeable weather . . . or smoking . . . but to everybody else. » » If your throat bothers you because its delicate tissues are easily irritated, don't wait until the annoyance gets beyond control. » » Take a Luden's . . . *for Quick Relief.* » » Breathe in the cooling freshness of Luden's Menthol Action . . . let it spread gently over your throat and through the nostrils. Clear the air-passages. Relieve that irritation! » » With a box of Luden's always handy, you needn't worry about seasonal coughs getting to the "nuisance" stage. » » Everywhere in the familiar yellow package—5¢.

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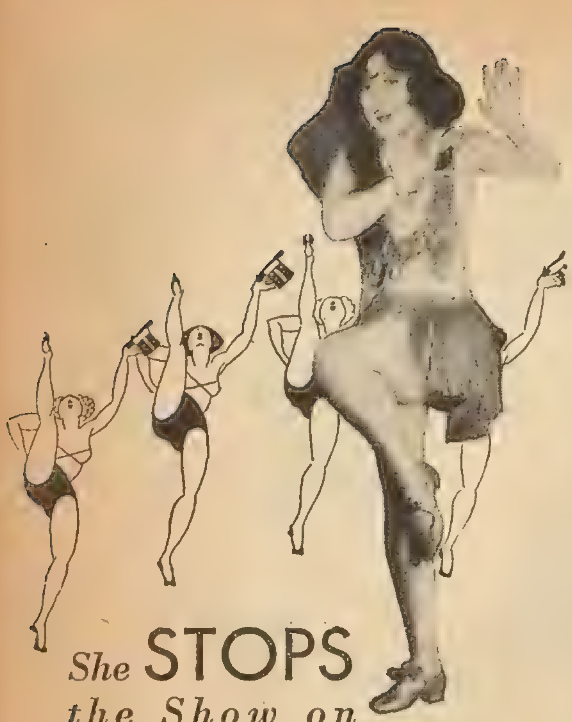

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PICKING THE PENNANT WINNERS
Continued from page thirty-five

tion, is not likely to permit such a thing to happen again. If the team can stay up in the race, within five or six games of the lead, until, say, August 15, it should, by using reserve power, wear down the rival clubs and emerge as champion. And watch Syl Johnson this season.

P. & A. photo

Babe Ruth, Yanks.

Pittsburgh needs a lot of sorting around to use the material at hand. The team figures almost as strong as any in the circuit because of the statistical attacking power of the Waners and Grantham. But here again we encounter conditions entirely apart from mechanical ability. This team, too, has suffered from disorganizing influences for years. Barney Dreyfuss, the owner, usually has been well liked, and has had loyal support from the majority of his teams. For some reason his son Sam, now the head of the club, never has been liked by the players, and has been charged among them with interfering with the playing plans—a cardinal offense among the active athletes.

The bitter schism which led to the collapse of the team, the retirement of Fred Clarke, the dropping of McKechnie, the transfer of Max Carey and Kiki Cuyler to other clubs never has been entirely healed. Carey, Clarke, and Cuyler had their friends, and so did Glenn Wright, whose career was nearly wrecked by the trouble in the Pirate ranks. The hold-out of Grimes, a stubborn man and one who believes himself right, has not helped at the start. There is no indication as yet that Jewel Ens will succeed in restoring entire harmony or that he has the qualifications of a great manager.

WHETHER the Reds win or not, Cincinnati promises to be the upsetting element in the race. It will present a colorful and always dangerous team—and this brings another speculative element into the National League. There always is a question of whether the pitching is better in one major league than in the other, or whether the batters are superior—which never is solved beyond the statistical proof that the American League holds temporary lease on greater hitting power. Two great American League stars—both, it is true, beyond their prime—have joined Cincinnati. They are Bob Meusel and Harry Heilman. The National League pitchers are not so familiar with these two great batters as the American League twirlers became, and there is a chance that they will hammer the old league pitchers terrifically before they commence to pitch properly to them. Undoubtedly they add a great deal to the Reds' hitting and general attacking power, and Heilman may help the first-base problem by relieving George Kelly when Long George wabbles a bit.

P. & A. photo

Paul Waner, Pirates.

Besides that, the Reds have picked up a youth who promises to be one of the finds of years. He is Cuccinello, who burned up the American Association last season and who looks to be a natural hitter. If this boy is as good at third base as he was at second, and if Hughie Critz comes back to his old form, the Reds will have a strong infield, a lot of offensive power, and they are likely to have some good pitching.

The team undoubtedly got away from its management under McDiarmid and Jack Hendricks last season. In fact, it was more like the old-time rowdy clubs than any I have seen in recent years, and there was considerable high life and drinking, led by some of the pitchers. With changes since made, there ought to be a change for the better.

BROOKLYN, if Wright is anywhere near his proper form, as he seems to be, will be better than it has been in years. Always a hard team to beat because of excellent pitching, and with better than average catching, it now has a fair infield, provided Babe Herman arrives in proper shape, and when Vance or Elliott pitches it is dangerous to any team. The team figures to beat out Philadelphia on superior pitching.

Boston, as noted, is still hopeless and in the try-out stage for the most part. It is hard to figure any team that Boston can beat out in the race.

As the American League race should be run, I figure that Cleveland and St. Louis should create quite a stir during the first six weeks, with the Athletics always among the leaders. The schedule, it seems to me, favors Washington more this year than in the last two, but the Senators are slow starters and never show their strength early. If Liska is in the shape he promises to be, and the team can hang along about the .500 mark until June 1, it will be a dangerous threat to both Athletics and Yankees. The Yankees, with the schedule rather against them, must depend upon sheer batting to stay near the top during the first quarter of the pennant struggle. The Athletics should shape up the pitching staff and get down to real work by mid-June, and from then on forge ahead, with Cleveland and the Browns dropping back, leaving New York and Washington to battle for place and show.

In the National League you may expect Cincinnati and Philadelphia to flash among the leaders during the early portion of the race, with the four strong Western clubs cutting each other's throats, while the Giants and Philadelphia crowd forward through hammering Brooklyn and Boston. The actual pennant race climax in the National should not be staged until September, when St. Louis, Pittsburgh, and Chicago, with New York and Cincinnati still within hoping distance, will engage in an attrition contest from which St. Louis ought to emerge victorious.

Any one of the five leading teams in the National might, through lucky breaks, win the championship.

In the American League the Athletics have such a natural advantage that it would require a great deal of luck for either of the closest rivals, New York and Washington, to win, and a miracle for either Cleveland or St. Louis to come through—and five train wrecks and two miracles for any of the others to win major honors.

Having doped it all out, I shall now proceed to wager a hat and root for Robbie in the National League and Bill Killefer in the American, whether their teams are first or eighth!

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the organ of voice?

2—What is the antonym of optimism?

3—Who was the author of the poem Barbara Frietchie?

4—What is the most famous geyser in the Yellowstone National Park?

5—What common domestic animal cannot reproduce its kind?

6—Who was Benvenuto Cellini?

7—What does the musical direction *pizzicato* mean?

8—What noninflammable gas is used to inflate balloons?

9—What is the literal meaning of *par excellence?*

10—What is amnesia?

11—What kind of creature is a periwinkle?

12—What is a natatorium?

13—What strait separates the mainland of South America from Tierra del Fuego?

14—Which extends farther west, Michigan or Mississippi?

15—What is a tailor's goose?

16—When it is noon in New York what time is it in San Francisco?

17—What was the first steamship to cross the Atlantic?

18—Into what sea does the Jordan River flow?

19—What is toxicology?

20—What is another name for pyorrhea?

(Answers will be found on page 47)

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He knew that	he she
w[illegible] be there	10:42. 11:36. 9:18. 6:21. (any time but on the hour)
While waiting he thought......	"The dirty skunk." "The stool pigeon." "The snake." "The double crosser."
Tensely he listened for the approach of..	a car. footsteps. a bicycle. an aeroplane.
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People Will Do These Things

HOUSTON, TEX.—I know, now, how it's done, Mr. Editor. You grade all the short short stories according to merit and stack them on your desk, best on top and so on down to the worst on the bottom.

Too bad, though, someone played a trick on you and turned the whole stack over, causing you to unknowingly publish "Breakaway," by Peter Cartwright. —*P. C. G.*

He's In Again This Week

LEXINGTON, KY.—Don't let Bert Green git away frum you. That is one burd that could make a Democrat canidate for Prezident laff the morning after an election.

When Bert gits sober tell him to rite an artickle entitled: "Why I Am a Prohibitionist."—*Popper.*

Thanks. This Explains Everything

MIAMI, FLA.—Sidney Sutherland's Colosimo mystery in your March 22 issue is certainly easy money.

Every one on the inside, who lived in Chicago at the time, knows how Jim Colosimo got bumped off. In the dim light in the entrance he was mistaken for King George.

Don't send me the prize money until we find out whether or not Al Capone is coming back to Florida.

In fact, you had better hold it for some time, as the residents down here have forgotten what money looks like in the summer time.—*J. B. Swift.*

Impossible Females, and One Thing and Another

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—Cannot Liberty be prevailed upon to present a companion article to the one entitled, "My Maid—Impossible Female"?—the companion piece being entitled, "My Mistress—Impossible Female."

Contrast the two professions having the greatest similarity and, may I humbly state, importance—namely, the professions of nursing and home-keeping. Show how doctors (mere men) have ennobled and developed the one, while women (wonderful women, who, *en masse*, can be counted upon to save us from the demon rum) have degraded and ruined the other.

This charge was very strikingly made some years ago by the Honorable Edith Shackleton of London, in Cosmopolitan. Read it and weep!—*Grace Elizabeth Benson.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I read with a great deal of interest Grace Robinson's article, "My Maid—Impossible Female," dealing with the servant problem.

I admire the work done by the author in connection with the article, but was somewhat amazed when the author quoted an employment expert, in New York, as saying:

"In many New York apartments it is a scandal how servants live—in tiny rooms, without light or air, hardly big enough to turn around in, and not large enough for their suitcases and trunks. It is amazing how architects have neglected this part of the house."

Being connected with the architectural profession, and familiar with the development of plans, I would like to inform the author that in almost every case the architect is not to blame for small servants' quarters.

His client, being a corporation or a private owner, wants, for business reasons, to utilize the space as far as possible.

The public in general is too little familiar with the responsibilities of the architect, and a slam of this kind is not justified.—*John H. Sundberg.*

Ho, Ho!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Ain't you the generous souls!—Ho, ho, you make me laugh. Offering $10,000 in prizes to anyone that can solve mysteries that have stumped the entire nation. It seems that the more baloney you print the bigger circulation you acquire.—"*Buffalo*" *Bill.*

In Which Mr. Rojkowski States His Position

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Before I continue with my letter, I wish to state that I am not a pacifist; however, the article "Are Peace Bugs Talking Us into the Next War?" made me take a pacifist's stand, not because I think pacifists are correct in their doctrines, but because Harper Leech insinuated that the ordinary man does not use his mental faculties. I wish to assure him that he does.

When asinine statements like "Military men have given the world the few intervals of peace that it has experienced" shall go without comment, then I shall assume that man's reason, judgment, and memory have been segregated from him, and that he can no longer think.

Since this statement was not beyond my mental grasp, I began to think of the facts surrounding it.

First I thought of Hannibal, then of Alexander, of Cæsar, of Napoleon, and, finally, of the Hohenzollerns. But I could not recall one incident in which these gentlemen were the cause of a prolonged era of peace.

I think brother Leech, whom I greatly admire, made an ass of himself.

Furthermore, take his statement that as long as we and the rest of the world are industrially inclined the possibility of war is nil, because nations are not looking toward territorial conquest.

Agreed, if we overlook Japan and Italy; but they are looking for something greater. In fact, so important a thing that one great war has been caused by it (the World War), and others are bound to follow. An appropriate name is "trade imperialism."

Finally, if pacifists cause wars (that is how I interpreted the treatise) I am Irish.—*H. Rojkowski.*

In Praise of Lawrence Saunders

HOUSTON, TEX.—My congratulations to the authors of "Smoke Screen." They have taken a sordid fact and made a wonderful story.

Their story is basically true, the arson plot depicted by them having actually occurred here some six or seven years ago.—*Eldon Estes.*

DETROIT, MICH.—For the first time in months there is something worth reading in your punk magazine. "Smoke Screen," by Lawrence Saunders, is the whole bakery (buns, cake, cookies, etc.). I was just about ready to throw Liberty on the rocks when something went haywire somewhere and your editors let a good story get in that so-called magazine of yours.

Here's hoping for some more good stories or else I'll leave you flat. Boy! Am I on edge for the next issue?—*The Great Don Miller.*

Pop

"Wet and Dry Publishers"

CYNTHIANA, KY.—I have just read your editorial of March 22 entitled "Wet and Dry Publishers," in which you seem to glory in the conviction that the success of the Chicago Tribune, the New York Daily News, and Liberty is due to their advocacy of a wet nation. One more slip of a liquor-stimulated mind—for which you ought to be ashamed!

Such an editorial is belittling to the news organizations that have really made these periodicals. Your liquor policy has had nothing to do with your success. It has been your news-gathering and advertising program—and your best brains know that.

Thousands of drys read your paper because of the capable news organization.

Even Henry Watterson—wet as he was—would blush at your stupidity.—*H. W. Bromley.*

GAINESVILLE, TEX.—I have just read your editorial, "Wet and Dry Publishers." It is a good editorial, for I think it shows the attitude of the American reading public. I do not believe the public cares very much what the editorial policy of a paper or magazine is so long as it is fair and does not harp on a given subject too much.

The American public likes a square shooter.—*R. W. Tillery.*

Have a Look at Page 7

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—Your editorial, "Wet and Dry Publishers," was just another of your many attempts to reëstablish a condition of starvation for families, nakedness for children, and drudgery for mothers—but they, too, vote now.

If you want to play fair in this matter, instead of posing as mentor, why not open the pages of your otherwise appreciated magazine to both sides for the presentation of important points on the subject?

I read Liberty in spite of, and not because of, its soggy wetness. And many others have expressed themselves similarly.—*Thos. E. West.*

Gr-r-r-r

HOLLAND, MICH.—Personally, I have more respect for a man who visits a prostitute than he who patronizes a damned bootlegger. When you consider that most of our bootleggers are made up of a vast group of dirty foreigners, the scum of the earth, I cannot see how anyone who calls himself an American, can, for the moment, indulge in such practices merely to gratify an unnatural desire. We could excuse the former for his indulgences, but for the latter—there is no excuse.

I am a Yankee in the very first degree, my forefathers fought for this old U. S. A., and I am up and fightin' against those who would attempt to make a Sodom and Gomorrah out of this land of ours.

I only wish the good old days—way back—when each man could tote a pair of Colts within easy reach for a quick draw, were here again. It would give me the greatest of pleasure to shoot down about a hundred of these bootleggers myself, and I wouldn't suffer from my conscience either.

I do believe that good St. Peter would give me special commendations, within the pearly gates, for my pains.—*Roy E. Babcock.*

Yeh

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Your editorial on that tail-pulling argument aroused my interest and my sympathy for your cause. Anyone who cares to investigate may find a solution to the argument within the pages of Liberty for March 29 in the Twenty Questions Department, viz: page 38, Question Nineteen:

"What physical peculiarity have Manx cats?"

Answer: "They are tailless."

Solution: Manx cats.—*Ray Abbott.*

Webster Says We're Both Right

OSHKOSH, WIS.—I was reading your list of "Twenty Questions" in Liberty for March 29, 1930, and I beg to differ with you in regard to the answer to the question, "What is a mulley cow?"

The answer stated that it was a cow that has been dehorned.

I have had four years of agriculture in high school, and was taught that a mulley cow was one that was born without horns. I have also had farm experience.

I thank you.—*Frank Cartwright, Jr.*

That's Plenty

MIDWAY, TEX.—I've been in the penitentiary for the past three years and the only thing I have to look forward to is Liberty.—*W. C. Neal.*

Those Graceful Gulls

SEATTLE, WASH.—I was pleased to see your editorial, "Kittens, Gulls, and Ducks," showing your friendliness and appreciation of the good points of the sea gull.

I have lived this winter in a Seattle hotel. It is on Fifth and Seneca so it's pretty well downtown. From an east window I can, apparently, see nothing but high buildings and automobiles. But from one window I look out over the flat roofs of some four-story buildings and all at once the monotony of the scene is changed. Often I see from one to four sea gulls gliding, sliding, sailing so quietly and gracefully through the air. Not a movement of the wings.

I have watched them often, and in their play and at rest in air you can almost imagine that the body carries the wings along and not the wings the body. Not a quiver of the wings themselves.

Sometimes they rest in midair. They do not balance themselves as a hawk does—they just seem to rest in air as easily as they do on the water. They are so beautiful, restful, and graceful. Even if they have eaten a few duck eggs I am thankful it has not given them the movement of a duck.

The duck hunters here do not care for the ducks which live along the coast and feed on fish. They like better to go to the mountain lakes for their ducks.

I thank you again for your plea for the saving of sea gulls' eggs.—*A. M. P.*

Aren't You the Cynical Thing!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I am a steady reader of your magazine and I like most everything in it.

However, there is one thing I can't stand—and that's to have Adela Rogers St. Johns speak of the movie idols as if they were tin gods.

Just because they are paid enormous salaries that not one of them deserves (except the extras), are we supposed to get down and lick their boots?

Nine-tenths of them aren't as good as we are, and the other tenth is worse. Of course, there are some decent people in the movies; but none of them are any better than we are!

I like Miss St. Johns' articles, otherwise. They are colorful and interesting; but please advise her that the working people resent being looked down upon by these "kings" and "queens," who depend on the said working people for their limousines and mansions!—*Dorothy W. Stuart.*

For Miss Patterson

PORT JERVIS, N. Y.—Just finished reading Liberty for March 29, and I'll tell all and sundry it's grade A stuff.

Alicia Patterson's "Tarpon Fishing in Panama" sure gave me the wanderlust and I'm off to the Spanish Main tomorrow, unless I change my mind.—*Joe Baird.*

EDMONTON, CAN.—"Tarpon Fishing in Panama" was nifty.

Print all the stories Alicia Patterson can write, because everybody likes a change from the modern murder, muck, and mystery stories.—"*Datcho.*"

Prescription for Success

DALLAS, TEX.—I want to tell you how I enjoyed "Shades of Night." Damme if I could get that ending out of my cranium for a week!

Keep that kind of story runnin'!—*Robt. E. Illes, Esq.*

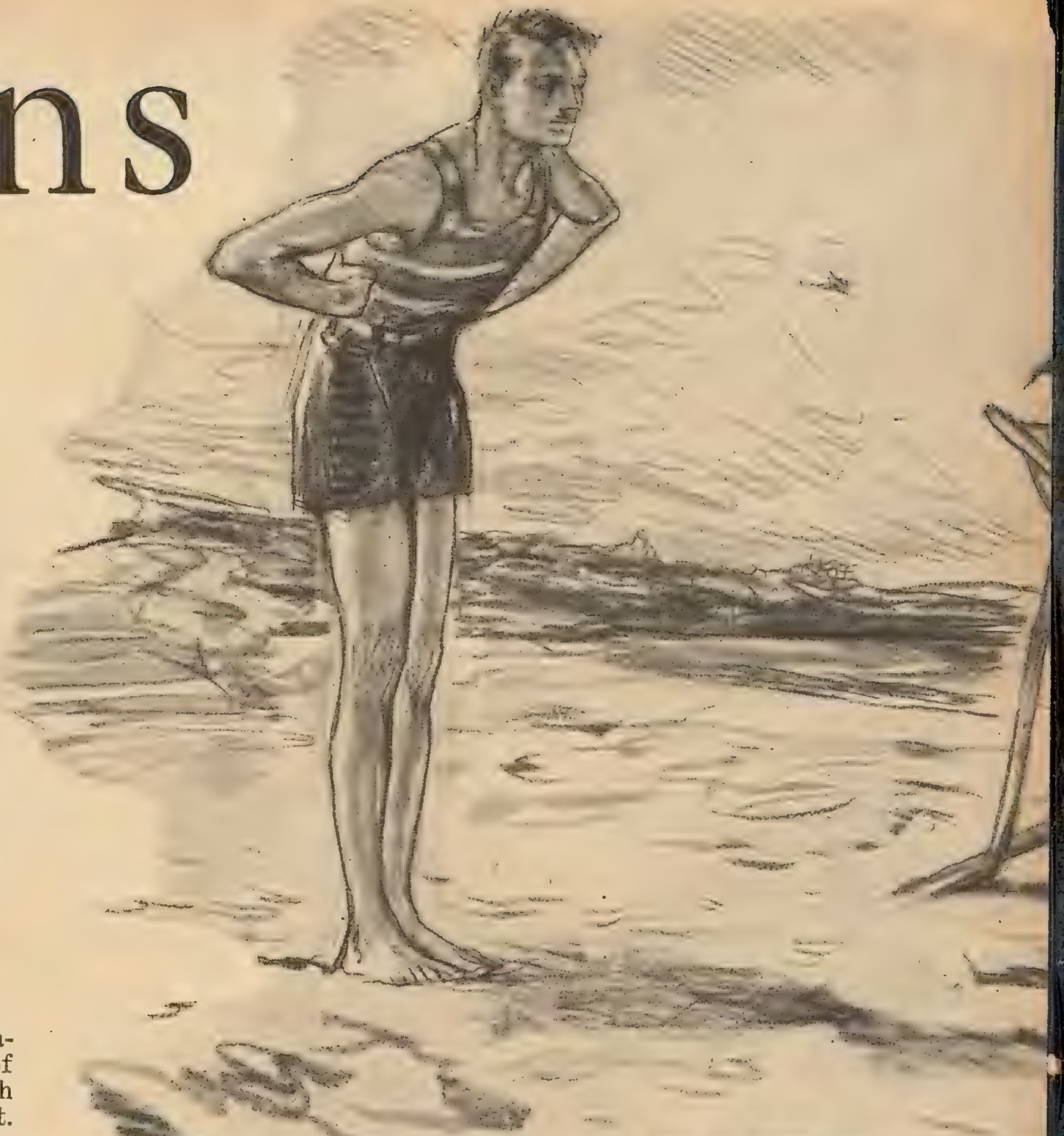
Twins

The Story of a Husband's Dilemma

By

ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN



"THE innate perversity of human nature is beyond my humble powers of comprehension," remarked Joe Gish as he threw down his newspaper in disgust. "Here's a case of a man being divorced by his second wife. She names his first wife as corespondent. Four years ago his first wife divorced him on account of his present one. Can you beat that? He must have started for the Municipal Building and gotten in the Post Office by mistake."

"It is strange," I admitted. "You'd think he had enough data in the first place to make up his mind and stick to it. I've known plenty of men who couldn't resist making a pass at any strange geranium, but that fellow wasn't even looking at the green grass in the next pasture. He's as inconsistent as a bishop in a bucket shop."

"All men are inconsistent where women are concerned," Joe declared. "Some are worse than others, that's all. Not every Miles Standish makes the headlines. Not every Joseph gets the jury to believe his story. Just flutter a long eyelash and expose a dimple and we're all Simple Simons to the sirens."

"I suppose some men need a change of companions with every change in their temperament," I suggested. "Maybe this fellow married when he was a teetotaler and later began to drink. That made him take up with a different type of woman. Then maybe he went back on the wagon and likewise went back to the other woman."

"No," said Joe. "I don't believe it's a man's temperament that makes him ask the conductor for a transfer. Go out to Reno and make inquiries and you'll find that every big brunette who's taking the cure is headlining another big brunette, and every plump little blonde who's asking for balm in monthly installments caught hubby out with a jane that could wear her clothes."

"How do you account for that?" I asked.

"I don't," he admitted. "Take George Crowell, for instance. Who could account for him?"

The twins spent most of the time on their priva
how essential these sun baths

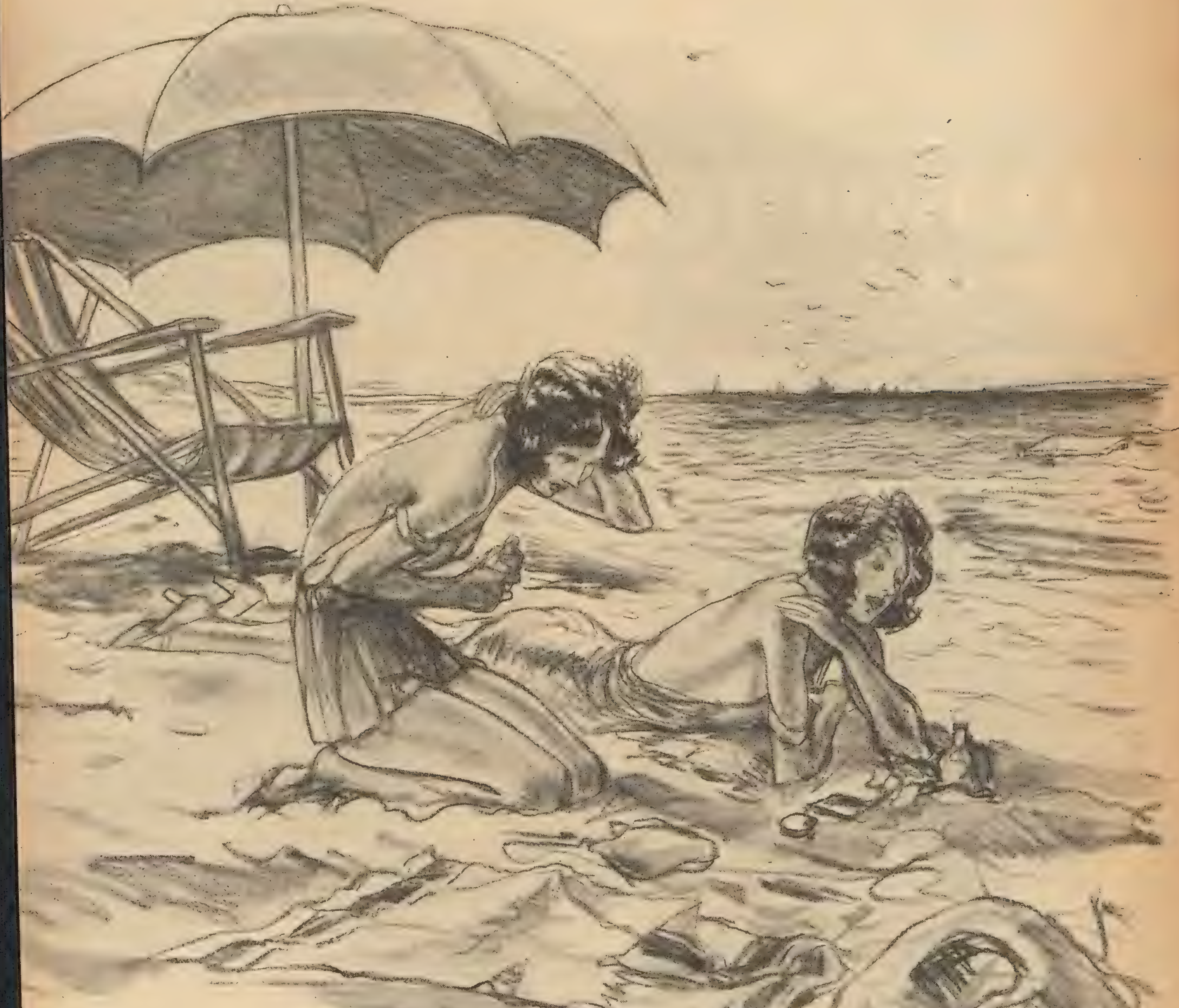
"What about George Crowell?" I demanded, sensing a stor "Tell me about his Scylla and Charybdis."

"All right," agreed Joe. "I can't guarantee this inform tion, but, as the bankers say, I received it from sources I b lieve to be reliable."

And this is the story as Joe told it to me:

FOOLS rush in where angels fear to wed, and George ce tainly was courting disaster when he married one of th Holt twins. Everybody laughed when their engagement wa announced, and the remarks that were made at the ceremo would make Earl Carroll blush.

Nobody could tell the twins apart. Mrs. Holt always insiste she could, but sometimes she'd slip up herself. If it was abs lutely necessary she could identify them by a couple of litt moles and the fillings in their teeth, but that took time. N



and you know

else had a chance. Even in these piping times a young man t supposed to look at a girl's vaccination scar before asking to dance.

hey were what's known as identical twins. That's the kind t not only look alike but act alike. They're part of the same . Mary played a slightly better game of golf and Elizabeth ld beat her sister at tennis. But they swam equally well were both terrible at bridge. Most people didn't care which which.

Irs. Holt was quite desperate about getting them married n George came along like a gift from heaven. The twins e always together and, though they were the most attractive s in their set, no man ever got a chance to work up any iment about either one of them because he was never able et her alone. And no man ever could have made a choice veen them. They were so inseparable they might as well have been Siamese. They were known as "Mary and the lamb," and no one knew which was the lamb. Many came to admire, but few stayed long enough to worry Mrs. Holt about their eligibility.

THEY never dressed alike—Mrs. Holt was very positive about that and never bought but one garment of a kind—but each one would put on the first thing that came to hand and a fresh identification had to be made every day. Mrs. Holt tried having their hair dressed differently, but after they both went in for close clips she threw up her hands in despair.

George came along and met Mary while Elizabeth was recovering from a broken ankle. He fell in love with her immediately and Mrs. Holt kept Elizabeth incommunicado until George declared himself. Mary was so thrilled at having a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[TWINS
Continued from page forty-one]

man all to herself that she accepted his proposal immediately and Elizabeth was allowed to get out of bed. When questioned about the matter, George swore he could distinguish between them readily. How? Well, he just could; that was all. He said something about the light in Mary's eyes, but we suspected that he made a pass at one and if she resisted, it was Elizabeth.

Anyway, they were married and everybody had a good time wisecracking at the reception. We all hoped he'd married the right one. Elizabeth was maid of honor and those who kissed their way down the receiving line reported George was a liar.

Mary and Elizabeth wept bitterly at parting. It was their first real separation and they didn't let it last long. You know how identical twins are — they're never happy except when they're together. Most of them go through life side by side. George was the first and only thing that ever came between them.

George bought a house on the Sound at Sands Point and went about his business. Elizabeth spent a great deal of time out there, as Mary wanted her sister with her and George had to travel a good deal, anyway. A couple of years passed serenely and Elizabeth practically became a permanent resident.

"I'm hopelessly in love with you."

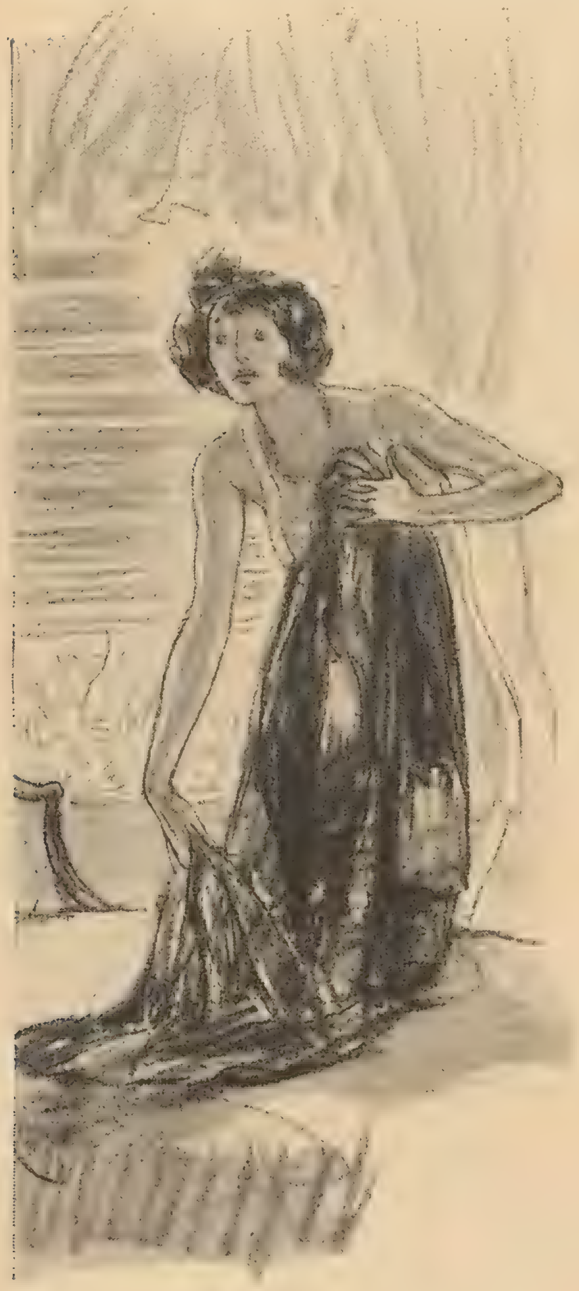
Then the innate perversity of human nature began to assert itself. George still couldn't tell which was which, but just because he was married to Mary he began to develop a yen for Elizabeth.

Why? Don't ask me. I'm not Beatrice Fairfax. I can't even tell you why Brigham Young wanted to be a Mormon. But not even Brigham had a taste for twins. George did, though, and had it bad.

THEY had lived in the same house for nearly three years in peace and comfort before George went haywire. It was a small house, and, even if Elizabeth did take too much for granted from her brother-in-law, you'd think that George could suppress any interest in his wife's exact counterpart, no matter where she changed her clothes. But he couldn't. Don't ask me why. I'm not Freud.

Perhaps it was because Mary was his wife. She had become a familiar fixture to him and he couldn't help but feel he was no surprise package to her. A baby will always throw away an old toy and grab at a strange object. Some of us never suppress that congenital longing for the unknown. The older a man gets the more he wants to travel and see new sights. Many an owner swaps his old car for a new one that is no improvement on it, simply because of some new and strange gadget. The junk piles are heaped with radios that work as well as the day they were made.

I don't say that was George's trouble. You could hardly call Elizabeth a new toy. But when he'd wander into the room while Mary was dressing, she'd look up and say, "Hello!" and go on fastening her garters. If it was Elizabeth, she'd get fussed and stammer and slip on a negligee or get behind something. It gave George a kick. A man considers his honeymoon ended when he finds he is accustomed to having a wife, and his marriage is over when he finds out that she is accustomed to having a husband. Why? Don't ask me. I'm not Elinor Glyn.



"That's queer," she announced.

HE couldn't tell them apart by eye, but he got it into his head that he could never be fooled again about which was which. Mary was the one who was bored with him and Elizabeth was the one he excited. Maybe he got the idea that Elizabeth knew what was going on and liked it. It was hard to tell that year what any girl had on her mind. That was the only thing in doubt. She had to get her clothes from the Salvation Army to appear modest and then she'd only succeed in appearing conspicuous. Not even Mrs. Houdini could sit on a low sofa long in a bobbed skirt without getting a cramp. You never knew whether a girl was just restless or was trying to show you something.

Besides that, the twins spent most of the time on their private beach, and you know how essential these sun baths were. Maybe George had some excuse for his conclusion.

When he went away for a trip he always kissed them both good-by. He thought that Elizabeth trembled a little each time and he was sure it made her pulse jump. He had to find out or bust. Why? Don't ask me. I'm not Michael Arlen.

For six months George worried and fretted. He knew he was a fool, but there was nothing he could do about it. He told himself that he was crazy, but when Mary would yawn he'd think of his misspent life and when Elizabeth would blush the poor devil would nearly have angina pectoris.

Of course, there's no excuse for George, but living in the same house with a pretty girl who is gotten up like one of John Held's models is no rest cure for any man who still has his hair and teeth. Add to that the fact that he couldn't tell her from his wife except by an imaginary sixth sense, which he interpreted as love, and you can understand George's unfortunate predicament. The same things that had attracted him to Mary also attracted him to Elizabeth. He couldn't separate his ideas any more

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHAT WELL DRESSED MEN ARE SMOKING

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PLAIN or RUFF

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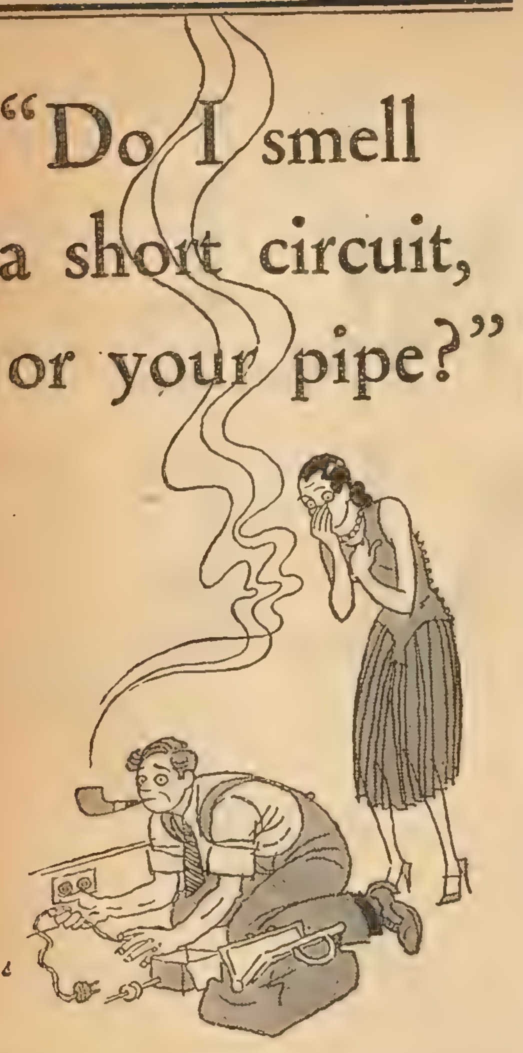

"Do I smell a short circuit, or your pipe?"

But why smoke a pipe that smells like burning insulation? . . . The poor chap probably never heard of Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite smoking mixture. He doesn't know there's a tobacco so mild and fragrant it gets the O. K. of even the fussiest pipe-sniffer. He doesn't know that true mildness needn't sacrifice body, flavor and "kick." He doesn't know he can smoke a pipe all day long without getting himself or anybody else all hot and bothered. In other words, he hasn't met Sir Walter Raleigh. Some day he will. Let's hope it's soon.

Tune In on "The Raleigh Revue" every Friday, 10:00 to 11:00 P. M. (New York Time), over the WEAF coast-to-coast network of N. B. C.

How to Take Care of Your Pipe

(*Hint No. 4*) Don't use a sharp knife to clean out the carbon. You may cut through the cake and chip the wood. A lot of little "wood spots" take away from the sweetness of a pipe. Use a dull knife or reamer. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. 43.

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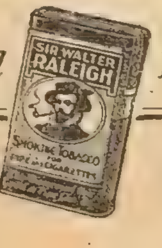
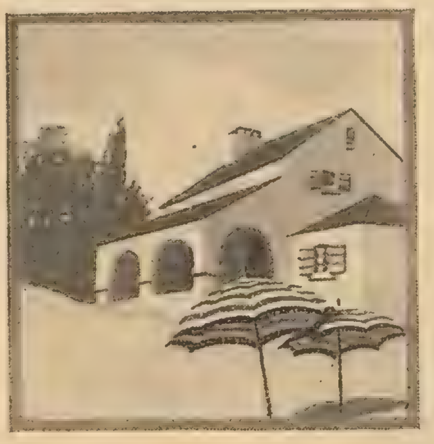


[TWINS Continued from page forty-three]

than they could separate themselves.

He really did put up a good struggle even after he knew he was sunk. His mind was leading a double life long before he decided to take any action about it. He wasn't really breaking any commandment, but his sentiments toward his wife were no more genuine than a counterfeit dime. As he drifted along, Elizabeth began to take on a glamour that her twin sister had never possessed. Of course this was due to his inflamed imagination, but George wasn't the first man to pull a Pygmalion.



Then he started scheming. The twins were so inseparable that he seldom had a chance to talk to Elizabeth when she was out of earshot of Mary. And he never had a chance to do more than exchange a few words even then. If Mary wasn't at his side she was at Elizabeth's. He tried a few simple ruses and gave up. But he was still waiting his chance eagerly.

One day the League of Women Voters in the village was having a meeting and invited Mary to attend. The league was conducting a fight for better schools and was urging every woman voter to join the campaign. Mary didn't want to go. George was indifferent until he read the invitation and saw that only voters in that district would be admitted. That left Elizabeth out.

He was immediately impressed with the gravity of the political situation. He told Mary she ought to go. Mary still didn't care about the local school board. George became eloquent and pointed out to her the duties of a citizen. The women had clamored for the vote and were now enjoying the fruits of political independence, yet here was a member of the so-called upper classes shirking her responsibilities! Where was her patriotism? Where was her sense of obligation? Where was her love for her fellow man?

FINALLY Mary agreed to go. George had to take a bromide while he awaited the hour of her departure. Would Elizabeth go with her? To make sure she couldn't, he offered to drive Mary over in the runabout so there wouldn't be room for both of them. No, that wasn't necessary, she said, and Elizabeth might want to use the runabout to do some shopping.

He was down on the beach when he heard the big car drive away. He was in a cold sweat for fear Elizabeth had gone along, and rushed up to the house to find out.

As he came in he caught sight of a figure in dishabille in Elizabeth's room. She yelled to him to keep out. That was all he wanted to hear and he barged on in.

She was surprised and confused at this.

"Just a minute," she told him. "What's the big idea?"

"Listen, Elizabeth," he said. "I can't put this off any longer. I've got to tell you something. I know you'll think I'm crazy, but I can't help it. I'm hopelessly in love with you."

She regarded him coolly as she slipped on a negligee.

"That's rather queer—coming from you," she announced hesitatingly.

"I know it is," he admitted. "I've been in love with you for months. I can't sleep nights. I can't keep my mind on my work. I can't eat. I'm drinking too much. I'm going to hell. I'm already in hell. I know I'm a rotter and I've tried to get over it. But it's no use. I love you—desperately. Don't tell me you haven't suspected it!"

He walked across the room and took her in his arms. She didn't resist. Yes, her pulse was racing. So was his.

"I can't live any longer without you," he told her as he kissed her. "Don't tell me you don't love me too."

SHE pushed him away gently and considered the matter.

"You mean you prefer me to my sister?" she asked.

"It's not a question of preference. There's no logic to it. I'm in love with you—that's all."

"And you're not in love with her?"

"I didn't say that. I didn't mean that. But I can't live any longer without you. I'm in torment all the time."

"And yet you can't tell us apart."

"Oh, yes, I can, or I wouldn't be so much in love with you."

"Maybe you aren't."

"Yes, I am."

"You can't tell us apart."

"Yes, I can."

"You only think you can. But I suppose that's just as bad. Well, I don't see any reason why I should pretend to be horribly shocked at your depravity. After all, you can't tell us apart, so why should you—"

He made a reach for her, but she held him at arm's length.

"Wait a minute," she insisted. "Will you promise on your word of honor that you will never by any word or gesture allude to this?"

"Certainly."

"I mean, even when you are alone with me, you will never say anything to indicate your attitude toward me?"

"Why?"

"Because you can't tell us apart. You'd be sure to give the thing away. You might think you were with me and really be with her. My sister must never be allowed to suspect this."

"But I know I can tell you from Mary."

She ignored his insistence.

"Do you promise—never a word or

gesture, not even when you are with me?"

George would have promised anything at that moment.

"All right, I do."

"And if you ever break your promise, it will be the absolute end. I'd never speak to you again. You'd be sure to make a mistake and that would be tragic."

"I won't. I could never be fooled about you."

"Oh, yes, you could," she insisted, "and I'll tell you why I know it. This won't be the first time."

Then she kissed him mischievously.

YOU'D think that George's cup would have run over. But it didn't. You'd think that he would have been doubly happy. But he wasn't. He was dizzy before Elizabeth's confession; now he was delirious.

He was convinced that he could never be sure which was which. But that didn't cure him of his yen for Elizabeth.

He was more in love with her than ever, but afraid to open his mouth about it. And she never gave him the slightest nod of sympathy or understanding. He had to stick to his promise. He didn't dare even try a double entendre on Elizabeth for fear of giving himself away as well as incurring her ire.

He was often uncertain which one he held in his arms and he didn't dare make any effort to find out. If she responded to his caresses eagerly, he thought it was Elizabeth. If she pushed him away indifferently, it was Mary. No matter what punishment his crime may have merited, he was paying the full penalty. He lost his weight, his appetite, and finally his reason.

TRY as he did, he could never arrange a moment alone with Elizabeth when he was sure it was Elizabeth. Every attempt that he made to see Elizabeth alone was thwarted. Sometimes he fancied that Elizabeth was avoiding him, and yet at others—well, he wasn't sure.

Whenever he kissed Mary he thought of Elizabeth and the idea that it might be Elizabeth instead of Mary drove him frantic.

In six months he couldn't stand the sight of either of them. One he loved, the other he hated for standing in his way.

As Elizabeth continued to act her part and to give him no sign of affection or understanding, he began to fear he was losing her. He wanted to do something to regain her, but he remembered his promise and stayed his hand. Why wouldn't she reveal herself to him? Sometimes he felt confident enough to speak out, but he didn't dare.

His life was torture. Why was he tortured? Don't ask me. I'm not Dr. Joe Collins.

He began taking longer trips and would stay away a month at a time. Going home was punishment to him.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

How To Get Sound Sleep Without Drugs

A New Discovery That Not Only Induces Instant Sleep, But Induces The Kind of Sleep That Brings All Day Energy Next Day

IF you are troubled with restless nights, we urge you to make the trial suggested here. Doing so has made a great difference in the lives of thousands of nervous people.

On doctors' advice, millions are employing this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. And does far more than simply induce sleep! *It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.*

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food-concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime; a super-delicious drink that builds health in a natural way.

First, it induces sleep. A few minutes after you go to bed, you get sound, natural sleep. For Ovaltine contains no drugs—as every doctor knows.

Then, *while* you sleep, its peculiar dietetic properties re-supply your system with the energy lost the previous, active day. For it contains, in easily digested form, practically EVERY building element necessary to energy. And thus provides the *kind of sleep that re-builds and rejuvenates.*

You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well. You feel like a new person all the next day!

Do you wonder then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used for 30 years in Europe, its use has spread to over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

Try It Tonight

Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous underweight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day to relieve fatigue and restore vitality. Widely different from "malt" or "chocolate" drinks, its scientific standing is unquestioned.

A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel. Your whole appearance will show the results of restful sleep and vitality restored this natural way.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine—but *try it.* Try it without delay. Start tonight. Just phone your druggist or grocer now—ask for a can of Ovaltine.

710-R

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink

The Singing Shave

© A. S. R. C., 1930

. . a marching song for whiskers . . . .

Here, sir, is the sweetest chin music ever played—a blade so gentle, an edge so keen and long-lasting that you burst into song at the first luxurious shave. The toughest whiskers depart at the merest touch of an Ever-Ready Blade. Be a Singing Shaver. *Every day* enjoy that clean, cool feeling.

Product of American Safety Razor Corp.

Ever-Ready BLADES

Ever-Ready Safety Razor
Ever-Ready Safety Razor BLADES
Guaranteed

TWINS
Continued from page forty-five

If his headquarters had not been in New York he wouldn't have gone home at all.

One day he came back to Sands Point and found only one twin to greet him.

"Mary has gone to see the dentist," she told him, as she kissed him casually. "We didn't expect you until tomorrow."

George eyed her with uncertainty. Elizabeth's eyes showed nothing but bland innocence. It was too much for George's overwrought nerves.

He kissed her again and there was nothing casual about it this time. The old fire was back in George's eyes as the memory of their stolen hour speeded his pulse.

Elizabeth pushed him away gently but firmly.

"Didn't you hear me say Mary had gone to see the dentist?" she demanded. "I'm Elizabeth."

"Yes," said George. "And what of it? I've stood all I can stand. God, how I've missed you, Elizabeth!"

"Missed me?"

"Yes, you! How much longer are you going to torture me?"

"Torture you?"

"Yes. Ever since that afternoon when I found you here alone I've thought of nothing but you. That's why I've been staying away from home. I've kept my promise up to this time, but I can't do it any longer. And I was really afraid of giving the whole thing away."

"Giving the whole thing away?" she repeated. "What do you mean?"

"You remember that afternoon when I told you I loved you?" he asked eagerly.

"What did I say?"

"Don't you remember?"

"Tell me what happened," she insisted.

George repeated the conversation to her as best he could.

ELIZABETH scowled and knitted her brows as if puzzled. Then her face brightened up.

"I see it now," she said. "It's all perfectly plain. Mary didn't want to go to that fool league meeting. You insisted upon it. She tried to get me to go for her, but I didn't want to attend any darn league jabber. So she gave me her new hat to take her place at the meeting and I went for her. When you came in she had to pretend that she was I to keep you from finding out she hadn't gone. You certainly were determined on her going and she was afraid you'd be very angry if she deceived you.

"Then you told her you were in love with me—you even gave a demonstration of it. It must have been a great shock to her. But she kept her wits. She did the only thing she could. She tried to cure you. She tried to hold you by keeping up the pretense. She tried to let you think you had what you wanted, hoping it would bring you to your senses.

"She had to swear you to secrecy to keep you from finding it out, and she never gave you a chance to speak to me alone. Then she would occasionally act so as to make you think you were with me. It was a good scheme. Too bad it didn't work."

"You mean that Mary has been fooling me?" demanded George.

"It looks that way," Elizabeth agreed. "I knew she was in love with you, but I didn't know she would go that far to make you happy. And you reward her by living in a state of mental adultery. The joke is certainly on you. No, it's on me. Think what I've been missing!"

"MY God, then it's Mary I've been in love with all the time," George said. "And I've treated her outrageously. What a break I've given her!"

"Oh, she seems to hold up very well under it, if that's any comfort to you," Elizabeth reassured him. "Maybe she'd rather be loved by proxy than not at all. I don't know. She knew you were a traveling salesman when she married you. You don't look like a sheik, but you must be better than Rudy Vallée if you're worth all that trouble. Anyway, Mary thinks so."

"Well, I'll make it up to her from now on," George promised. "As soon as she comes back I'll explain everything to her and beg her forgiveness."

"No, I wouldn't do that," Elizabeth counseled. "Don't spoil everything. Don't let her find out that you're on to her. Let her think her scheme won out. I'll go back to live with the family and Mary will gradually see that everything is all right again. It's time I was going home, anyway. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," agreed George, now thoroughly disillusioned. "I guess it is."

So when Mary came back she got all the affection that George had been saving for Elizabeth, and this time George was sincere. He was cured of his yen for Elizabeth. He realized how ridiculous he had been, and a man can stand anything but appearing ridiculous. A good laugh will stop more Casanovas than bolted doors.

All went well for nearly a year. Twins are twins and these couldn't stay separated. In the end Elizabeth came back to Sands Point to live. It wasn't long before George was taking long trips again, but for a different reason.

The last time I saw him he was just starting on another long trip and looked terribly run down.

"What's the matter?" I asked him.

"Oh, nothing," he temporized.

"You look like the ragged end of a misspent life," I commented.

"I am," he told me.

"What is it this time?"

"Nothing," he insisted doggedly. "That is, I'm not sure."

"What d' you mean, you're not sure?"

"Well, it's this way," he explained. "My sister-in-law has come back to live with us."

"Then what?"

"I still can't tell which is my wife and which is her sister."

"Yes, I know that," I said. "What of it?"

"WELL, I'm worse off than ever. Don't tell me it's my own fault, because I know it already. I've nobody to blame but myself."

"To blame for what?"

"For the mess I'm in. And the hell of it is that I'm never sure. I'm not sure about anything. I can't tell which is which. I don't know whether Mary is still pretending or whether Elizabeth got an idea from what I had to say to her. I don't know which one is fooling me and I don't dare say anything about it. But, oh, boy, how I dread to come back home! I'm a wreck!"

But even as I looked at his pale and worn face I couldn't work up any sympathy for him. At least he thought he had what he thought he wanted. Why didn't he like it? Don't ask me. I'm not Havelock Ellis.

"Cheer up," I said. "It might be worse. Think of the fix you'd be in if they were triplets instead of twins."

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 37

1—The larynx.
2—Pessimism.
3—John Greenleaf Whittier.
4—Old Faithful.
5—The mule.
6—A sixteenth-century Italian author and artist in metals.
7—That the strings (of a violin) are to be plucked instead of bowed.
8—Helium.
9—Preëminently.
10—Defect or loss of memory.
11—Species of snail.
12—A swimming pool.
13—Strait of Magellan.
14—Mississippi.
15—A pressing iron.
16—Nine A. M.
17—The Savannah.
18—The Dead Sea.
19—The science which treats of poisons, their effects, antidotes, and recognition.
20—Riggs' disease.

No matter how dark the eclipse

No. 7 Duco Polish

brings radiance again

*TRAFFIC FILM is an accumulation of dust and grime particles, baked hard by the sun and heat, dulling your car's finish. Soap and water won't remove it. No. 7 Duco Polish will. The photomicrograph shows a surface partly covered with TRAFFIC FILM, the right side cleaned with No. 7 Duco Polish. Note the difference.

DUCO
7
POLISH
Made by the makers of Duco

YOU will be amazed to find how easy it is to bring your car out from behind the eclipse of TRAFFIC FILM* to full original brilliance, if you use No. 7 Duco Polish.

No. 7 Duco Polish softens film, loosens dirt, ousts grime. It takes only a short time and a small quantity of No. 7 Duco Polish to restore the original lustre.

Du Pont chemists *created* Duco. Then they discovered and analyzed TRAFFIC FILM*. Then they applied their exclusive scientific knowledge of the constituents of Duco to the making of a polish for use on Duco.

The result is No. 7 Duco Polish, enthusiastically accepted and recommended by leading motor car makers. You can get it at good dealers' everywhere. Or ask your garage or polishing station to use it on your car.

We'll gladly send you samples of No. 7 Duco Polish, No. 7 Super-Lustre Cream and No. 7 Auto Top Finish—du Pont products to make your car more beautiful—if you will fill out the coupon at the right.

Four other du Pont products to beautify your car

No. 7 Super-Lustre Cream is used after polishing to preserve the lustre and protect the finish against weathering. It is much easier to apply than ordinary waxes.

No. 7 Auto Top Finish waterproofs the top and restores its original lustre.

No. 7 Nickel Polish cleans and brightens the radiator and lamps.

No. 7 Touch-up Black is for retouching scratches and worn spots on auto fenders.

Send for the Sample Beauty Kit

Send us coupon below (with 10 cents to help cover mailing cost) and we'll send you the following: 1 sample can of No. 7 Duco Polish (enough for one polishing), 1 sample can of No. 7 Super-Lustre Cream (enough for the hood), 1 sample can of No. 7 Auto Top Finish (enough for a spare tire).

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, Inc.
Desk L-12, General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Michigan.
Canadian Industries, Ltd., Paint & Varnish Div., Toronto 9, Canada.

Send me your Sample Beauty Kit for my auto. I am enclosing 10 cents (coin or stamps) to help pay the mailing cost. (*Good only in U. S. and Canada.*)

Name ....

Address ....

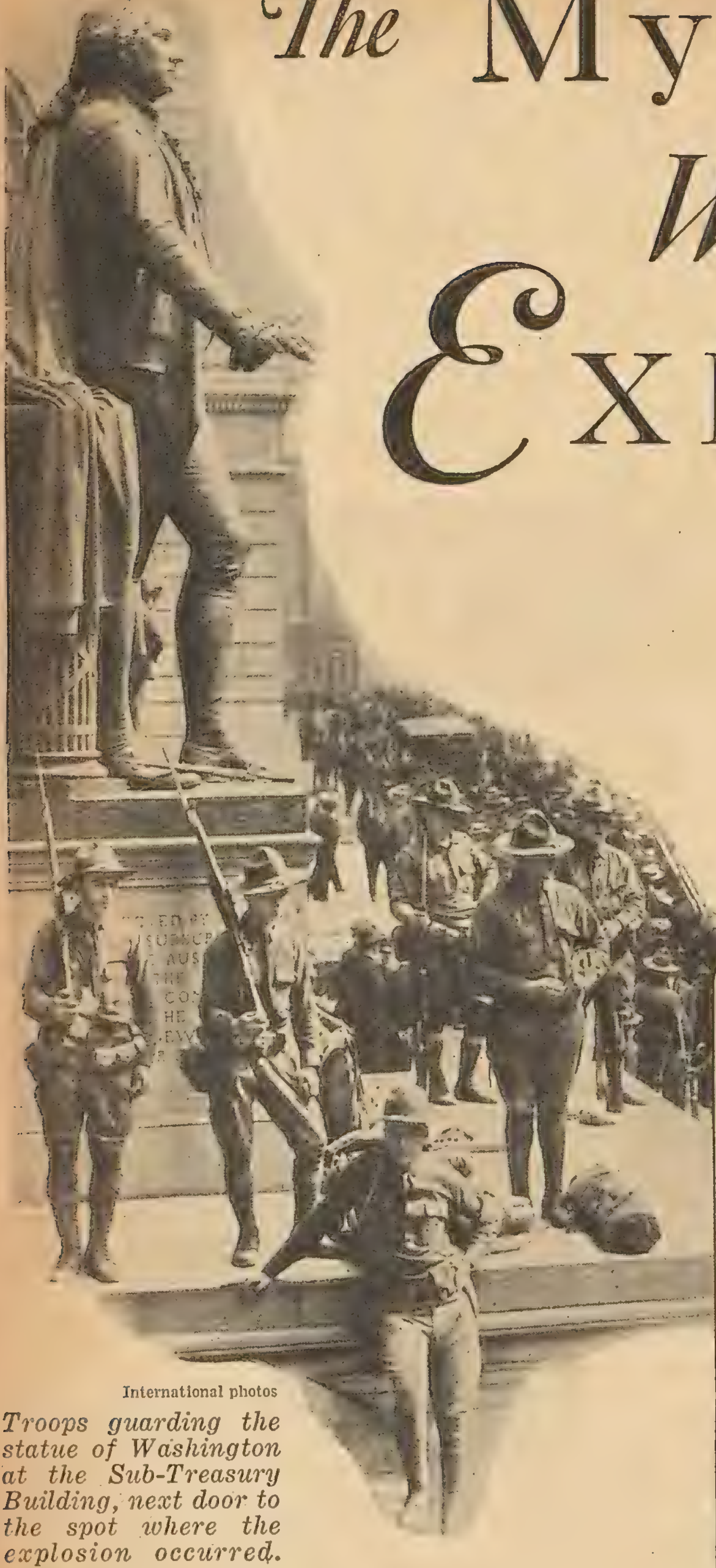
City .... State ....

The Mystery of the Wall Street Explosion

Who Drove the T. N. T. Horse to J. P. Morgan's Window?

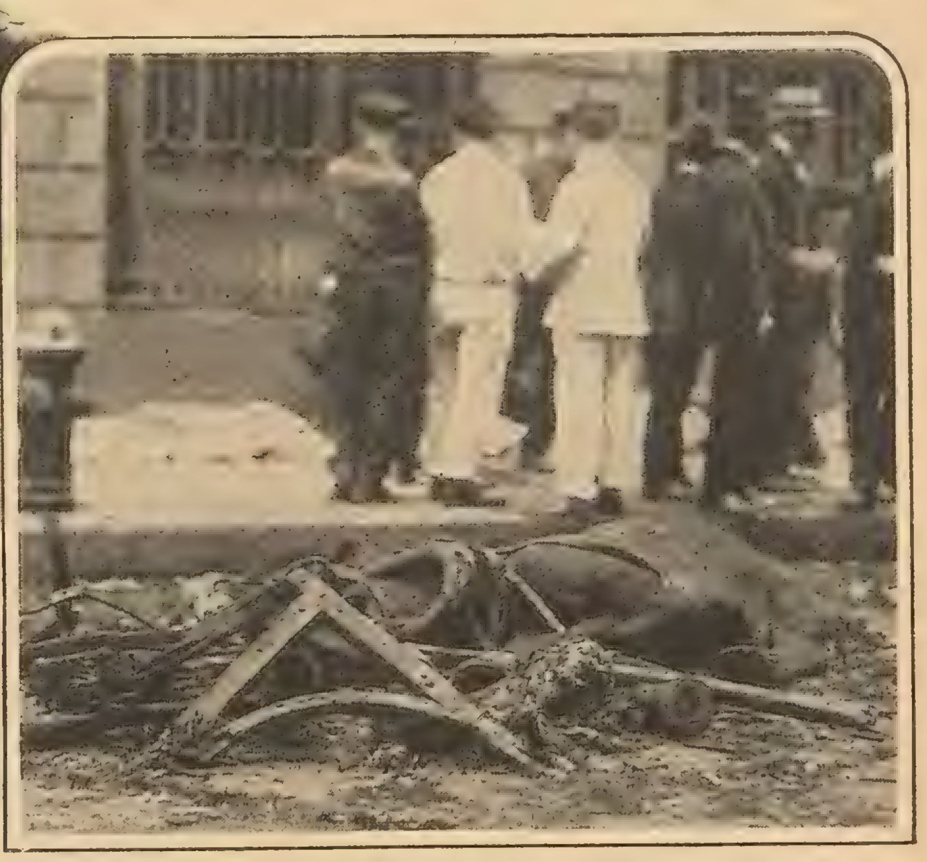
By

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND



International photos

Troops guarding the statue of Washington at the Sub-Treasury Building, next door to the spot where the explosion occurred.



All that the explosion left of the horse and wagon that had brought the T. N. T. into Wall Street.

PROPERLY to consider all clews which may help to solve the tragic puzzle of the Wall Street bomb of September 16, 1920, it is desirable to sketch the background of the stage on which forty men and women died and more than 200 were injured, and where $2,000,000 property damage was done.

The whole world seemed to be turning red. Following the rise of Lenin and Trotzky in Russia, the theses of radicalism, bolshevism, syndicalism, anarchism, and violent anti-capitalism had been embraced or were being studied in nearly every country.

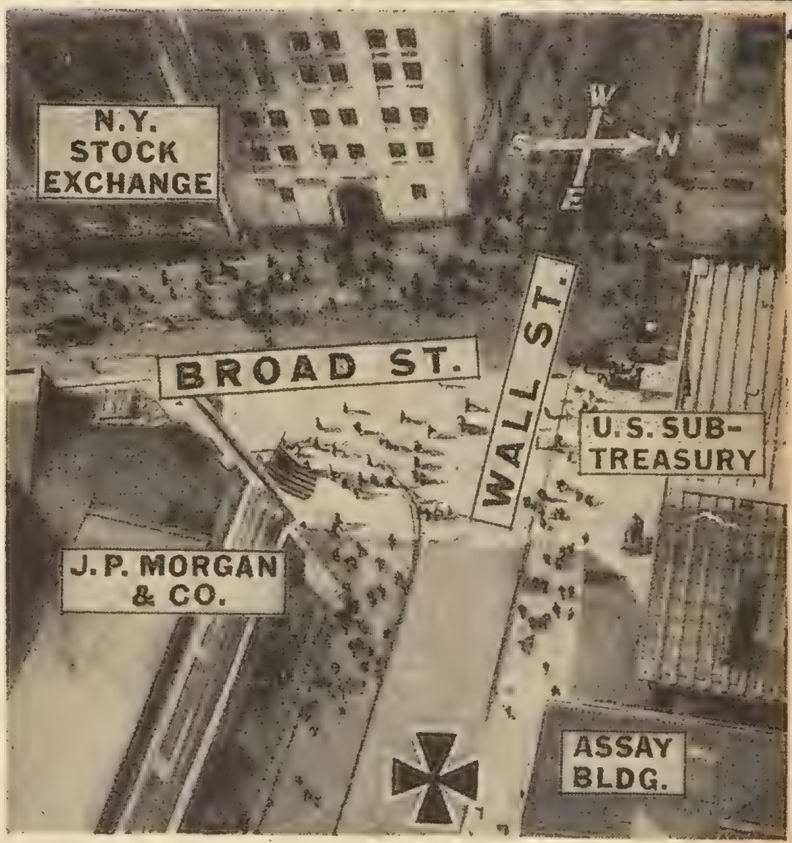
England was in the throes of the general strike. Austria, Germany, Spain, and Poland were experimenting with the idea of a sanguinary Utopia. In Italy the workers were seizing the factories and laying those eggs of communism which were presently crushed by Mussolini and his fascist cohorts. In Australia the left wing was imperiling parliamentary government. India was listening to Gandhi. Ireland was furtively plotting against and overtly fighting her age-long oppressors. France was nervously dispersing its May Day paraders.

If the Old World was skidding toward the crimson abyss, the New World was turning a pomegranate hue that disturbed all watchers. Buenos Aires streets flowed with human blood; sailors were mutinying and running away with Brazilian warships; and all Latin America seethed with unrest and insurrections.

The United States was having a multitude of unfamiliar troubles. The police in Boston struck. The I. W. W. were turning the Middle West and Far West upside down, and talk of the One Big Union was menacingly rife. Strikes in the coal fields, on the railroads, in Pacific Coast shipyards, sabotage among the New York garment workers and on the Brooklyn Rapid

N. Y. Sun photo

Crowds on the scene of the explosion, shortly after it occurred. A fireman is discernible in the foreground.



P. & A. photo-diagram

The corner of Broad and Wall streets, from the top of a nearby skyscraper. The cross marks the spot where the T. N. T. exploded. In 1920 the annex adjoining the Stock Exchange was not yet erected; the site had been cleared and fenced in with a raised wooden temporary sidewalk.

Transit lines—all these could be traced to such agitators as William Z. Foster, Big Bill Haywood, and similar stormy petrels of ultra-radicalism.

Washington, D. C., was haunted by the scarlet specter. Federal raids swept the country and hundreds of foreigners were being deported. Eugene Debs was in an Atlanta cell. Savage battles between police and workers were the routine of the day from Boston Common to the wharves of Seattle.

According to the Federal authorities, the most dangerous spot in America was in and about Lynn, Massachusetts, and in the shoe factories and cotton mills of the surrounding area. There Luigi Galliani, disciple of the notorious Malatesta of Italy, published an Italian weekly called Cronaca Soveresiva. Anarchistic fraternities and individuals throughout America subscribed to it and to its industrial formulæ.

In September, 1918, the Chicago Post Office was blasted. The next year nine bombs were received through the mails by personages in all parts of the land. Among those so honored by the Reds were Attorney General Mitchell Palmer in Washington, Mayor Davis of Cleveland, Justice Charles C. Nott, Jr., of New York, and Judge W. P. Thompson of Pittsburgh—all having been active in arresting, sentencing, and deporting alien radicals.

In May, 1919, one of the weirdest and most ominous

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

$10,000 for the Best Solutions of TEN REAL LIFE MYSTERIES

THE Mystery of the Wall Street Explosion is the sixth of ten stories of famous crimes and mysteries about which I am writing in my current contest series.

Liberty is going to give its readers $10,000 in prizes for solutions of these ten puzzles. There will be eight prizes for each mystery: one of $500, one of $250, one of $100, one of $50, and four of $25. In case of a tie, prizes will be duplicated.

Read the story, decide for yourself what happened, and mail your conclusions to Liberty Mystery Contest, Post-office Box 480, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

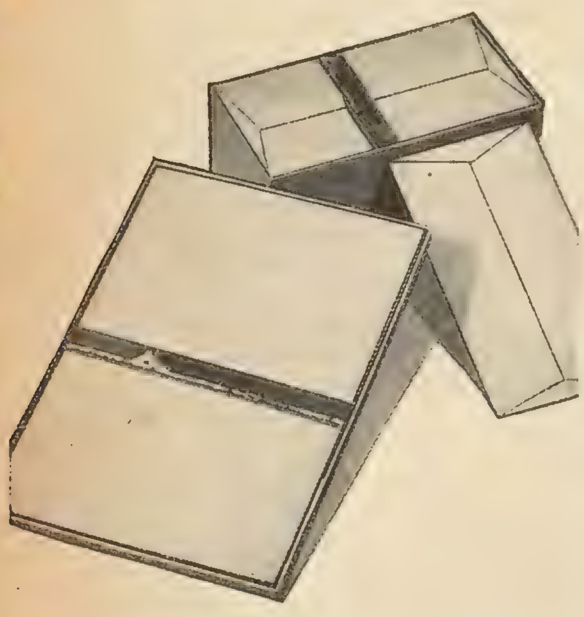
It isn't necessary that you be a professional writer, or even a subscriber to Liberty. Everyone is eligible except employees of Liberty and their relatives. *What* you say will count, not *how* you say it. A limit of 500 words is suggested but not required.

Neatness, brevity, logic, originality of deduction—these will count with me in considering your entry. The publishers have decided that I am to have the only and final say as to the winners.

To be considered, all solutions of each mystery must be postmarked within four weeks after the date of the issue in which the story concerning it is completed. Names of winners will be published as soon as is mechanically possible in the printing of a weekly magazine.

It is hoped that the task of choosing the prize-winning solutions of the first problem in this series—The Mystery of Sacco-Vanzetti—can be completed in time to announce the winners in the issue of May 10.

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND



Writing paper that looks expensive

. . but isn't

You might as well write on quality stationery all of the time—distinguished fabric-finished Lord Baltimore Linen can be obtained at your Rexall Drug Store at a price you usually pay for ordinary writing paper. In boxes or portfolios. Sold only at Rexall Stores. Liggett's are also Rexall Stores. There is one near you.

SAVE with SAFETY at your Rexall DRUG STORE

THE MYSTERY OF THE WALL STREET EXPLOSION

Continued from page forty-nine

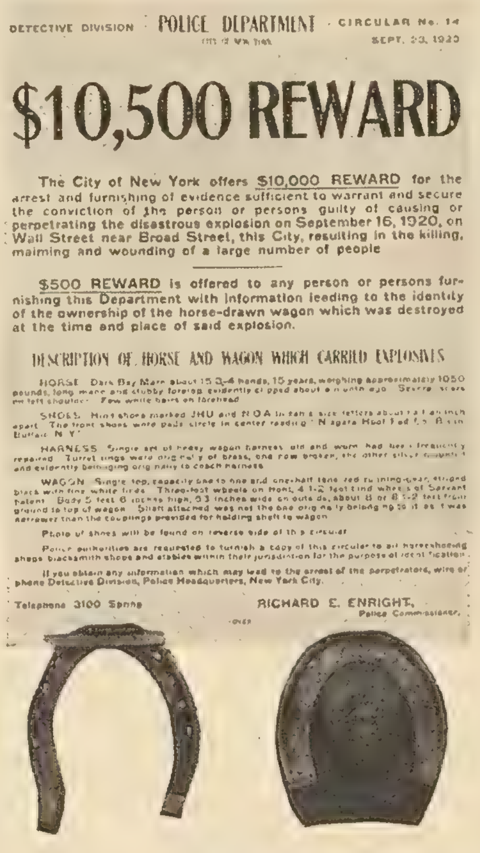
manifestations of the purposes and mental processes of the communist and anarchist philosophies was vouchsafed an apprehensive America.

Thirty-six bombs were mailed from New York City to prominent men and women. They were posted in ample time to reach their victims for a countrywide series of explosions on May 1, the May Day of the Reds. Among those who received the deadly packages, or to whom they were addressed, were Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes of the United States Supreme Court, Attorney General Palmer, Secretary of Labor Wilson, Postmaster General Burleson, Judge Landis, Mayor Hylan of New York City, Mayor Ole Hanson of Seattle, John D. Rockefeller, J. P. Morgan, and several senators, police chiefs, and other officials.

The plot was discovered and partly frustrated in a peculiar way. Charles Caplan, a clerk in the parcel post division of the New York Post Office, was on his way home at 2 A. M. when he read in his newspaper that a bomb had exploded in the home of Senator Hardwick in Atlanta and had blown both hands off a colored maid who opened the package. The newspaper described the package, and Caplan remembered that there were sixteen identical little brown packages in his parcel post storage room.

CAPLAN left the train and hurried back to his office, where he notified the night superintendent, adding that he had not sent the sixteen packages forward in the mails because the wrapping on each had been sealed with tiny red gummed wafers, and consequently they were first-class mail, but with only parcel post postage attached.

Police and Federal experts were called and the packages examined and opened. They were wrapped in paper bearing the forged name of Gimbel Brothers, a great department store; they contained small, highly polished wooden cylinders inside which, packed in cotton, were little glass vials. After removing the wooden cap the victim would, of course, try to extract the vials, and these were so packed that small brass clips would break the glass. Three fulminate-of-mercury percussion caps would then explode the chemical in the vials.



DETECTIVE DIVISION POLICE DEPARTMENT CIRCULAR No. 14
SEPT. 23, 1920

$10,500 REWARD

The City of New York offers $10,000 REWARD for the arrest and furnishing of evidence sufficient to warrant and secure the conviction of the person or persons guilty of causing or perpetrating the disastrous explosion on September 16, 1920, on Wall Street near Broad Street, this City, resulting in the killing, maiming and wounding of a large number of people

$500 REWARD is offered to any person or persons furnishing this Department with information leading to the identity of the ownership of the horse-drawn wagon which was destroyed at the time and place of said explosion.

DESCRIPTION OF HORSE AND WAGON WHICH CARRIED EXPLOSIVES

HORSE. Dark Bay Mare about 15 3-4 hands, 15 years, weighing approximately 1050 pounds, long mane and stubby foretop evidently clipped about a month ago. Severe scars on left shoulder. Few white hairs on forehead.

SHOES. Hind shoes marked JHU and N O A in [illegible] letters about [illegible] an inch apart. The front shoes were pads circle in center reading "Niagara Hoof Pad [illegible] Buffalo N. Y."

HARNESS. Single set of heavy wagon harness, old and worn, had been frequently repaired. Turret rings were originally of brass, one now broken, the other silver mounted and evidently belonging originally to coach harness.

WAGON. Single top, capacity one to one and one-half tons, red running-gear, striped black with fine white lines. Three-foot wheels on front, 4 1-2 feet hind wheels of Sarvent patent. Body 5 feet 6 inches high, 53 inches wide on outside, about 8 or 8 1-2 feet from ground to top of wagon. Shaft attached was not the one originally belonging to it as it was narrower than the couplings provided for holding shaft to wagon.

Photo of shoes will be found on reverse side of this circular.

Police authorities are requested to furnish a copy of this circular to all horseshoeing shops, blacksmith shops and stables within their jurisdiction for the purpose of identification.

If you obtain any information which may lead to the arrest of the perpetrators, wire or phone Detective Division, Police Headquarters, New York City.

Telephone 3100 Spring RICHARD E. ENRIGHT, Police Commissioner.

The police department of New York City offered rewards as this circular shows. On the back of the circular appeared these pictures of front and hind shoes of the horse.

These bombs were exposed at the time that the country was being flooded with circulars signed Anarchists Fighters. It is well to remember that signature.

The foregoing, then, describes the general background of the Wall Street explosion. Of more immediate connection are three possible clews:

On September 16, 1920, the Federal government was transferring from the Sub-Treasury Building, at the northeast corner of Wall and Nassau streets, to the new Assay Office, next door on Wall Street, more than $900,000,000 in gold bullion. The bars were worth $8,000 each, and were being carried along a narrow walk from one iron-grilled door to another across a short passage. The passage was guarded by armed officers. The great bomb was detonated directly in front of the Assay Building and it might easily be that the plotters hoped, in the confusion, to make a daring raid on this treasure.

DURING the summer of 1920 and well into the fall, there had been many bitter fights among the workers of certain New York house-wrecking concerns—strikes and violence between strikers and strike breakers. There was then, as there always is, great building activity in the financial district of lower Manhattan; and it was later accepted as a theory that one of the warring factions might have planted the bomb.

And there was a strange thing, something I have never seen mentioned in print. On Saturday, September 11, two men were indicted on charges of murder in the little town of Dedham, Massachusetts. So inconspicuous were the men and so unimportant their alleged crime that the New York Times of Sunday, September 12, didn't even mention the indictments.

Four days later Wall Street was bombed. Well, if the prisoners were then insignificant and their case of no moment, you may be sure that before very long, and for seven years thereafter, the New York Times and every newspaper in the world were to devote countless columns to these two men and their trial.

For the two defendants were Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti; and while they and their activities were then so inconsequential as to make it unlikely that there is a direct and definite link between their indictment and the great bomb, nevertheless it was presently proven that they had been busy anarchists and draft dodgers and public agitators in the red-hot communist circles of which Lynn, Massachusetts, was the turbulent center, as well as subscribers to and fiery believers in the doctrines of Luigi Galliani's periodical.

But the New York Times, in its issue of September 12, did carry extended accounts of other social phenomena of the day, and these may be more or less connected with the explosion—the expulsion from the Legislature in Albany of five New York City Socialist assemblymen, and the fury of their constituents; and the incarceration in Boston of Ponzi, that financial charlatan whose enterprises may have seemed to despoiled foreigners to be typical of Wall Street and the hated capitalistic system.

At about 11:55 o'clock in the morning of September 16, an old, rusty-brown, single-top wagon, drawn by an ancient dark bay horse, went slowly west on Wall Street. It came to a stop in front of the Assay Building, directly across the narrow street from the thick-walled, three-story office building of J. P. Morgan & Co.

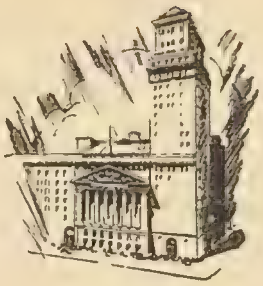
WHAT became of the driver or drivers, nobody knows; but the wagon stood there abandoned in the swelling traffic—traffic which would be increased a hundredfold in a few minutes when the lofty buildings would empty untold thousands of employees for the lunch hour.

The officer at the corner of Broad and Wall was absent from his post at the intersection, a few yards from the deserted wagon. Had he not been detailed to proceed a few blocks north to help herd the paraders in a procession of colored folk, he might have been killed—or he might have averted the tragedy by commanding the driver to get away from there, for it was a violation of a traffic ordinance to leave such an outfit standing in Wall Street; or he might have observed the driver hurrying from his death cart, and have been able to describe him later.

At 12:01, when the first wave of hungry clerks was eddying on to the sidewalks, there was a dreadful explosion in the interior of the old wagon. A blinding sheet of saffron-green light was followed by a detonation that rocked the skyscrapers. A blast of shrapnel swept the thoroughfare; a vast mushroom of brownish-lemon smoke shot heavenward; awnings twelve stories above the curb burst into flames, and a roar of splintering plate-glass windows for blocks around added to the turmoil.

For a moment there was silence and the nostril-biting stench of acrid fumes—and then madness swept the scene. Scarlet clots lay everywhere—a few seconds before, live and unwarned human beings. Arms and legs and heads were flung grotesquely through windows and on to ledges. Broken and bleeding and blackened forms rose to their feet, fled scream-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



THE
STOCK EXCHANGE
IS HIS ONLY "GYM"
. . . YET HE HAS

"ATHLETE'S FOOT!"

THE only game he knows is the market. His daily exercise is a stiff work-out on the floor of the Exchange. His muscles are strangers to "gym" routine and he wouldn't know the difference between a "back-hand" and a "birdie."

Yet this fast-stepping floor trader has been futilely fighting an annoying case of "Athlete's Foot" for six months and—*he doesn't even know what it is!*

An unpleasant, soft moistness with itching between the toes of his left foot worries him and bothers him more than a ten-point drop in one of his favorite stocks.

And the thing that bullies this man in the game of bulls-and-bears is a tiny ringworm germ called *tinea trichophyton*—hardly noticeable at first, but stealthy, *persistent* and *terribly annoying later on.*

**Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—So Easily Tracked into the Home*

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

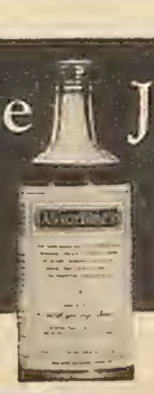
And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere.* It is so easily overlooked at first that it has stolen up on the entire nation until now the United States Public Health Service finds *"It is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time."* And authorities say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton,* has made itself a nuisance in America.

*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.

Absorbine Jr.

FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS, CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS.



It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved, by bacteria counts and by photomicrographs, that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." *Don't be fooled by mild symptoms.* Don't let the disease become entrenched, for it is *persistent.* The person who is seriously afflicted with it today, may have had these same mild symptoms like yours a short time ago.

Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with itching—or a moist, thick skin condition—or, again, a dryness with scales.

Read the symptoms printed at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample write

W. F. YOUNG, INC.,
330 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

FIRST
With The Boys
of
America

The Two Finest
Products of
Their Kind and
Both Are Made
By

IVER JOHNSON

Give any boy his choice and he will select an Iver Johnson Bicycle every time because it rides easier, is stronger and safer, better looking and gives years of top-notch service. Many Models, Colors and Sizes.

Prices from $32.50 up.

The New
IVER JOHNSON
22 CALIBER BOLT ACTION
SAFETY RIFLE

The newest and safest thing out and already a tremendous "hit". The patented automatic safety device prevents aiming or firing until the safety knob is snapped down. Handsome, accurate and performs like "a million dollars", but costs only $7.

See these famous products at your dealer's or send for illustrated folders B in colors describing the new Safety Rifle, Bicycles, Velocipedes and Juniorcycles (Sidewalk Cycles).

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61 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.
New York: 151 Chambers Street
Chicago: 108 W. Lake Street
San Francisco: 717 Market Street

MONEY FOR YOU
AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

WHY BALD At 40?

Lucky Tiger Corrects
Scalp Ailments and stops falling hair, like Whyte-Fox No. 2 knocks piles, head colds and skin irritations. Used and endorsed by millions. Money-Back Guarantee. A toilet necessity. Valuable booklet free on request. *At Barbers, Druggists, Beauty Parlors.*

Kansas City, Mo. Dept. E LUCKY TIGER REM. CO.

THE MYSTERY OF
THE WALL STREET EXPLOSION
Continued from page fifty-one

ing a few steps, and pitched headlong into unconsciousness or death.

Like a tidal wave the people ran, stopped, and then surged back, trampling on dead and dying and wounded. Here, a messenger boy lay decapitated, his package of securities smoldering in his hand. There, a young typist fell huddled against a water plug, her shattered body limp. Yonder, an eyeless man raised his body to his hands and tried to crawl, groaning, along the red slippery sidewalk, his feet lying a dozen yards away.

In a few minutes the district was packed with a maniacal mob, jamming the streets and blocking the first platoons of police reserves and the clanging fire wagons. Ambulances finally plowed their way to the scene, and hundreds of injured were taken to nearby hospitals and police stations. The dead were covered with sheets and the throngs were literally driven from the district.

When calm came it was discovered that thirty men and women had been killed instantly; nearly 200 were hurt, of whom ten expired; and property damage was a couple of million dollars. Federal troops were poured into the area; the Stock Exchange suspended for the day; most of the offices were closed, to empty the skyscrapers and depopulate the site so the police could get to work.

From Washington came Attorney General Palmer and William J. Flynn, head of the Secret Service. William J. Burns hurried to the offices of Mr. Morgan. He found that if the plotters (assuming it was a criminal explosion) had hoped to destroy Mr. Morgan, they had failed, because the banker was in England; and that Dwight W. Morrow, Thomas W. Lamont, and the other partners present were safe, having been in conference in a room on the opposite side of the building. He also found that the firm's chief clerk had been killed in his chair near a large plate-glass window, and that Junius S. Morgan had been cut a bit by flying glass.

The City of New York was represented in the affair and in the public prints by Mayor Hylan and Police Commissioner Enright, but Acting Captain James J. Gegan of the bomb and anarchist squad did most of the real work.

THE first thing that was examined was the reddened débris that had been a horse and wagon. The horse was literally torn to fragments. Of the wagon and harness, only a few spokes, a strap or two, an armful of splinters and canvas, a piece of the shafts, an axle and hub cap, and a handful of bolts and nuts were collected.

Immediately behind the remains of the wagon was an automobile which, witnesses said, had been hurled twenty feet into the air. Other automobiles parked here and there were crumpled and knocked askew.

The horse and wagon were reconstructed. That sounds easy—but it required days of swift yet methodical recreating by veterinaries, live-stock experts, and skilled workers from many vehicle manufacturing concerns. Here is the description broadcast in the police circular which offered $10,500 reward for the plotters:

HORSE—Dark bay mare, fifteen and three-quarters hands, fifteen years, about 1,050 pounds, long mane and stubby foretop, clipped a month before; scars on left shoulder and white hairs on forehead.

SHOES—Hind shoes marked JHU and NOA, about half an inch apart. Front shoes had pads, circle in center reading "Niagara Hoof Pad Co., BISON, Buffalo, N. Y."

HARNESS—Single set of heavy wagon harness, old and worn and frequently repaired. Turret rings originally of brass, one broken; the other silver mounted and evidently belonging originally to coach harness.

WAGON—Single top, capacity one and one-half tons, red running gear, striped black with fine white lines. Three-foot wheels on front; four and one-half on back, of Sarvant patent. Body 5 feet 6 inches high, 53 inches wide, about eight feet from ground to top of wagon.

THE hunt was on. It was divided, roughly, into three parts: the Secret Service concentrated on anarchists; the Burns agency offered a reward of $50,000 (said to have been authorized by the Morgan firm) and went after radicals and other criminal suspects; the New York police, cooperating in the above, concentrated on the ownership of the horse and wagon and the source of the explosives.

The whole world was combed. Scotland Yard and Buenos Aires detectives and Australian police and South African sleuths joined in the search. Clews by the thousand, some of them seemingly valuable and most of them obviously crazy, poured in.

But, whether crazy or sane, not one was overlooked. Each was run down, regardless of time and energy and expense. Possibly never in history was so intensive and painstaking—and fruitless!—a hunt conducted.

For example, nearly 500 pounds of window sash weights were gathered on the scene. These had been sawed in twain and used in making the great bomb. Their presence clearly indicated, according to the police, the criminal nature of the catastrophe. Had the sash weights been intact, it might have been an accident, that explosion. But cut-up sash weights have no earthly use. They had probably been piled atop the explosive.

Every sash-weight manufacturer and dealer in America was asked to examine these pieces. There was no way to identify their maker or buyer.

More than 4,000 stables were visited and their owners interrogated, this search extending to every town along the Atlantic seaboard; but ownership of the old horse never was established.

Hundreds of wagon manufacturers

and harness makers, and dealers in both, were called in. They studied the relics and the reconstructed pictures, and could identify neither. Months and years were spent on that angle.

Every blacksmith east of Chicago, and the editors of blacksmith trade journals, and manufacturers of horseshoes were appealed to. The letters JHU and NOA—the O being really a diminutive horseshoe—were found to mean Journeymen's Horseshoers' Union and the National Horseshoers' Association. They are put on all shoes made in union shops.

Presently the search reached the actual maker of the shoes. Experts had concluded that their maker had learned his trade abroad, and this had turned the search to foreign farriers. At 205 Elizabeth Street, New York City, the De Grazia brothers ran a smithy. Dominick De Grazia studied the shoes and said he had made them.

At the request of Captain Gegan, Dominick made another pair, and their make was found to be identical, a defect in the anvil appearing on the top plates of both the sample shoes and those worn by the dead horse.

DOMINICK said that about noon of Wednesday, the day before the explosion, a man had driven the horse and the same wagon to their shop and asked him to tighten a rear shoe. Dominick had noticed a slight cleft in the hoof and suggested a new pair. The driver had nervously asked how long it would take and, told it would be about twenty minutes, had nodded. Whereupon Dominick had made a new pair and nailed them to the hoofs.

The De Grazia brothers said the driver was an Italian—from his accent, a Sicilian; twenty-five to thirty years old; about five feet five inches tall; about 165 pounds, heavy chest, wide shoulders, black hair, small mustache—and soft, well kept hands. He was in a great hurry and did not speak after he ordered the new shoes.

The horse's hoof was brought down from the pathological laboratory of Bellevue Hospital, and the crack therein, described by Dominick, was confirmed. But the search for horse owner and driver ended there at a blank curtain.

Eyewitnesses of the explosion told such conflicting stories that nothing came of the investigation. One man said the wagon stopped in front of the Assay Building and a Jew, thirty-five to forty years of age, about five feet seven inches tall and weighing about 160 pounds, alighted. He had dark eyes and wore a dark suit, a white stiff collar, a dark four-in-hand tie, and a fedora. He left the reins on the seat, glanced around, hurried a few yards west to Nassau Street, and disappeared behind the Sub-Treasury Building, the explosion following in a moment or two.

Others described the driver otherwise and had him vanish in another direction. Still others said two men descended to the curb and hastened

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Blazing New Trails

as told to Richard Carroll

. . . by Harold E. MacMahon

a stirring account of the first passenger-freight carrying flight over the ice-tipped peaks of the Andes . . . told by the pilot who blazed a new trail across the South American continent.

NEXT WEEK *in* LIBERTY

Benchley on hoss-racing—

For years you've raved or listened to others rave about "the sport of kings." Now listen to a famous humorist pan the ponies in

"THEY'RE OFF"

by Robert Benchley

Liberty NEXT WEEK

Ingrown Nail

Turns Outward

—NO PAIN

A few drops of "Outgro" in the crevice of the toe nail stop the pain instantly and so toughen the sensitive skin underneath the nail that it resists the ingrowing nail and forces it to grow naturally outward. Drug stores sell "Outgro" in small bottles. Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc., 578 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.

. . and yet her VOICE would shock you—

THE beauty of a healthy throat is expressed in a clear voice. While we can hardly change the voice that Nature gave us, we can safeguard its natural tone. Protect your throat from the irritations which usually come from dust, excessive smoking and common colds.

At the first sign of hoarseness, when speech is raucous and rasping in the morning, physicians advise prompt use of Pertussin.

It soothes the delicate membrane of the larynx, loosens phlegm and corrects dryness by promoting a flow of natural secretion. For more than 25 years doctors have prescribed Pertussin for irritated throats and coughs.

Send for a Free trial bottle today.

Protect and Clear your Throat with

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Safe for every Cough

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440 Washington St., New York City
Please send me FREE trial bottle of Pertussin.
Name
Address

THE MYSTERY OF
THE WALL STREET EXPLOSION
Continued from page fifty-three

off. William Coleman said he was nearly run over at the corner of Pearl and Wall streets, a few blocks east of the Assay Office, exactly at noon, by a horse and wagon driven by two men. He jumped back to the sidewalk and cursed the pair, and they merely grinned at him.

Both were Italians, Coleman said, and gave descriptions that disagreed with every other that had been given.

Some said the wagon bore the word EXPLOSIVES; others that it was DYNAMITE; still others, that the words DU PONT POWDER WORKS appeared on the side of the old truck. This angle will be discussed in a moment.

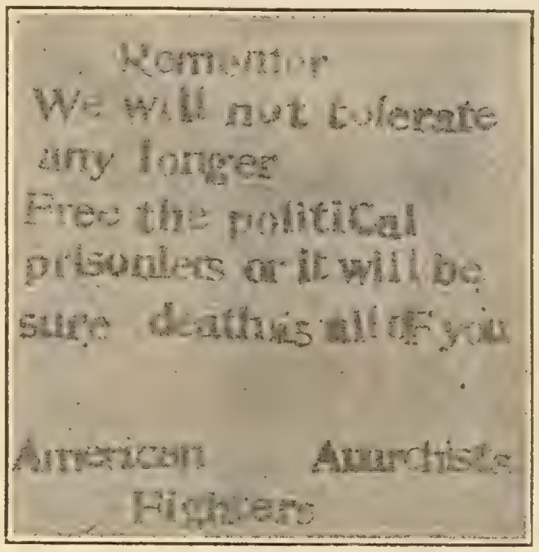
A whitewing, as New York street cleaners are called, was standing in the street four blocks away when the bomb went off. Something hit him on the chest and knocked him down. Picking himself up, he found a small iron ball. He gave it to Captain Gegan, and after weeks of examination it was decided that the pellet was the knob from the combination of a small iron safe known as the Victor Field Safe, manufactured by the firm of that name in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Gegan went out there and the company's records eventually disclosed that safe No. 249268, the number faintly engraved in the knob, had gone, years before, to the army barracks at Jeffersonville, Indiana. Gegan went there. The records finally showed that the quartermaster of that time had come from Omaha.

GEGAN went to Omaha, and found that the safe had been sent to New Orleans with a body of troops. In New Orleans Gegan found that the safe had gone to Washington, D. C. The War Department archives were combed, and it appeared that the safe had gone to France with one of our outfits. This outfit was traced through all the battles in which it took part, on to the Rhine, and finally back to the disembarkation point of Hoboken.

There the trail of the little field safe was lost—and whether it was bought by a junk dealer, or was sold to one of the countless army goods stores that sprang up after the Armistice, or was simply tossed into a vacant field or an excavation, nobody knows to this day.

Similar pertinacity and thoroughness were displayed in every phase of the investigation. Ten tons of broken glass were carted to headquarters, examined, and stored for more than two years in a basement!



Remember
We will not tolerate
any longer
Free the political
prisoners or it will be
sure death for all of you

American Anarchists
Fighters

Pathé News, from P. & A.

One of five circulars found in a downtown New York mail box the day after the explosion.

Foreigners, individually or in groups and fraternities, were raided or detained or questioned all over the United States. Nothing came to light.

The Boston police helped New York detectives in a strenuous search of radical circles around Lynn, Massachusetts. Fireworks manufacturers conducted thousands of tests with powders and bombs. Army and navy chemists worked for months with Gegan's men, combining different kinds of explosives in order to reproduce the sights and sounds described by witnesses of the explosion. It was finally agreed that the bomb had been constructed of T. N. T.—possibly a hundred pounds or so of it.

It was decided that the bomb had rested on the wagon floor directly above the left rear axle, and had been veiled from the eyes of passers-by and other drivers by the sides of the truck body and a curtain hanging in the rear. A timing device probably had been employed, to give the driver ample opportunity to escape.

ON the other hand, the American Can Company experts examined some twisted pieces of tin and reconstructed at least two five-gallon cans as having been in the wagon. Whereupon all manufacturers of tin receptacles were questioned. It was decided that they had been made by the Atlas Can Company of Brooklyn, but the firm's records could not show when they were made or to whom sold. A list of can buyers were all visited, in vain.

A little piece of steel was picked up. One end of it was five thirty-seconds of an inch in thickness and part of it was seven thirty-seconds of an inch. It was somewhat tubular in shape. One of Gegan's men took it to the United States arsenal at Watervliet, New York, and Colonel Westervelt, agreeing that it might have been part of the explosive container, sent him to the Foundrymen's Association of America at 140 South Dearborn Street, Chicago. There a metallurgist found it contained a high percentage of carbon, and the American Steel Foundry Company officials agreed, but said it would be difficult to trace because different steel plants through the country made about the same kind of steel.

The detectives went to Pittsburgh and saw all the steel makers, and they said it would be impossible to trace. Every known process was employed to discover the original purpose of the little sliver of steel, whether it was part of a foreign army shell or an American. They ascertained its hardness, and studied it photomicroscopi-

DANDRUFF
A Sure Way to End It

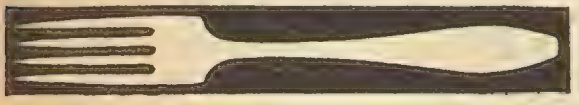
There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.



To those with
BEEFSTEAK APPETITES
and dry-toast digestions

GET Pepto-Bismol. Take it—and forget you ever knew stomach distress! Pepto-Bismol checks fermentation and the formation of harmful acids. Indigestion, heartburn, acid or sour stomach—yield quickly to this proven remedy. It has been a doctor's prescription for 25 years. Pleasant to take. Even children like it.

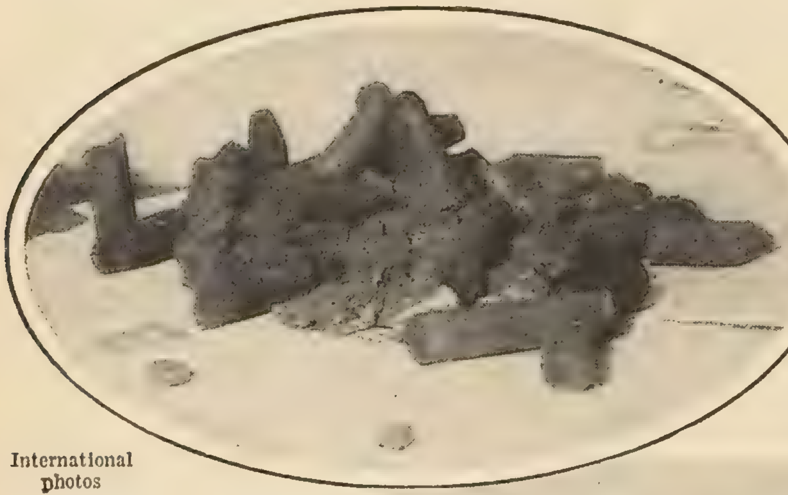
Buy Pepto-Bismol at your druggist's in the 3-cornered bottles. It is only 50c. Turn after-mealtime pangs into untroubled peace and comfort! Money back if it doesn't relieve you.

Pepto-Bismol
RELIEVES INDIGESTION QUICKLY

MAKERS OF Norwich UNGUENTINE

cally for the size of grain, the character of structure, the metallic inclusions; as to whether it had been elongated or rounded, whether forged or cast, and whether intended for steel tubing or casting. This search was fruitless, too.

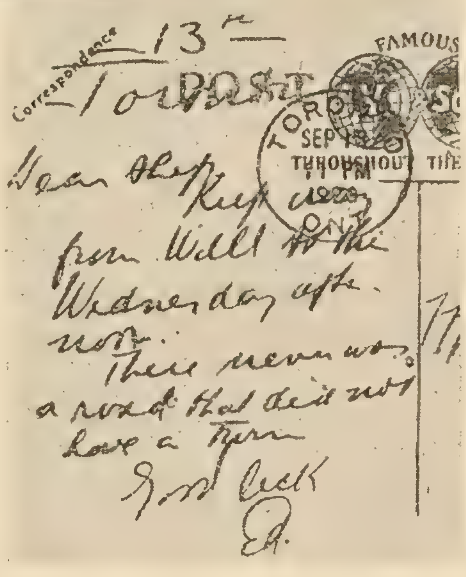
Not alone were radicals made the quarry of the hunt. A day or so after the explosion the papers were filled with the name of Edwin P. Fischer, a well known tennis player of a few years before. Fischer had once worked for the French High Commission at 65 Broadway. A day or so before the explosion he was in Toronto, and from there sent post-card warnings, apparently of some catastrophe imminent in Wall Street.



International photos

Cut-up sash weights that were scattered by the explosion.

George F. Ketchledge received one and a French official another. Both warned the recipients to keep away from Wall Street after noon of Wednesday, September 15. The cards were turned over to the police and Fischer was picked up by the Canadian authorities.



Correspondence 13th
Toronto
Dear Chap
Keep away
from Wall St this
Wednesday afte
noon.
There never was
a road that did not
have a turn
Good luck
Ed.

POST

TORONTO SEP 1920 11 PM ONT.

FAMOUS THROUGHOUT THE

E. P. Fischer's writing on one of his warning post cards: "Keep away from Wall St this Wednesday afternoon. There never was a road that did not have a turn. Good luck. Ed."

His brother-in-law hastened to Toronto and brought him back to New York City for questioning. Fischer told the police he got his warning from "visions in the air," and after a relentless questioning he was sent to the psychopathic ward of Bellevue Hospital.

THE possibility that rival housewrecking concerns or union leaders were involved was canvassed. This theory was abandoned in time.

Ray Clarke, foreman of the Volk Housewrecking Company, was working at the time on the demolition of a structure at the southwest corner of Broad and Wall, a stone's throw from the old wagon. Today the annex of the Stock Exchange occupies that corner. Clarke said that after the explosion he was standing on an elevated temporary sidewalk looking down toward the Assay office when policemen came along and cleared the walk.

A man said to the policemen:

"Don't make me leave. That's my horse lying over there."

This individual then disappeared. He was described by Clarke, and others who heard the remark, as about thirty-five years of age, five feet seven inches tall, wide shouldered, and wearing a blue serge suit, a green hat, and a soft shirt and collar.

It happened that the Pathé motion-picture company had a nearby office, and its operators dashed to the scene immediately after the detonation. They took movies of everything in sight. Gegan procured a piece of the film showing the crowd on the temporary sidewalk, and ran it for months, at regular speed and slowed down, and invited hundreds of witnesses to see if they could pick out the man who had spoken of the dead horse. Nobody could.

A RUMOR spread swiftly throughout the city that a du Pont powder wagon had accidentally blown up. Others said the wagon belonged to another explosives manufacturer. A feeling was rife that because of the wealth of such concerns the hunt was being diverted toward radicals and other popular scapegoats.

Every clew in this direction was exhaustively investigated. Every effort was made to confirm the dying words of Frank Miller, of 700 West 179th Street: "A du Pont wagon turned over at the corner of Wall and William."

It was amazing, the number of witnesses who testified to having seen a wagon belonging to the du Ponts in the vicinity a moment or so before the blast. Others said the wagon might have belonged to the Hercules Powder Company, or to the Aetna Explosives Company, or to the Dittmar Powder Company.

The latter three were able to prove by their records that they had no vehicles carrying explosives in New York City that day—with the exception of the Dittmar people, and they showed that their wagon had not been south of Forty-fifth Street on Thursday, September 16.

The examination of the du Pont

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

No talking back.
No short stops.
Just one smooth,
effortless line after
another—that's Dixon's
"Ti-con-der-oga."
America's favorite
5¢ pencil.

DIXON'S
TI-CON-DER-OGA
An extraordinary five cent pencil
Joseph Dixon Crucible Company
Jersey City, N.J.
© 1930

FOR GUARANTEED
QUALITY
AND THE REAL
CHILE TASTE
INSIST ON
"Red Devil"
MEXENE
CHILE
Powder
LOOK FOR THE "RED DEVIL" ON THE CAN
Also
Genuine
"RED HOT"
CHILE
TAMALES
and BEANS
Write for FREE Recipe Booklet
Packed ONLY by—
WALKER PROPERTIES ASSOCIATION
AUSTIN, TEXAS

MEXENE
CHILE POWDER
SEASONING

USED
TO HAVE
PIMPLES..
IT'S DIFFERENT
NOW

thanks to DR. EDWARDS

IF you want that perfect, sea-shell complexion, so irresistibly lovely, you should try Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. An efficient substitute for calomel, mild in action, yet effective, these tablets have quickly and safely helped thousands to banish unsightly blemishes and pimples. The flush of health is restored to cheeks.

So mild yet so effective

Only a physician knows how the entire system depends upon the proper action and elimination of the intestinal tract. By the elimination of the poisonous bacteria from the intestines we keep them from going into the liver, kidneys, skin and other organs. By keeping the secretions going and eliminating the poisons from the system, we keep a clear mind, a clear skin and a bright eye.

If you are bothered with dread constipation, pimples, colorless skin; if you feel old and terribly low, take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets for a few nights. All druggists, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. Buy the large size to have them handy, always. Know them by their olive color.

Why Doesn't She Do Something About It?

BEAUTIFUL features and complexion, sparkling personality—but tell-tale flakes of dandruff that speak volumes!

Why endure unhealthy, unsightly dandruff when it can so easily be removed? Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo removes *every speck* of dandruff *instantly* under a money back guarantee. Fitch's never fails. It lathers freely and rinses easily, no acid rinse needed. And it's just as good for blonds as it is for brunettes. You must wash your hair regularly anyway—why not use a shampoo that frees your hair and scalp of dandruff at the same time?

Applications at barber shops and beauty parlors. Retail sizes at drug and department stores. Write F. W. Fitch Co., Des Moines, Ia., for generous free sample.

Fitch's

DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO

THE MYSTERY OF THE WALL STREET EXPLOSION
Continued from page fifty-five

concern and its result can be epitomized in the testimony of John R. Mulstay, chauffeur for E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. He had driven a motor for the firm. The powder factory was at Wilmington, Delaware, and the percussion caps were made at Pompton Lakes, New Jersey.

The last horse-drawn wagon owned by the du Ponts had been sold in 1918 to Michael Fitzgerald, Sedgwick Avenue and 171st Street, New York. Mulstay had handled the sale and Fitzgerald had paid $25 for the wagon. Fitzgerald later sold it to a butcher on the East Side, name and address unknown. Before selling it, he had repainted it red or brown, and EXPLOSIVES and other words had been obliterated. No clew as to what became of the wagon after Fitzgerald let it go could be found.

Not content with the records of the du Pont concern, the police inquired into the movements that day of every truck and driver, not only of explosive makers, but of every single concern in New York City and surrounding cities. Every garage was visited, and the hours of departure and return of all motor-driven or horse-drawn vehicles, and their errands that day, were checked up.

THE day after the explosion a postman found in a downtown mail box five circulars on which, in rubber stamp, was printed:

> Remember we will not tolerate any longer. Free the political prisoners or will be sure death for all of you. American Anarchists Fighters.

Numerous arrests were made, but nothing came of them. Wolfe Linde was an interesting figure for a brief time. Linde had been a stool pigeon for the police, circulating among socialists and agitators. He had later worked for William J. Burns, but the Burns agency had let him go after some disagreement about money.

Linde was said to have been seen near Wall and Broad streets the morning of the explosion. He then disappeared and was traced to Warsaw. Several detectives went to Poland and brought him back. He established a perfect alibi, and faded out of the picture.

Pietro Angelo might have known something about it. He was deported in connection with the Gimbel Brothers bombs, and later he tossed a bomb into the audience of a gala opera performance in Milan. Thirty-nine persons were killed, and Angelo got life in prison.

IF the Wall Street bomb explosion was the result of a murder plot, it speaks eloquently for the bond of silence which the lawless world imposes on its members. Because, after careful analysis of the tragedy, one is forced to the conclusion that not less than eight or nine persons must have known about it.

Somebody had to provide the explosives; somebody had to construct the bomb; somebody had to procure the horse and wagon and cover all trails to them; somebody had to be familiar with the site and the best hour to set the bomb off; somebody had to drive the wagon; somebody had to finance the whole thing; and one or two others had to be familiar with the conspiracy in its other ramifications, such as planning for the get-away and alibis.

But in more than nine years nobody has talked, either out of revenge, or out of remorse, or for the huge reward. The statute of limitations has voided civil suits; but the statute never runs on homicide. If anybody talks it will be death, either in the chair at Sing Sing or at the hands of the betrayed plotters.

Today there are few evidences in Wall Street of the famous bomb. The walls of the Morgan building are still jagged with scars, and the roof is now covered with a heavy screen to thwart anyone who might toss an infernal machine from the windows of nearby skyscrapers.

Mr. Sutherland's story of another real life mystery will appear in next week's Liberty.

Liberty is offering

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THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

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Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

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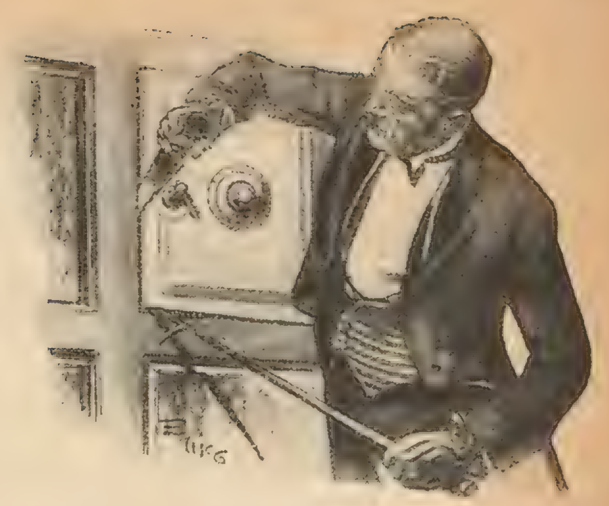
The Perfect Servant



He forced the old-fashioned safe with a cold chisel and a poker.

A Short Short Story

By

WILLIAM A. KINNEY

a native of New Jersey, two years out of college, with a job in Wall Street and an urge to write fiction.

Picture by EDGAR MCGRAW

BRADLEY was unimpeachable. His father before him had been a servant, and a very excellent one, so perhaps some of Bradley's correctness could be attributed to heredity. He had come into the service of Colonel Twelvetrees and his wife some thirty-two years ago, when they had returned from their honeymoon to the fine old family mansion on the Avenue. Time had heightened his impeccable dignity.

So when Bradley paused momentarily in the hall outside the drawing-room before entering to announce that Mrs. Preston's motor had called, he did not halt for the purpose of eavesdropping. But he could not help overhearing Mrs. Preston's high-pitched falsetto.

"I think you are very foolish, my dear, to keep such an enormously valuable necklace in a wall safe. You should put it in some safe-deposit vault. You know how these times are, and servants nowadays—"

Bradley heard his mistress' amused laugh. "Why, Helen, we trust our servants implicitly. They've all been with us for years."

The shrewish cackle interrupted, "Oh, one never can tell about servants. Give them the chance and they're all dishonest. Now, take that man of yours, my dear. You know, I've never liked his face—"

Bradley stiffened, even though he heard his mistress reply indulgently, "You must mean Bradley. Why, Helen, he is *the* perfect servant."

Bradley coughed discreetly, then entered the room to announce Mrs. Preston's motor. Being a perfect servant, he did not stare coldly at her.

The casual scrap of conversation Bradley had overheard gave him an idea, something good servants never have. But Bradley had not been paid in three months; and he permitted himself to lapse from perfection.

The famous Twelvetrees diamond necklace was a family heirloom, insured for five hundred thousand dollars. Bradley knew that. He knew also that the insurance premium on the necklace was a staggering sum; that the colonel had lost a small fortune in the recent Wall Street debacle; and that the combination of the old-fashioned, flimsy wall safe in the library was broken.

With a perfect servant such knowledge ordinarily is safe. It had been safe with Bradley until Mrs. Preston's remarks had burdened him with an idea.

IN his free hours Bradley was passionately devoted to detective stories. By nature an exceptionally law-abiding citizen, he had nevertheless always cherished the secret ambition to commit a perfect crime. Now he saw a chance. Before he retired that night, the perfect crime was planned to its last detail.

The following evening Colonel Twelvetrees and his wife were dining out. After seeing them to their limousine, Bradley went directly to the library. The other servants were dining in the far part of the house. Pulling on gloves to avoid the danger of fingerprints, he forced the old-fashioned safe with the aid of a cold chisel and the poker from the fireplace. The entire task occupied about ten minutes—it would have taken skilled hands even less time. Dropping the priceless necklace carelessly into his pocket, Bradley went to rejoin the other servants at dinner. Later in the evening he hid the necklace behind a loose brick in the dusty wine cellar.

One of the housemaids discovered the robbery the following morning. There was the routine police investigation of the servant staff by a sergeant of detectives who dropped ashes on Mrs. Twelvetrees' fine Persian rugs and appropriated a bottle of the colonel's Napoleon brandy. Bradley's alibi was unassailable. On the evening of the robbery he had dined with the other servants; afterward playing checkers with the serving butler until the colonel and his wife returned home. The colonel had gone directly to bed, and Bradley had retired immediately afterward. To his testimony was added the weight of Mrs. Twelvetrees' assurance that his honesty was unquestioned, and the police finally concluded that the theft was the work of the "high-hat" band of thieves who had been burglarizing wealthy homes.

In two weeks the excitement precipitated by the robbery had died down; only the "right" people came to the old mansion; and Bradley had almost forgotten his perfect crime.

ONE morning he glanced at the headlines of the paper before he set it down beside the master's place at the breakfast table. The headline said: "Half Million Insurance for Stolen Gems." Bradley permitted himself to scan the account further, learning that the indemnity paid to Colonel Twelvetrees for the stolen necklace was the second largest amount paid in several years; and, further, that the police expected hourly to apprehend the high-hat house looters who had stolen the heirloom.

In ten minutes the master would appear for breakfast. Bradley saw that everything was in readiness. Then he went downstairs. In the outer cellar he secured a small hammer. Letting himself into the wine cellar, he locked the door after him and lighted a candle. An innocent-looking brick in the far wall came away readily under pressure. Taking care not to soil his white cuffs, he reached in and drew out the necklace. As it lay in his hand it caught the fitful gleam of the candle, and became a handful of iridescent fire.

Bradley spread a handkerchief on the stone floor and laid the necklace on it reverently. There was his perfect crime. Then, picking up the hammer, he swung it swiftly in short arcs until the shimmering necklace was a powdered, pulverized mass of what looked like granulated sugar.

"Paste," Bradley told himself shortly. "Paste."

The last diamond of the real necklace had been sold during the market crash. Paste; only he and the master knew that secret.

Carefully he gathered up the handkerchief full of finely powdered glass. On his way upstairs he would throw it in the furnace. But he must hurry.

A perfect servant never keeps his master waiting for the mail.

THE END

Ask The Fancy Diver How He Keeps Fit!

BOB DEMING of Colgate, one of the fancy divers of the University Swimming Team, says that nobody can accuse him of having been saved from being a physical wreck. He just claims that a sensible method of health has really made life a pleasure for him.

"Believe me," he says "having free and regular bodily elimination makes all the difference in the world to a diver as well as to any other athlete. I can't afford to be nervous, sluggish, or depressed while diving. It just isn't done! I would like to urge anyone, whether they think they are in good health or not, to give Nujol a tryout. It certainly can't do any harm, and I'll bet it would make them feel a hundred per cent better."

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Read

STORY

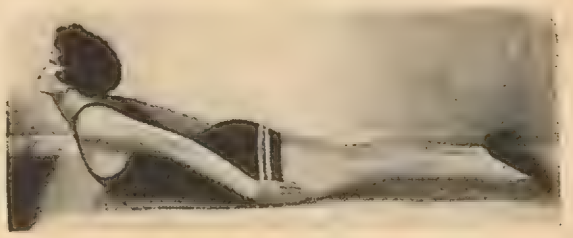
. . . by Viña Delmar

In his day, Leonard Grammond had been a star of stars in Hollywood, but now new names flickered in the mazdas, new faces captivated the nation's fans. In his most down-and-out hour came Velma Breslin, riding the crest of popularity—and a Rolls Royce too! . . Velma offered him a way out. What Grammond did about it makes a strange, colorful and human story, told by a great story teller,

IN LIBERTY NEXT WEEK

That OVERSTUFFED Look

By
EILEEN
BOURNE



Dislodging that back-of-the-neck bump.

FAT has the most maddening way of taking up accommodations on forms that weigh proportionately within standard rulings. Sometimes it is a leg that carries a flesh burden out of symmetry with the rest of the figure; sometimes an arm, or a diaphragm, or the expanse of back in the shoulder region, at the upper tip of the spine.

While it is true that if a woman is obese she will be consistently weighted down with flesh in this particular section, there are hundreds of girls and women who are lumpy between the shoulder blades and nowhere else. Unlike the too plump leg sometimes seen with a slender figure, there is an obvious reason for the padded spot at the base of the neck. It is the price of carrying the head drooped and the shoulders rounded. And dieting will not plane down this uneven surface.

While business women have no option on the round-shoulder privilege, owing to the nature of their work and the hours employed in the erroneous position adopted, they become the most susceptible.

Attention is called to this particular padding potentiality because it is more devastatingly age-lending than a double chin or even the habit of reminiscing about "how much better things were when I was a girl."

The dressmaker, tailor, or ready-made garment very often is blamed for the bad fit of a coat collar or the uneven collar line of a dress, when it is the bumpy surface beneath that spoils the effect. Anyone can detect for herself, with the aid of a triple mirror or even a hand mirror, whether the back and shoulder wings are as flat as they should be. It is in the section just below the end of the neck in back that the fat locates.

In the new frocks, a flat, young line of back is very much wanted. It controls the desired bustline, for round shoulders come from stretching certain back muscles and tightening certain muscles in front.

To straighten shoulders properly, do not square them, military fashion, or force them back in a spasmodic effort at straightening up. Simply tighten the back muscles and stretch the front ones, pulling the chest up as you stretch. Let the shoulders fall easily. This is the way to keep the wanted slender backline.

If the shoulder area is weighted down with flesh, the straightening will be harder. It may be necessary to do a few exercises daily to get rid of the excess. Quite as good an exercise as you can do is to lie flat on the back and, unaided by the arms, bring the head as far forward on the chest as you can. Turn over, and bring the head back down between the shoulders if you can.

Another good exercise is to fold the arms behind the back and rotate the shoulders, keeping the chest raised and the abdomen flat. Do this many times during the day. The first exercise you can do in bed, although the hard floor is better discipline for already pampered muscles.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 64-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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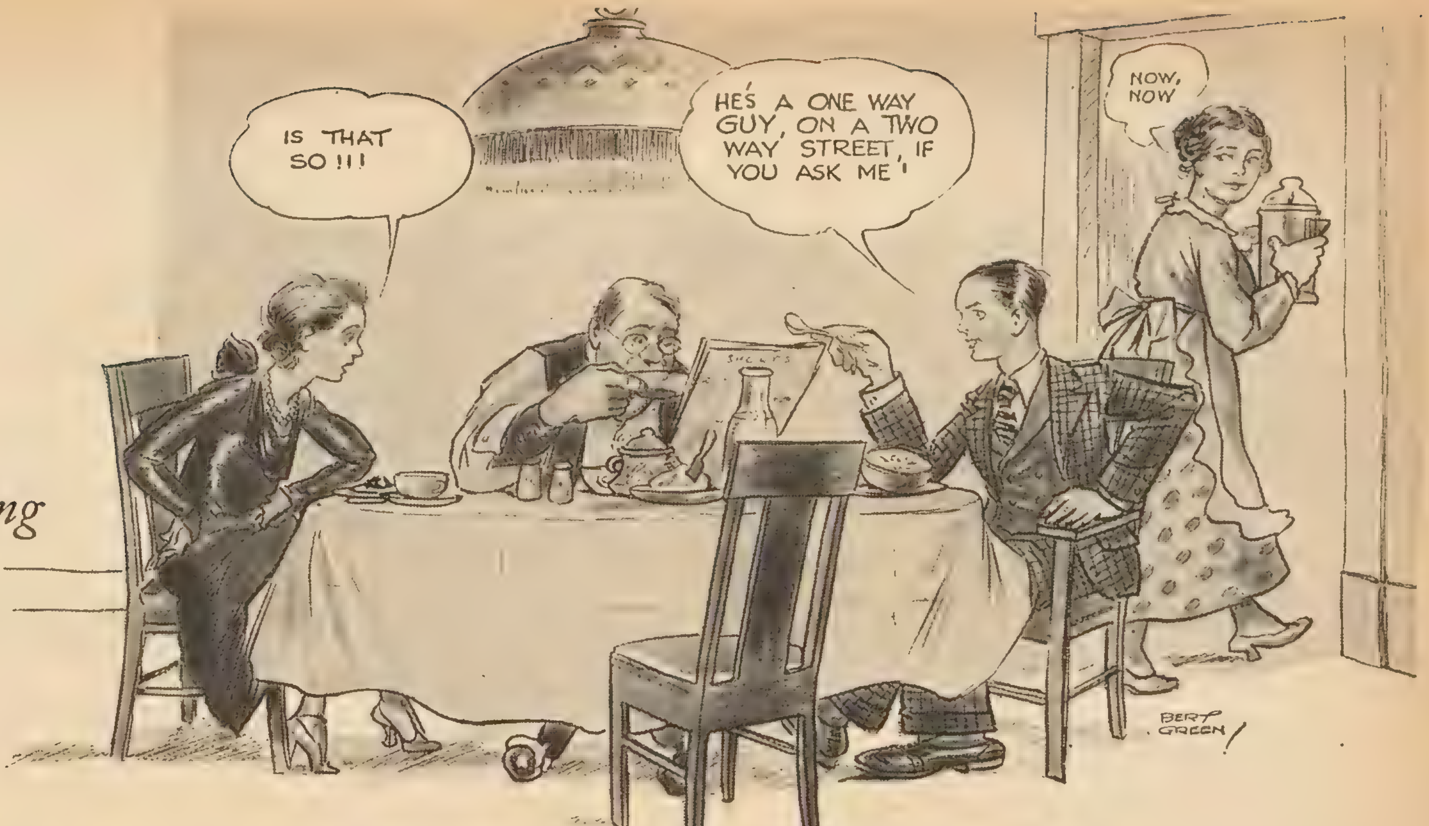

IS THAT SO!!!
HE'S A ONE WAY GUY, ON A TWO WAY STREET, IF YOU ASK ME!
NOW, NOW
BERT GREEN

Introducing The Macks

Words and Pictures

by

BERT GREEN

whose highly successful Love Letters of an Interior Decorator were introduced in Liberty three years ago with the observation that "The world may be divided into high, low, and medium brows. This piece is for low brows." The Macks are similarly recommended.

THE little hand on the Big Ben was pointing at seven, while the big one frolicked at six. Then bang! went the alarm.

"I got! I got it!" exclaimed Mrs. Mack as she reached for the clock in a sleepy daze and swung out of bed.

"Drop it in a pail of water!" groaned Mr. Mack, rubbing his eyes and stretching himself.

"Wake the kids, mom!" muttered her husband, as Mrs. Mack left the bedroom and knocked on her son's door.

"Come on, Buddy," she said. "It's twenty minutes to eight."

"Aw'right, mom."

Buddy, by the way, is the sheik of the neighborhood. Twenty-three, good-looking, high-voltage, and a regular go-gettum HE devil. Between new girls and new jobs, he's a busy guy.

"Come on, Peg, it's late!" spoke Mrs. Mack, waking up the vamp of the family.

"Aw, listen, mom! I'm sunk," wheezed Peg, as she pulled the covers over her pretty blonde head.

Peggy Mack is the love interest and comedy relief in the Mack household. As regular a twenty-year-old, cute, wise-cracking, "Step lively, both gates," 1930 typewriter wrecker, as ever powdered a nose in a downtown office. With a Garbo bob, a fourteen knee-length frock, a little rouge, and a dozen dimples, she's a traffic stop and HOW!!

"Listen here, young lady," quizzed Buddy, as he sat on the edge of his sister's bed. "What time did *you* check in this morning?"

"Who wants to know?" replied Peg with a shake of her curly head.

"I do!"

"How'd you like to fry a handful of ice?" smiled the little rascal.

"I suppose you were out whirling with that dumb cluck that toots the sax in the Plaza orchestra."

"Be your age, big boy! Easy with the whip! Where do *you* get off to put me in the steam room? He's a swell guy; don't kid yourself," snapped Peg with a bit of a frown.

"Swell, my eye! He's a stuffed shirt with patent-leather hair, if you asked me. Why, that egg wouldn't even give you the holes in his socks," sarcastically laughed Buddy.

"Listen. Don't be like that! I don't put the pump on you to find who *you* go out with, do I?"

"I know, but—"

"You don't know nothin'! You don't even know your shirt's on backwards. Look at it!" laughed Peg, pointing to the shirt. "Drag your form outer here, I gotta get dressed," she said, waving him out of the room.

"STOP your fightin'! You'll be late for the office," yelled Ma Mack as she walked back to the kitchen.

"Them kids will be the death of me yet," she said to her husband.

"Don't pay no attention to 'em, Sarah," he smiled with a nod of his head. "You were young yourself once."

"You're a fine one to be braggin', you are! Remember, the kids today ain't what they use' to be."

"Ah, go on. You were no angel!" laughed the old man.

Just then Buddy entered the dining room, patting his hair and fixing his tie. "Hello, mom, where's the chow? How about a snappy order of grapefruit?"

"Just a moment; just a moment," she said, opening a bottle of milk.

"Who won the fight, pop?" squawked Buddy.

"Battlin' Murphy! He stopped him in the fourth."

"Didn't I tell you? You can't beat the Irish!"

"Can't beat 'em is right!" laughed Pa Mack. "It says here that the 'Nation with the biggest navy should rule the world.' Sure, an' look at the Irish—they ain't even got a rowboat."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

"You said it! Why, that other palooka couldn't even hit Battlin' Murphy with a handful of bird gravel. I bet Harry Lipp a finn that Murphy'd stop him in the fourth, so I'm five bucks in the kick. Laugh that off!"

"I suppose you've got it spent already?" smiled Pa Mack.

"No, not yet. But it'll help a lot to take Gracie Lee to the movies tonight. It's her birthday."

"Why don't you save your money instead of blowin' it in on the girls around the neighborhood?" broke in Ma Mack, pouring out the coffee. "You're too young to be gallivantin' around. You better tend to your business and get ahead, instead of thinkin' about wimin."

"Now, listen, mom!" exclaimed Buddy between mouthfuls of food. "You and pa were neckin' each other when you were younger than I am. You know it. An' another thing, if pop hadn't 'a' been so bashful, I'd 'a' been a coupla years older!"

"Oh! Oh! Is that nice?" she asked, giving the old man a sly look with a bit of a blush.

"What do *you* know about it?" piped the old gent, trying to keep a straight face.

"Plenty," smiled Buddy, looking rather sheepish. "I wasn't born yesterday!"

"Aw, go on!" laughed the old folks. "You don't know what you're talkin' about!"

Just at that moment in walked Peg in a silhouette creation that left nothing to the imagination. Oh, what a picture and frame!

"Here's Mary Pickford now!" smiled her brother, jokingly.

"Lay off the comedy," snapped Peg. "Hey, mom! Where's the eats?"

"How do you want your eggs, Peggy dear?" asked Ma Mack.

"Fried—with the headlights burning."

"You would!" said Buddy. "Say, gorgeous! Why all dolled up? You must be steppin' out, or in love with your new boss."

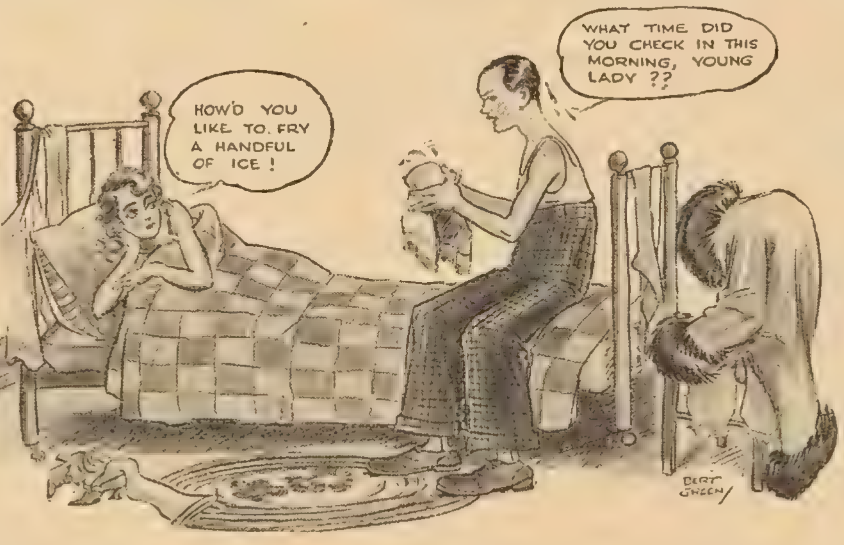
"Horsefeathers," replied his sister. "Can't I look nice without you thinkin' I'm in love with someone?"

"Applegravy," returned the sheik. "I'll bet a hat you're goin' to peg that sax tooter tonight."

"Pipe down, silly! You're just burning up because I got a regular guy."

"Regular guy, me eye. No kiddin'! Just because you got a knock-down to a varsity goof with a sport car you think you're the oyster's suspenders."

"You said a mouthful."


HOW'D YOU LIKE TO FRY A HANDFUL OF ICE!
WHAT TIME DID YOU CHECK IN THIS MORNING, YOUNG LADY ??
BERT GREEN

"HO, ho, ho!" laughed Buddy. "He's a one-way guy on a two-way street, if you ask me."

"How do you make that out?" asked Peg.

"Well, remember that night we went to the I Tappa Keg dance over to the Ritz? Who bought the tickets? Who went on the line for the gas? Who socked up for the chow? *I did!!* Sure, and when the waiter O'Sullivaned in with the swindle sheet, who got paralyzed? Big-hearted Otis, that's who did."

"Well, he happened to be clean that night."

"Clean is right! He wouldn't part with a dime to watch the Statue of Liberty buy a drink."

"Is that so?" chirped Peg. "Well, you better loosen up and pay the installment on the Model T Ford, or it'll go all the way back to Detroit. Grin that off!!"

"Now, now, now, kids! Don't fight!" interrupted Ma Mack.

"We ain't fightin', mom," exclaimed Buddy. "I'm just givin' Peg the low-down on her heavy boy friend."

"Listen to what's beefin', ma," laughed his sister, pointing to Buddy. "Mr. Leggett's high-powered soda squirter. Back to the pecans, kid, the sundaes are callin' you! Listen, big boy," continued Peg, trying to get a rise. "Where do you get off to razz me about my sweetie? That false alarm you're goin' with is no sensation."

"Pipe down, silly, you're off your sound track," exclaimed the sheik, rather fussed. "She's a cute little frail. I guess her family's as good as that yes-and-no punk you're goin' with."

"I laugh!" roared Peg. "Why, she's a perfect freak. Say, she's so thin she could take a bath in a fountain pen. Nothin' in front and less behind."

"Well, she's aces with me!"

Just then the doorbell rang as the postman nearly blew the bean out of his well known whistle.

"I'll go!" exclaimed Ma Mack, as she ankled forth to the door.

Ma Mack walked into the dining room with two letters. "One for Master Buddy Mack," she said, "and the other for Mr. Thomas Mack, the boss!"

BUDDY took the letter and gazed at the little celluloid window in the envelope. "That's all *I* draw—is bills!" tearing open the envelope.

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed the vamp. "I told you you better kick in on the Ford or little Gracie Lee will be taking it on the heel."

"Aw, go sit on a tack and hatch nails," squawked Buddy.

At that moment, in walked Pa Mack all excited. "Listen to this! Listen to this!" he said, trying to quiet the family. "Here's a letter from a lawyer's office what says:

"Mr. Thomas Mack and Family:

"Dear Sir:

"The will of the late Miss Nellie Stub, who died on the 15th, will be opened and read at the Surrogate's office on the 27th day of March, 1930.

"We respectfully request that all members of your family be present on the above mentioned date.

"Yours very truly,
"HOOKUM, DOOEM & CHISELEM,
"Attorneys for the Deceased."

"Well, for cripe sake!" mentioned the banana split, jumping to his feet. "That's a surprise party."

"I'll be jim swizzled!" exclaimed the vamp.

"Great heavens above!" gasped Mrs. Mack as she folded up in a chair.

"Can you imagine that?" said the old man with a tear in his eye. "Poor Nellie's dead. And to think she remembered me."

"Where do you get that *me* stuff?" chorused the whole family.

"Oh, what's the difference," asked the cake-eater, "as long as *we* get the jack?"

"Come on, you kids, you'll be late for work," yelled Ma Mack, and she hustled them into their coats.

"The job be darned!" squawked the kids.

"Come on," hollered the old man, waving them out. "You better not be countin' your chickens before they're hatched."

"Oh, boy!" squawked Buddy. "When Mr. Leggett sees his main attraction drivin' a nifty straight eight down Fifth Avenue, he'll swoon!"

"Brother, when I drag my form down Wall Street in a ritzy raccoon coat, I sure will slay those dizzy dames that snooted me."

"Goo-by, mom!"

"Goo-by, pop!" they yelled as they beat it to the office in a "fifteen and five."

Did the Mack family get the money? How much? What did they do with it? You will find out in an early issue.

"—And Lastly, Dear Brethren—"

A New For the Love o' Lil

"DO you know what this suit smells like?" Sandy asked Lil, swallowing two soda mints on account of his breakfast pancake gluttony. "A moth-ball factory. Cedar flakes—"

"Yes, I see them," she said. "I'll brush you off. You look like a butcher's floor."

This week's cover picture.

"A butcher's floor?" he demanded. "I thought I looked like a sheik, the hit of the congregation."

"Well, they'll all wonder what struck them when you walk in," she told him, whisking her brush around his ear lobes. "I don't think you've been inside that church since they had the drive for the new cushions." Whisk-whisk-whisk.

The back of Sandy's neck turned red. Partly from the brush, partly from conscience. "I send 'em money," he mumbled.

"A poor excuse is worse than none," she said. "Now that Ulysses is old enough to sit up in a pew, you're going to church. What with golf, and monasteries being dynamited in Russia, I fear for our baby's morals."

"I fear for my golf score," he grinned. "I feel more at home in knickies on Sunday. Even on Easter."

"Not this Easter!" Lil piped up. "There're the bells!"

She began to fly around like a dry leaf in March. She felt very out-of-breath. As though she'd been demonstrating a vacuum cleaner for a week and had finally sold it. Sandy was really going to church! And the baby was going for the first time since he'd been christened! She'd sent an Easter lily to the altar and twelve dollars' worth of hyacinths to St. Maude's Hospital.

"It's my first spring thrill," she said, slipping a gardenia in Sandy's buttonhole. "The baby may cry and you may have to take him out, but we've got to start him in the straight and narrow path."

"New shoes, new shoes, new shoes!" little U. was shouting at the front door. "Got new shoes!"

"Sh-sh! Not so loud," Lil whispered at the gate, turning around to look at her azalea in the window.

"Walk to church like a soldier," Sandy said.

"Hurry, oh, hurry!" Lil gasped in front of the church. "The organ!" And she rushed into the vestibule saying, "Happy Easter!" to other late parishioners.

"Hail the morn of mystic beauty!" the congregation began to sing with a queer variety of notes.

Short prayer. Anthem. Solo. First lesson. Hymn. Second lesson. Long prayer. Offertory.

"Wanna wabbit," U. whined. "Wanna wabbit."

"Sh-sh!" Sandy warned, handing him the lump of sugar he'd been saving for a hungry horse. He flipped a twenty spot into the plate. Lil caught her breath.

The sermon! She counted red hats and the sections of glass in a window. Sandy yawned. U. fell asleep and made funny snappy noises with his lips.

"—And lastly, dear brethren," the minister concluded, quite oblivious of the wave of hope which spread over his sleepy flock.

"Thank heaven," Sandy sighed. And he stole a wicked peek at his wrist watch. "Happy Easter!"

(Next week's cover adventure: Serenade)

COMING SOON

For the Love o' Lil—a Columbia picture at your favorite movie theater

EDISON
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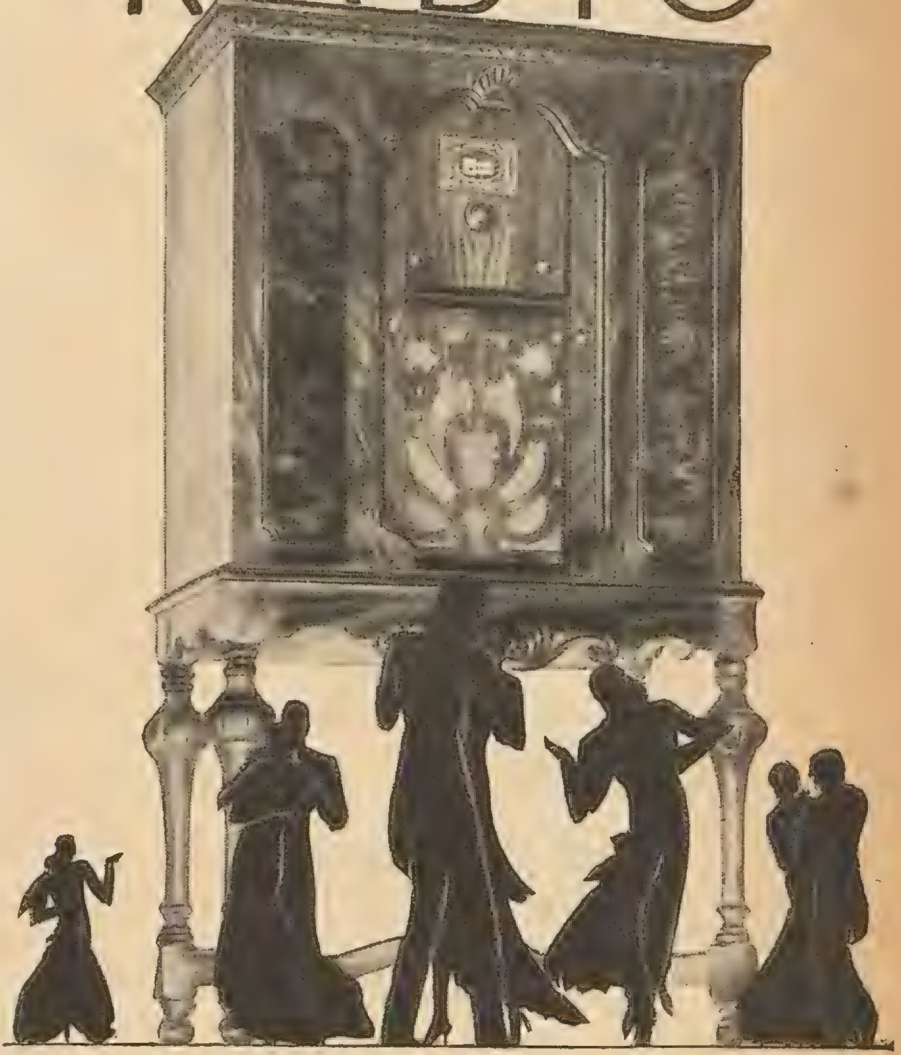
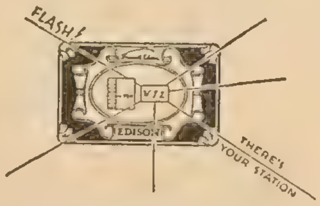
RADIO



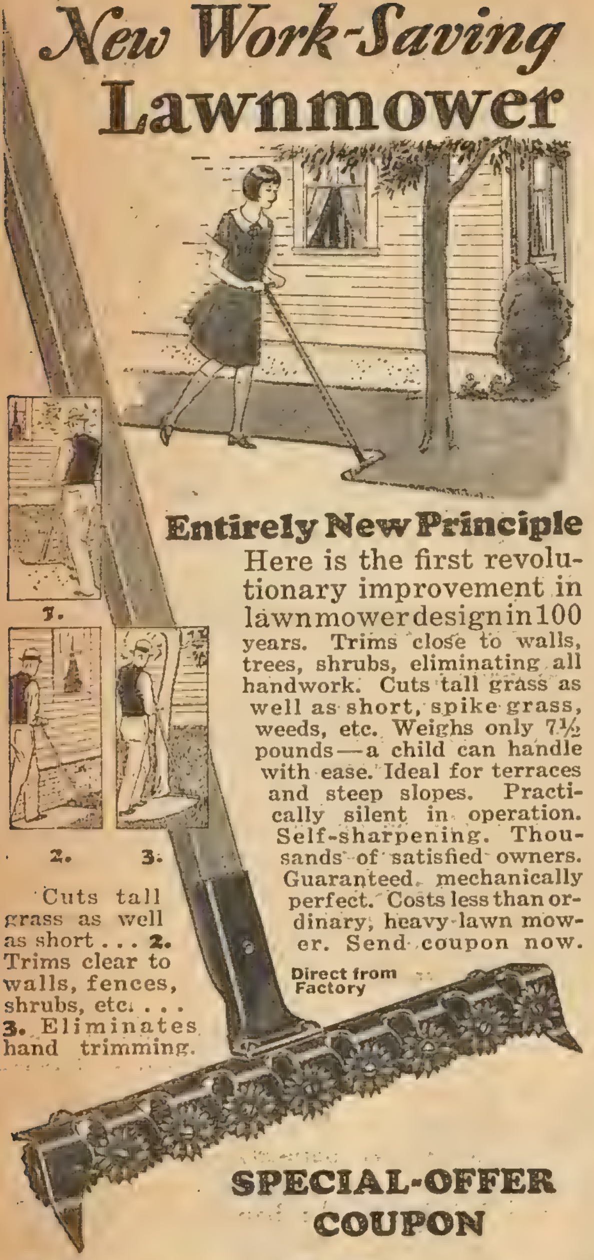
Built by Edison! The signature on the dial of the Edison Light-O-Matic Radio will be a constant reminder that you have invested your radio money wisely ● You choose an Edison secure in the knowledge that it will serve you through the years of tomorrows. It is a flawless musical instrument. Its tone is the actual tone of the artist's performance ● Built on the firmest foundation modern science knows—years of scientific research in the Edison Laboratories—it is a radio that will live long with that great name—Thomas A. Edison.



Alone among radios, the Edison possesses Light-O-Matic Tuning, which instantly, easily and accurately brings in your favorite stations, announcing each arrival with a flash of crimson light.

The model illustrated is the Edison R-4 ...a rich, dignified console model in blended walnut finish with quarter matched sliding doors and raised walnut panels, electro-dynamic speaker and phonograph switch, $215, less tubes. Other models from $175, less tubes. (Prices slightly higher in the far west.) Send for the interesting booklet "Edison's Part in Radio".

DESIGNED AND BUILT IN THE LABORATORIES OF Thomas A. Edison ORANGE, N. J.



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THIS is just one of Mapleine's many every-day uses. Write for your copy of our new "MAPLEINE COOKERY," over 200 recipes. In the meantime, a recipe folder is wrapped around every bottle—at your grocer's.

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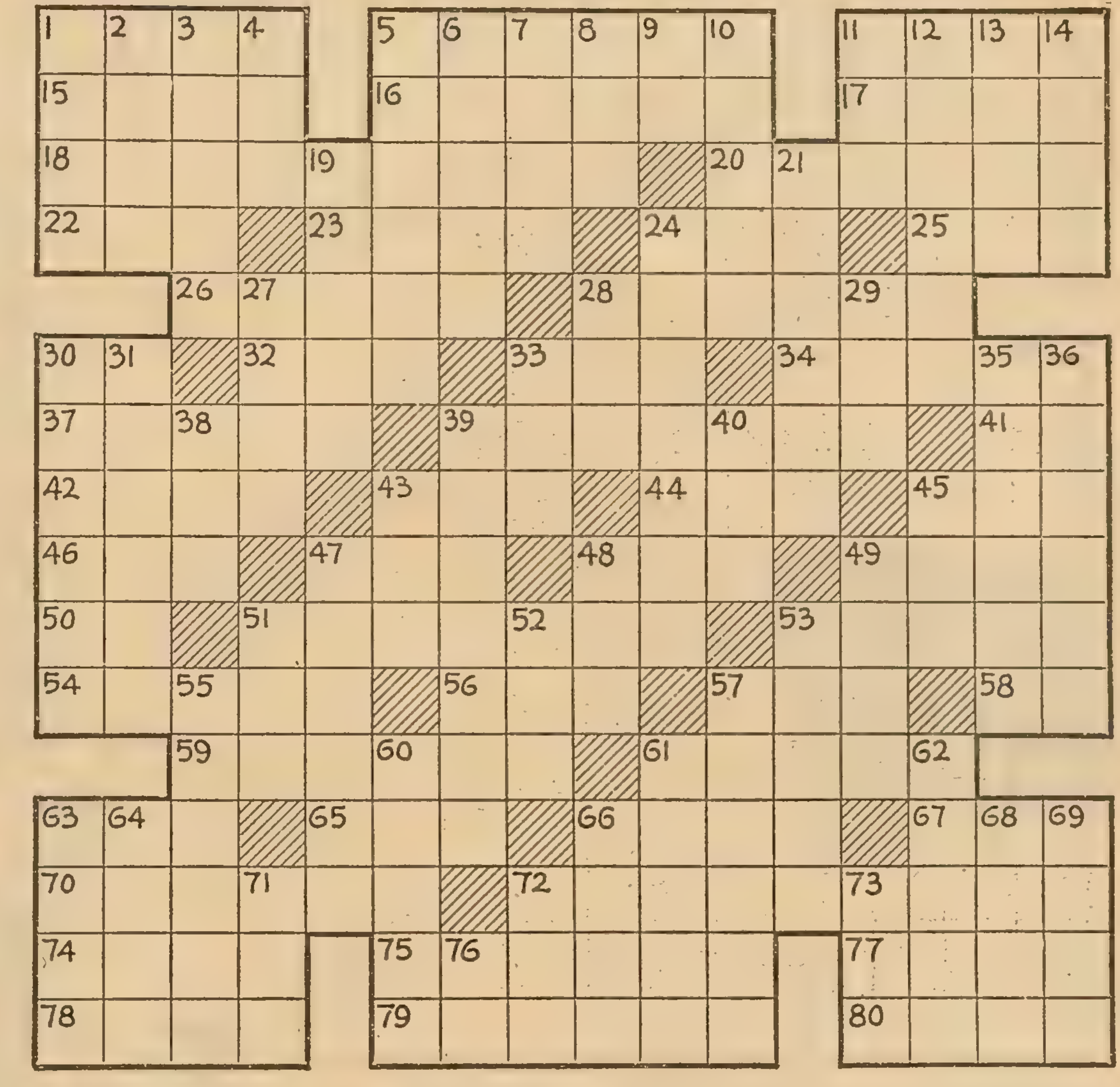
Liberty's Twin

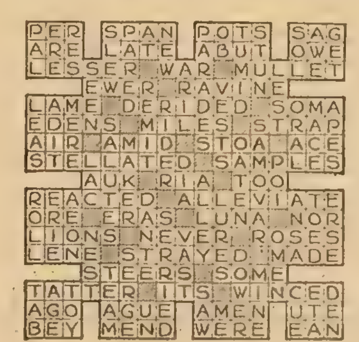


HORIZONTAL

1 A file
5 An important part of the British Empire
11 Recedes
15 Wind instrument
16 Priestly vestments
17 Lake or pool
18 Sultan's dominion
20 Species of pigeon
22 Devoured
23 Political dictator
24 The tip of a thing
25 Small fish of the carp kind
26 Wild plums
28 Decorated with a border or fringe
30 Exclamation
32 Measures of area
33 A container
34 Genus of palms
37 Concerning
39 Head coverings
41 A conjunction
42 Painful
43 Jackdaw
44 Woman's name
45 Distant
46 Hasten
47 Warm eggs for hatching, as a fowl
48 A constellation
49 Male progenitor
50 Type measure
51 Systematic written account of events
53 A game
54 Denude
56 A tree
57 A constrictor
58 Latin word for and
59 Annex; subjoin
61 Leaf of an herb
63 Coin of an Asiatic nation
65 Goddess of dawn in Greek mythology
66 Exclamation expressive of sorrow
67 Form of to be
70 Court officers
72 Covered with plaster or similar material
74 Greek letter
75 Interpolate
77 Old type of verse
78 Colorer
79 Spreads by rumor
80 A ruler

VERTICAL

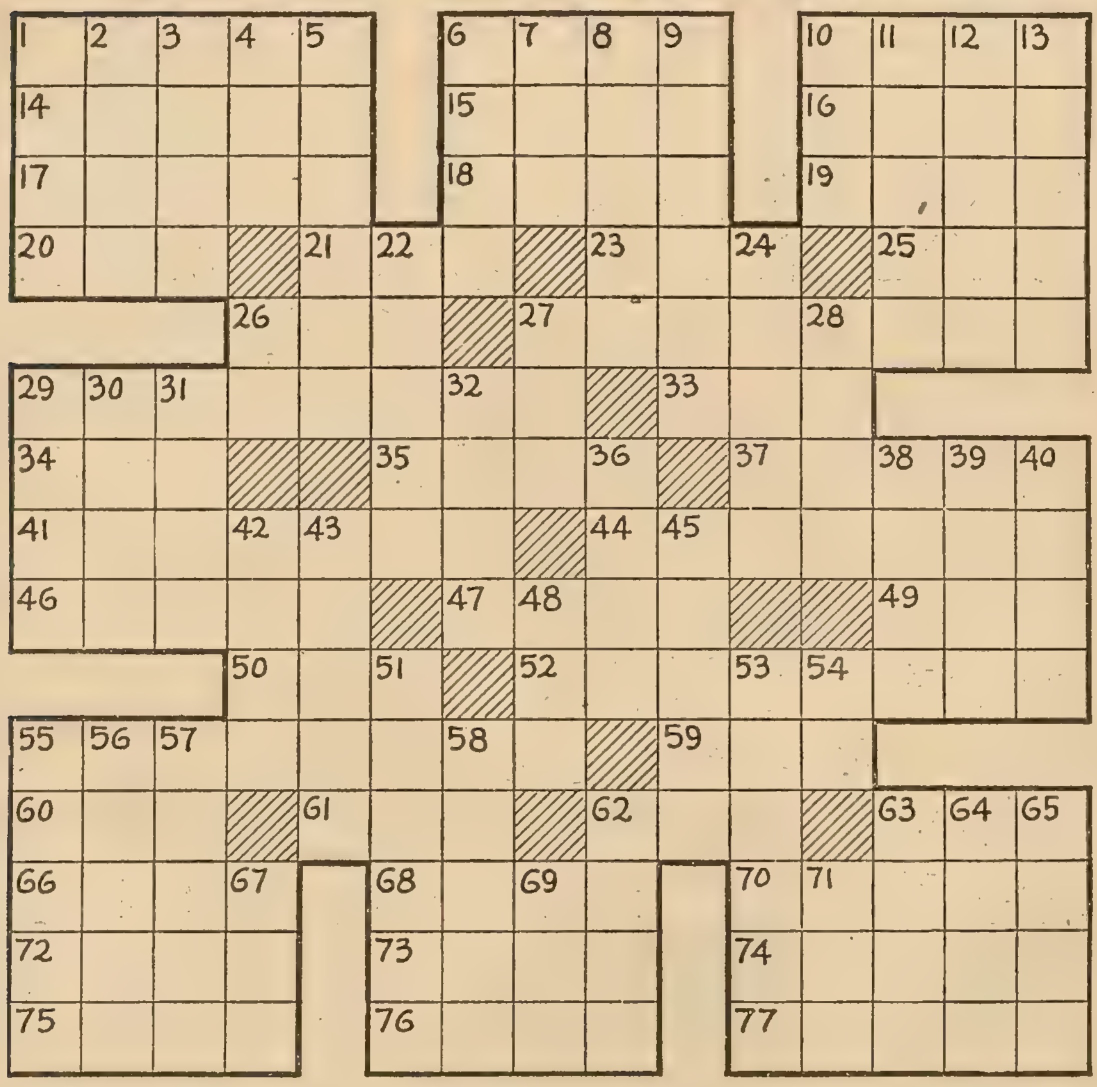
1 Woman's name
2 To border on
3 Part of a shoe (plural)
4 To play with fondly
5 Light boat (plural)
6 To accumulate
7 Insect's eggs
8 Playing card
9 Prefix: down
10 Turkish money of account
11 The bitterbark
12 Befall
13 Propagated, as stock
14 Dry and withered
19 To give birth prematurely
21 To make an offering
24 Convent
27 Small road
28 Greek god of flocks and pastures
29 The bitter vetch
30 Minces and mixes
31 Spread over, as oil
33 Female moose
35 Of inferior quality
36 Detain
38 Sooner than
39 Fastens with strips of wood (nautical)
40 Woman's name
43 Roman underworld god
45 Exclamation
47 One who drinks little by little
48 Weapon of offense
49 A fish
51 Haunch
52 Aged
53 Land immediately abutting the sea
55 Having a flat breastbone
57 Violent gusts of wind
60 A dyestuff
61 Tone characteristic of a trumpet
62 Noblemen
63 Sour
64 A city in New York
66 Beverages
68 One of the kings of Midian (Bible)
69 State in India
71 Attention
72 Greek letter
73 Corrode
76 Not



PER SPAN POTS SAG
ARE LATE ABUT OWE
LESSER WAR MULLET
EWER RAVINE
LAME DERIDED SOMA
EDENS MILES STRAP
AIR AMID STOA ACE
STELLATED SAMPLES
AUK RIA TOO
REACTED ALLEVIATE
ORE ERAS LUNA NOR
LIONS NEVER ROSES
LENE STRAYED MADE
STEERS SOME
TATTER ITS WINCED
AGO AGUE AMEN UTE
BEY MEND WERE EAN

Answer to last week's puzzle

Puzzle Pages

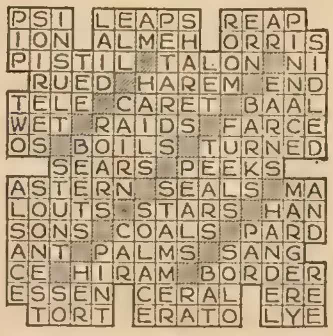


HORIZONTAL

1 Stops and stands still obstinately
6 Prejudice or partiality
10 Female Oriental servant
14 One of the rebel angels in Paradise Lost
15 Measure of area
16 River in Arizona and New Mexico
17 Herb belonging to the genus Cassia
18 Torn
19 Leave undone; to neglect
20 A loose end, rag, or tatter
21 Those at the front of any movement
23 Siamese coin
25 Compass point
26 Display ostentatiously, as an opinion
27 Isolated
29 Mettlesome horse (plural)
33 Australian bird
34 A greasy liquid
35 An eternity
37 An open square
41 Position or bearing of the body
44 Native of a particular European country
46 Wading bird
47 An openwork fabric
49 Egg of a parasitic insect
50 Gaelic form of John
52 Deprive of natural qualities
55 A fuel
59 Biblical name (Apocrypha, Esdras 5)
60 Form of to be
61 A sheep
62 African antelope
63 Mohammed's nephew
66 Giant in Hindu mythology
68 Wind instrument
70 Reëspouse
72 Utilized
73 Of the mouth
74 Woman's name
75 Lascivious
76 Memorandum
77 Mountain range in South America

VERTICAL

1 Woody fiber
2 A tract of the earth's surface
3 Large marine fish
4 Range of perception
5 Slavonic
6 Farm building
7 To frost
8 Wild buffalo of India (plural)
9 Bench with high back
10 Past
11 Played a part with mimic action
12 Place in a row
13 Detested
22 In or to the rear
24 A city in Florida
26 One indefinitely
27 Prefix indicating equality or sameness
28 Of no legal force or validity
29 Small sharp explosive sounds
30 Disorderly behavior; tumult
31 In addition
32 Dance of the Scottish Highlanders
36 City in France
38 One of a people of Japan
39 Biblical name (2 Kings 8)
40 Stake in poker
42 Group of three
43 Former Russian decree or proclamation
45 Part of a carpenter's joint
48 American humorist
51 Massachusetts city
53 Absence of urine
54 Toward
55 Afghanistan province
56 Expunge
57 Restore to freshness
58 Combining form: pertaining to a nerve
62 High wind
63 Overcome with reverential fear
64 An unaspirated consonant
65 Small fish (plural)
67 Subjoin
69 A club
71 An eagle


PSI LEAPS REAP
ION ALMEH ORRIS
PISTIL TALON NI
RUED HAREM END
TELE CARET BAAL
WET RAIDS FARCE
OS BOILS TURNED
SEARS PEEKS
ASTERN SEALS MA
LOUTS STARS HAN
SONS COALS PARD
ANT PALMS SANG
CE HIRAM BORDER
ESSEN CERAL ERE
TORT ERATO LYE

Answer to last week's puzzle

How to Set a Wave in 12 Seconds

HAIR blooms with beauty

Whether bobbed or worn long with a tiny knot in the nape of the neck, you can keep your hair clean, beautiful, perfectly coiffed and gleaming with enchanting lustre.

Just brush this amazing, greaseless preparation into the hair for 12 seconds each day. Its effect is magical. It sets a finger, marcelle or water-wave and glorifies a permanent. It brings out the natural wave and keeps each strand of hair in its proper place.

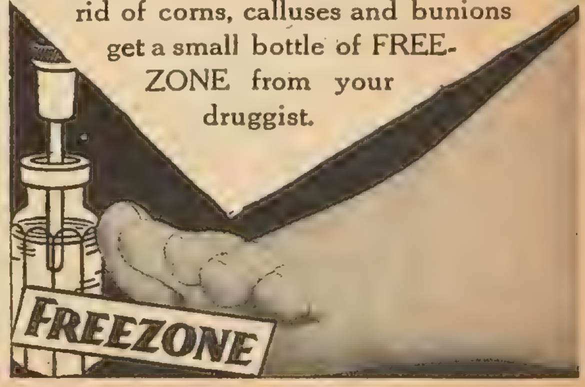
It is a rare blend of those vegetable ingredients found to be most beneficial to hair and scalp. That is why it adorns the hair with such a wonderful lustre and keeps it so utterly healthy.

If you want hair that others will rave over,—healthy, lustrous, soft hair, gleaming with life and always perfectly dressed—ask your druggist for Hair Groom—Liquid or Paste. Brush a little into the hair each morning and results will delight you.

Pain stopped in a flash then—

2 year old CORN lifts off with fingers

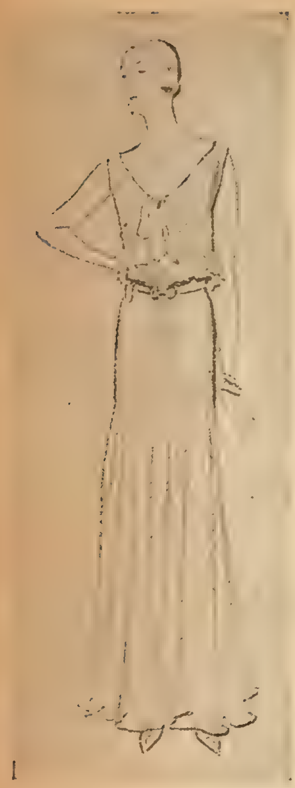
Off came corn that had ached for years! FREEZONE is the friend of foot comfort. FIRST DROP STOPS PAIN—INSTANTLY. Soon corn lifts right off easily, painlessly. Easy to apply, safe and always sure. To get rid of corns, calluses and bunions get a small bottle of FREEZONE from your druggist.



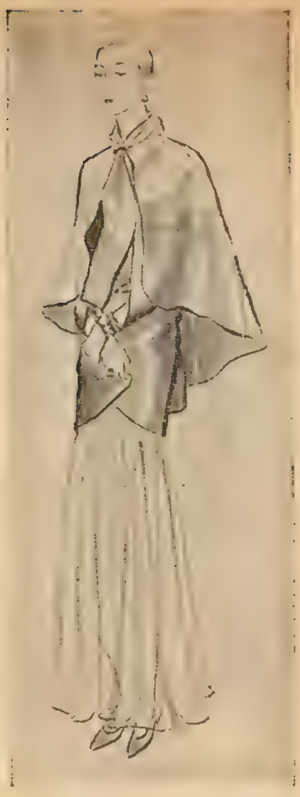
"After Life"

By

BETTINA BEDWELL



A pink chiffon dinner dress, heavily shirred.



Pink satin made this wrap for summer nights.

Paris.

LUCIEN LELONG, as I have heretofore explained, sits down and holds the pulse of life before he starts out mode-making. That is one great big reason why Lelong clothes are always "just what I wanted" to heaps of women the world over.

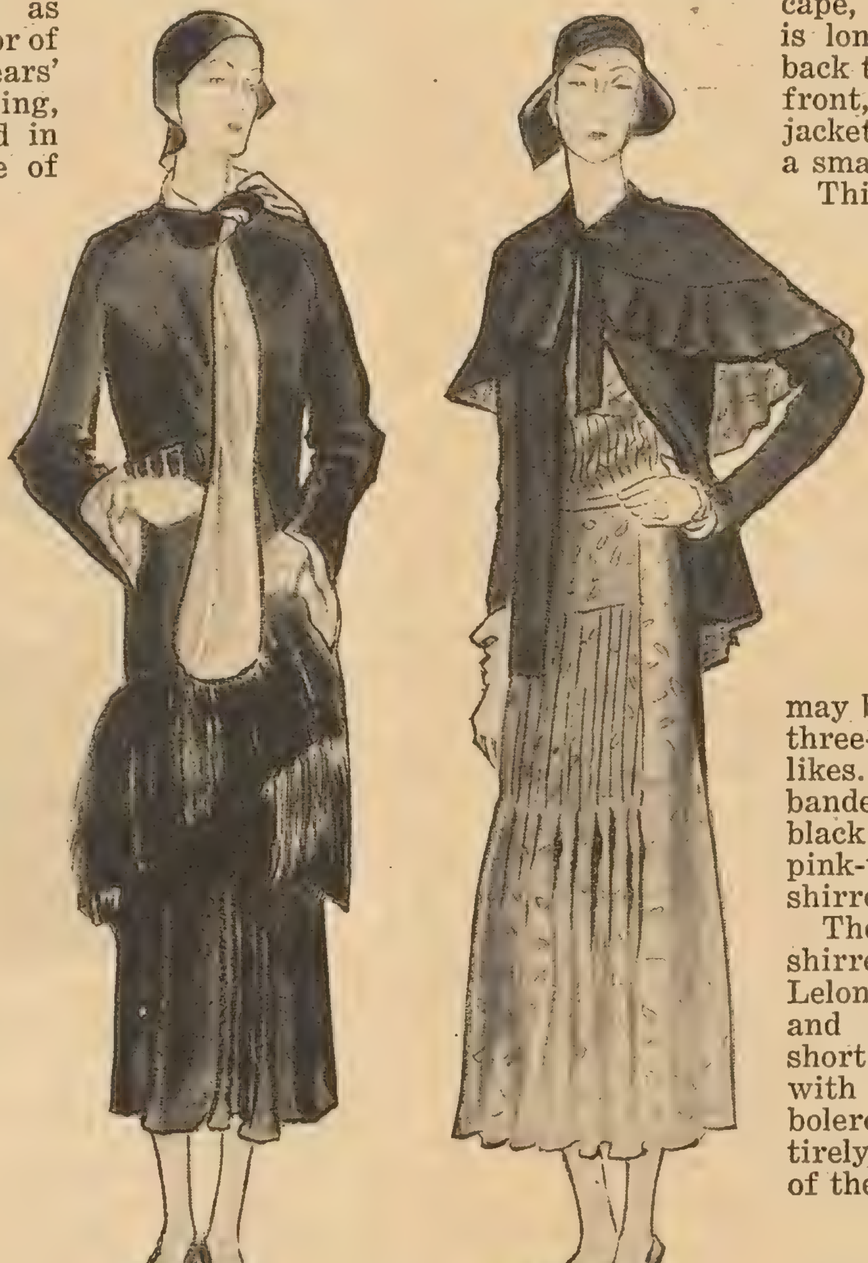
Lelong has been very busy taking the temperature and counting the pulse of the life we lead, and his spring fashions are the result: clothes that avoid exaggeration as cleverly as a bachelor of many years' standing avoids a wedding ring, and clothes that are classified in different divisions from those of last season.

The afternoons are getting much—oh, very much!—longer in fashions, according to Lelong and other great Paris couturiers. Mornings are just mornings and end at noon, and sports, with their specialized clothes, are a thing apart, not fashion's whole existence. This makes afternoon clothes one of the fashion forces to be reckoned with, and when you notice that afternoons and their styles keep right on happening till nine o'clock of a spring and summer evening, and sometimes far into the night, you can begin to figure on an afternoon wardrobe that will be adequate to dress women "after life" as lived today.

Lucien Lelong devotes a great deal of his spring fashions to afternoon clothes, dividing them into two large classes—simple afternoon and late afternoon. These types are outstanding features of Paris spring styles generally.

A FEW important details should be remembered in selecting afternoon clothes. Skirts for afternoon are decidedly longer than those of practical clothes. Informal afternoon skirts are smarter when they are at most no more than twelve inches from the ground; and late afternoon will bring out many skirts to the ankles, though you needn't have them that long if you do not want to. Waistlines will appear normal, but you may place them either above or below the real line—the idea being to have it where it is most becoming. Afternoon coats, in most cases, will be shorter than the dresses they are worn with, and they will be soft and feminine in line and details.

A Lelong informal afternoon ensemble that illustrates the mode perfectly is shown in the lower right sketch. This ensemble has a printed flat crêpe dress in pastel tones of blue, the skirt being just ten inches from the floor. The short cape-coat of this ensemble is made of black crêpe, and the ruffled cape, which is longer in back than in front, is lined with print, as is the jacket body. The soft tie collar is a smart detail.



Two afternoon ensembles from Lelong. On the left, black satin trimmed with pink satin and black fox. On the right, a pale blue crêpe frock with a short cape-coat in black crêpe.

This is an informal afternoon ensemble of the best type; and the black satin Lelong ensemble beside it is the ideal late afternoon outfit. In making this Lelong combines black and shell-pink satin, one of the smartest color schemes in Paris.

THE coat of this ensemble has a scarf collar lined with pink, and the loose sleeves are also lined with pink. They may be turned back to achieve the three-quarters length that Paris likes. The bottom of the coat is banded with black fox, and the black satin dress has a draped, pink-trimmed bodice and a wide shirred and circular skirt.

The upper left sketch shows a shirred pink chiffon dress from Lelong for very late afternoon and informal evening, and the short pink satin cape-coat that goes with it is shown opposite. The bolero bodice of this dress is entirely hand-shirred, as are the tops of the skirt panels.

* * *

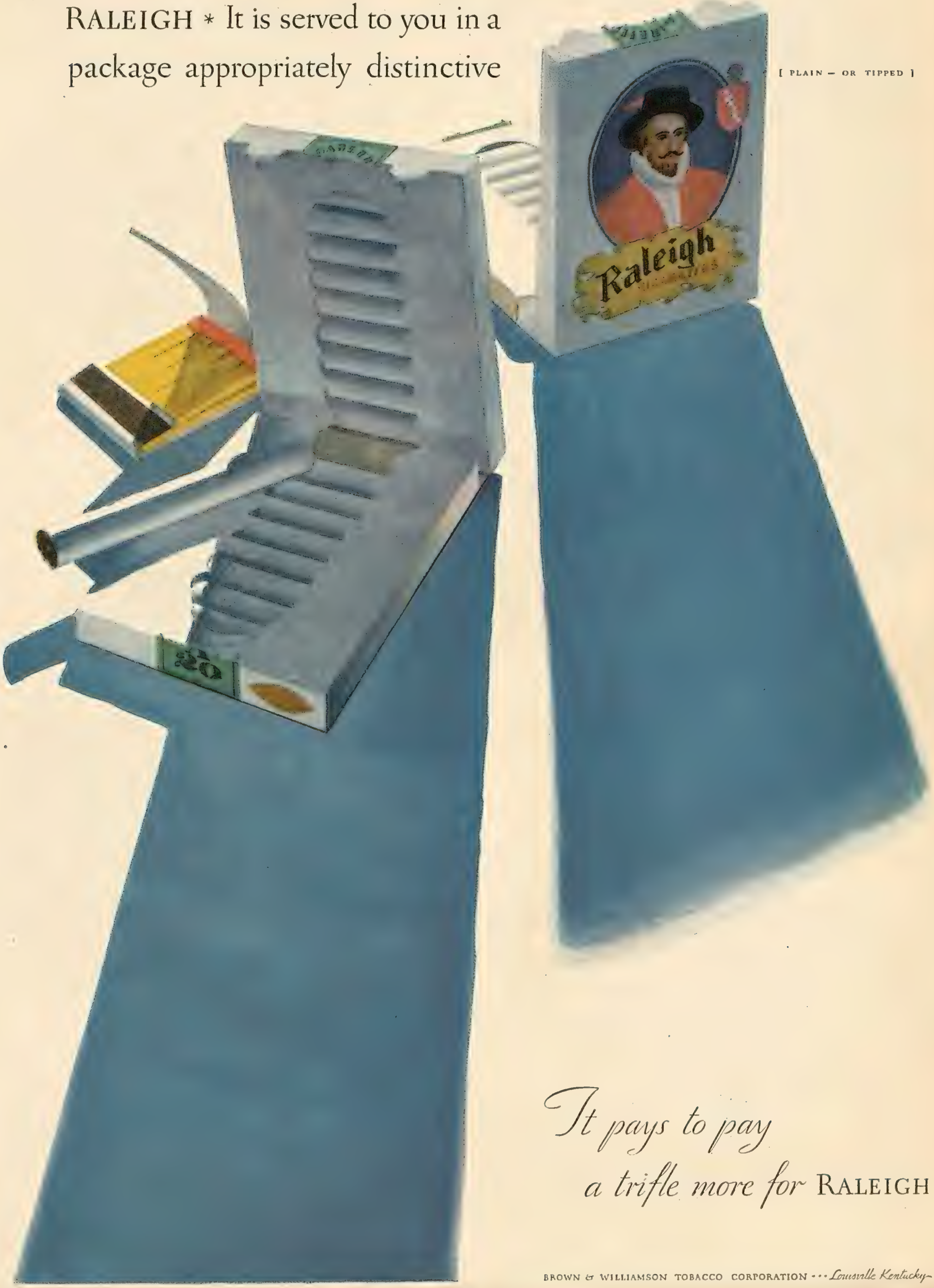
Hemlines of dresses are smartly ragged, Chanel's sawtooth and petal edges being pleasing examples.

Callot, Chanel, and other great Paris dressmakers hang the afternoon mode with lace. Valenciennes lace ruffles on crêpe and chiffon dresses are a Callot feature. Narrow lace bands, lace-trimmed foundations for evening, and all-lace frocks are Chanel details.

Little circular capes, made of wool to match street dresses, and worn either as scarfs or capes, are a big success of the Chanel showing. These capes are lined with printed silk.

There's no other cigarette quite like RALEIGH * It is served to you in a package appropriately distinctive

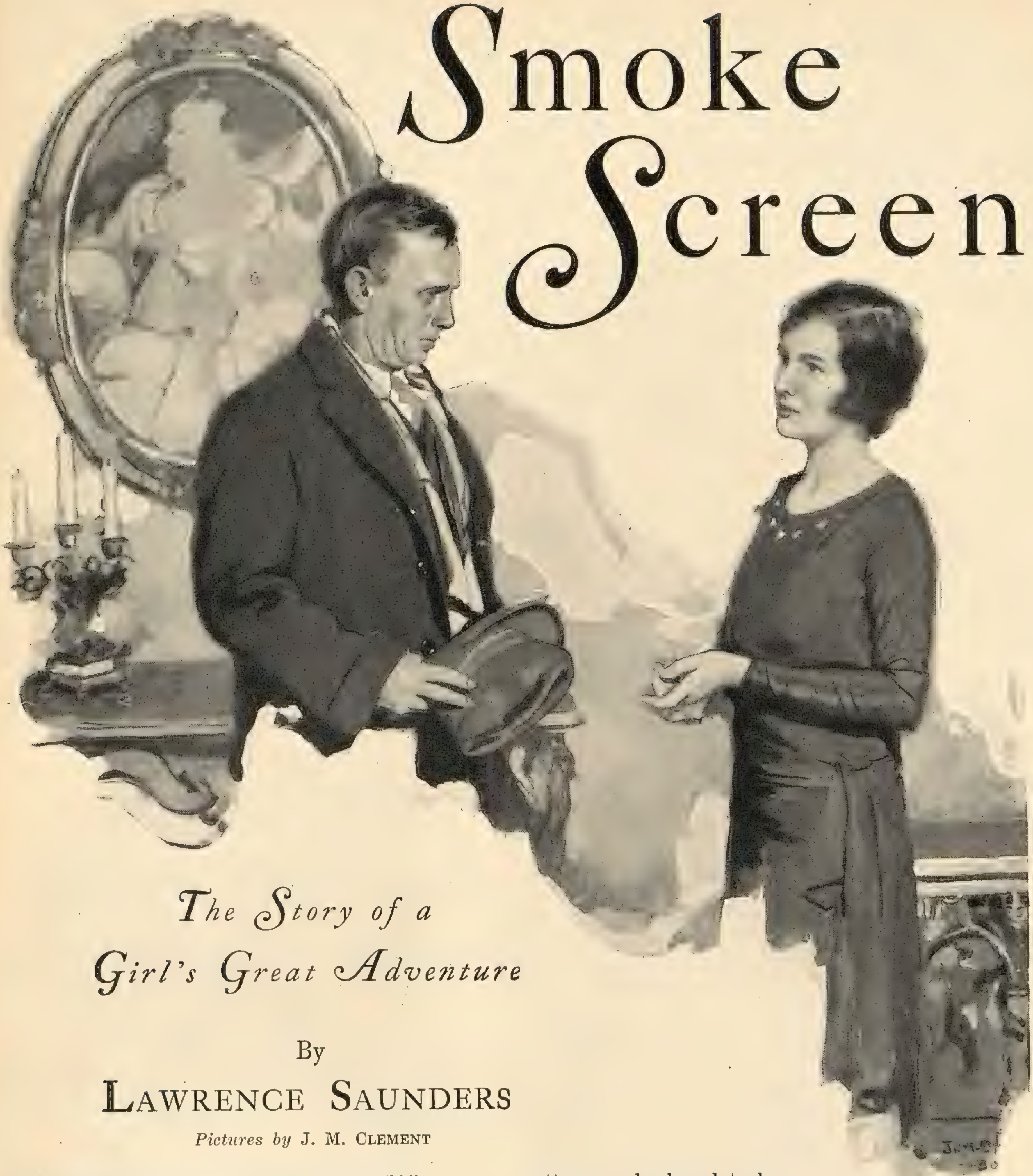
[PLAIN — OR TIPPED]



It pays to pay a trifle more for RALEIGH

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION ··· *Louisville Kentucky*

Smoke Screen



Hunt did not even wait to look around him. "Do you know where O'Toole is?" he demanded.

The Story of a Girl's Great Adventure

By

LAWRENCE SAUNDERS

Pictures by J. M. CLEMENT

"I DON'T believe Alice Blair killed herself."

Sally Lomax made this announcement to Johnny Rorke. They were both reporters on the Houston Pioneer.

"Wild idea!" was Johnny's retort. "No woman lays herself down on a bed and lets a murderer shoot her through the mouth without a struggle."

Lovely Alice Blair's death was not the beginning of the mystery that was baffling Sally and Johnny. That mystery had started in a fire which the two reporters, out joy riding, had run into by accident. A shack on Telephone Road, out from Houston, Texas, had partially burned. Inside, Martin Fox, aged about sixty, and Angela Blair Browning, Alice's older sister, lay dead.

The first theory was suffocation until Sally unearthed bundles of kerosene-soaked newspapers and Johnny discovered two empty whisky glasses which contained traces of poison.

Little was known of Martin Fox. Judge Morrison, an attorney who hoped to be governor, owned the shack and had let Fox live in it rent free.

Mrs. Angela Browning, it was learned, had a private hospital in Galveston, and had furnished the funds to establish Alice as proprietress of a dress shop in Houston. And, further, it came to light that, shortly before the fire, Angela had been driven to Houston by one Terry O'Toole, a personable young man who had served a sentence as a bootlegger.

Alice, it seemed, was engaged to O'Toole. This had enraged Mrs. Browning. Naturally, suspicion fell on the bootlegger and remained there until it was learned that, at the time of the fire, Alice was taking an unexplained post-midnight drive. Then followed the alleged suicide, and "Where is O'Toole?" became the key question.

When Andy Hunt, city editor of the Pioneer, had sent his men to look for him, and Richard Lomax, Sally's district attorney brother, was searching personally, who should walk in on Sally at the Lomax home but Terence O'Toole himself!

"I did not do it," he told the amazed girl. "The man who did is responsible for Alice's death. *I want that man!*"

PART SIX—TERRY COMES THROUGH

SALLY spoke quietly. "Who is he, Mr. O'Toole?"

"God, if I only knew! Do you suppose if I knew who did it I would be here? By God, he would have been dead at two o'clock this afternoon! It doesn't take long to fill a skunk full of lead.

"Listen, I'm going to tell you all about this thing from the beginning. Do you mind? I think if I can talk it out logically, maybe I'll get somewhere. All I've been doing is thinking about one angle of it and then another until I'm almost crazy. All the time afraid to talk to Alice on the telephone for fear they'd catch me and bring worse sorrow on her. She would never admit even to me that her sister was not the saint those little tarts down in Galveston thought she was. I couldn't talk to the folks I was staying with; it wasn't fair to them to let them know too much. Police officers aren't very polite to the friends of a man suspected of murder—friends who have been hiding him.

"I'VE been running liquor from ships in Galveston and along the Ship Channel for more than two years. That old house on Telephone Road was my depot. We dug a cellar under the house where we stored the stuff. We never sold it on the premises; too risky. I don't think there is much stuff out there now; I had it about cleaned out last week, and I came up here the night before the fire to make arrangements with old man Fox for another load to come in this week-end. I think there's about a case of good Bourbon out there, but that's all. That Bourbon was not sold much. It's bonded warehouse stuff. We kept that for special customers and presents.

"When I got out of jail, two years ago, I was sick and broke. Somebody told me that Angela Browning would let me in her hospital; that I could be taken care of in the medical ward, away from her maternity cases; and that I could pay her when I got the cash. I went out there and she took me in. When I was well, she gave me two hundred and fifty dollars to stake me, and asked no questions. She was pretty damn decent in a lot of ways. I was grateful to her." He lingered a moment over that.

"So, when I got a chance to make a connection with some sailors for regular deliveries of good stuff, and I needed cash to swing it, I went to her and asked her to lend me more money. I'd already paid back what I owed her and the hospital, and I knew my credit was good. She asked me what I wanted the jack for, and I told her; everybody in Galveston knows she could keep a closer mouth than all the clams in the ocean.

"She asked me to let her come in with me; she would

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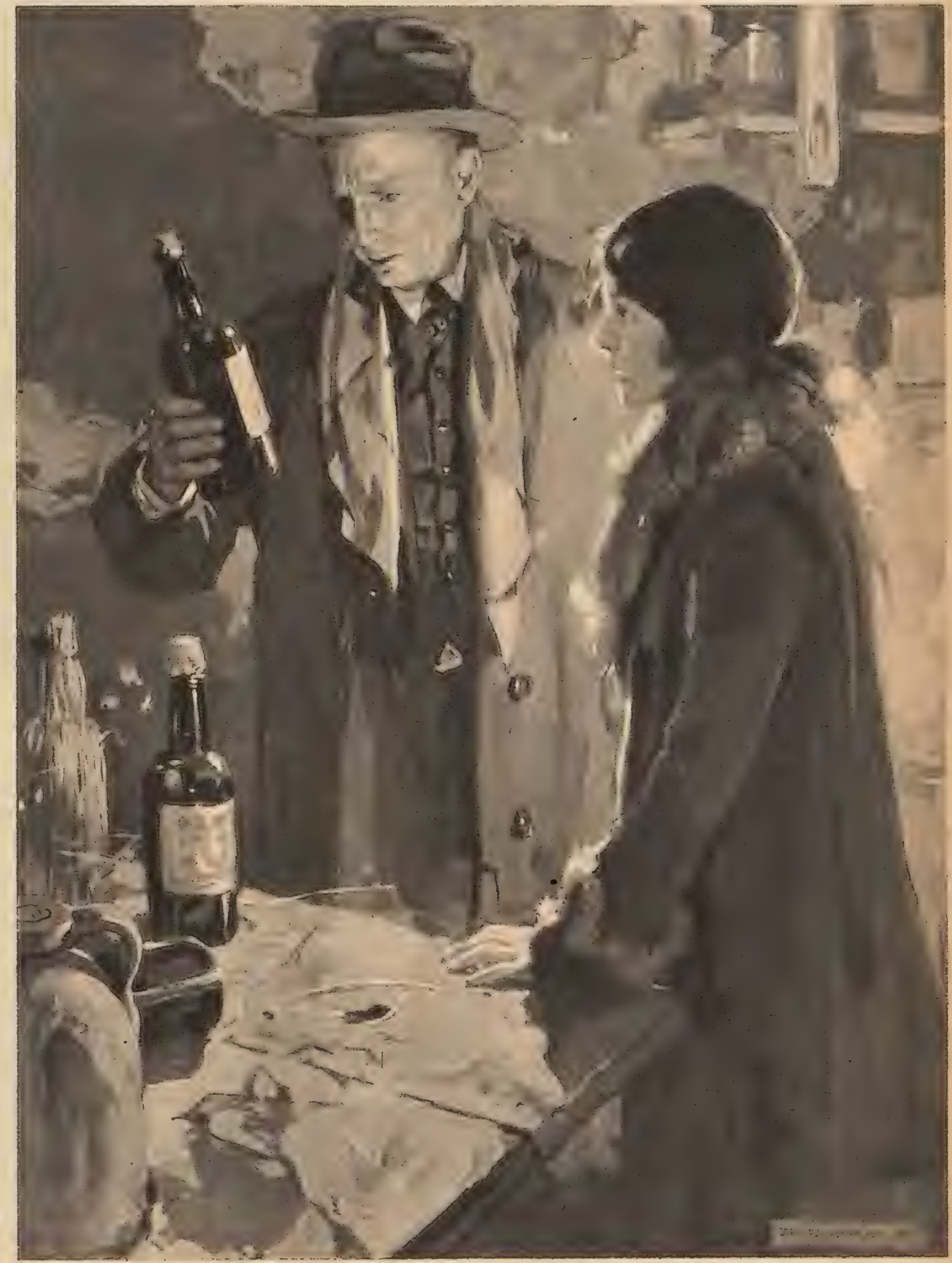


Andy pulled out a quart bottle. "Well, I'll say they kept good Bourbon for their pets. Sally, child, this is one time I'm believing in 'finders keepers.'"

SMOKE SCREEN
Continued from page sixty-seven

furnish the capital to start with, and I could make the connections and handle the business, and we'd split the profits fifty-fifty. It seemed fair enough to me, especially as she dug up this old man Fox and we could use him to make deliveries when I wasn't up here in Houston. Nobody here knew him; she had known him back in Longleaf.

"You see, Alice was coming home, and Angela wanted money to start her out in the shop, and, besides, she wanted more bonds to put away for her daughter."

"For her *what?*"

"Her kid. Angela has a daughter. None of you knew that, did you? Huh! There's a lot people don't know, and likely won't know, about that woman. The kid is about fourteen now, I reckon. Angela kept her up in Virginia in a swell girls' school. She went up there every summer for a month and stayed with the kid. I always had a hunch the girl was illegitimate. Anyway, she never risked having her down here."

"My goodness!"

"ALICE didn't know about that kid, either, as far as I know. At any rate, she never let on to me. I'm pretty sure she didn't know about it. Well, anyway, to go on with the story, Angela and I made plenty. Good and plenty. I've got more money in the bank than I ever thought I'd have. I learned from one conviction what to do and what not to do in bootlegging, and there's plenty of profit in it if you know the ropes.

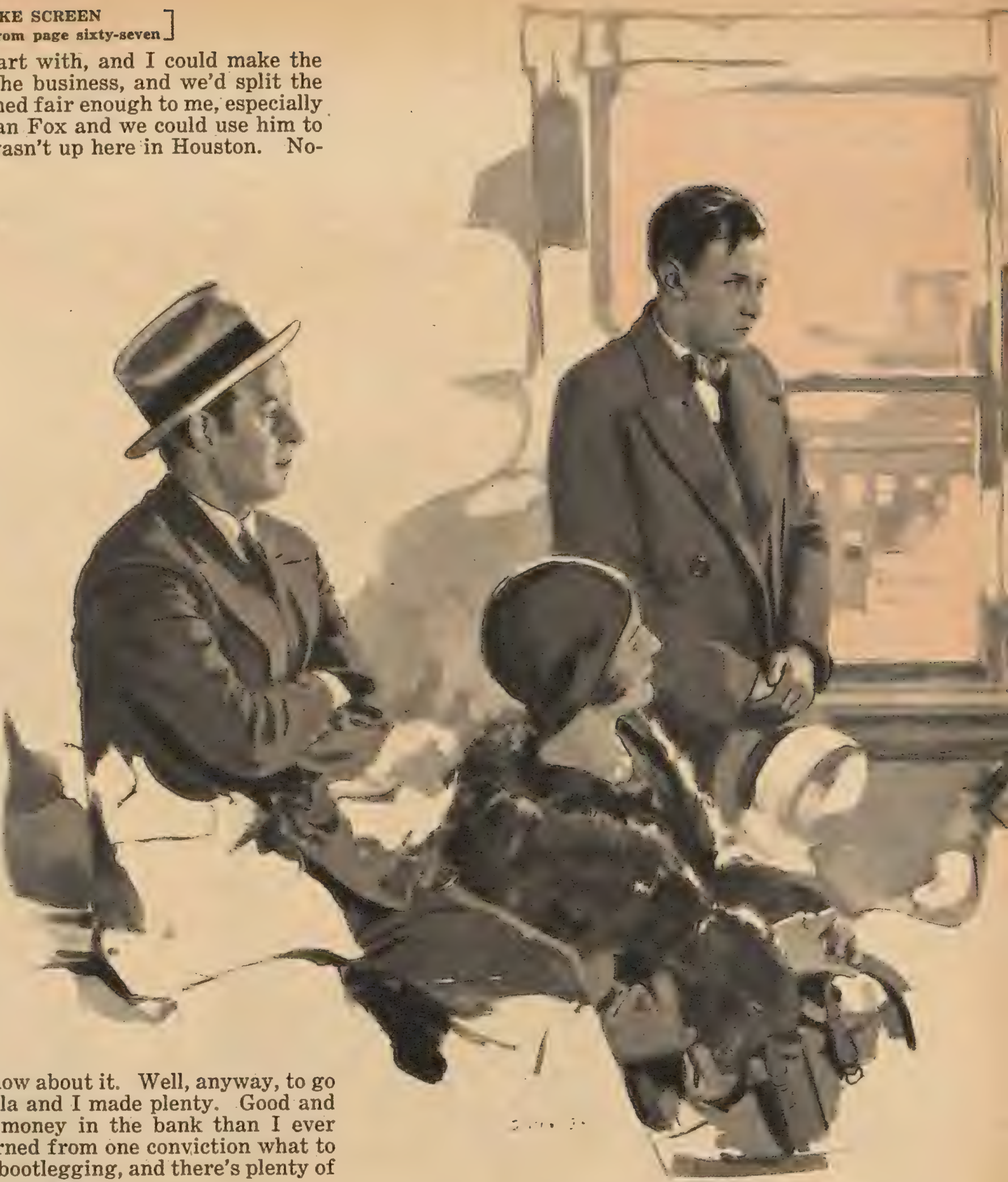
"Last Monday night Angela found out that Alice and I were—you know—in love with each other, and the hell she raised! I don't know how she found it out. Alice hadn't told her, and I hadn't. Anyway, she called me up, but I was too busy to see her that night, and she didn't get a chance at me until I started up here on Wednesday night, and she just announced she was coming along. And then what a stink she raised! She spent twenty-five of the fifty miles up here from Galveston giving me unshirted hell, and the rest of the way she was telling me why she hated men. I knew I'd have to face her music sooner or later, but I don't mind telling you I got sick of listening to it before we hit League City.

"It seems some guy had ruined her girlhood, and she was determined that Alice should make a safe and sane marriage, if she got married at all. Said she didn't want Alice to marry until she got old enough to know what she was doing, but she supposed she wouldn't be able to keep her from it. I'll say she couldn't; plenty of men want to marry a girl as sweet and fine as Alice."

He leaned over and took another cigarette, lighted it with fumbling fingers, and went on.

"She told me what a hell of a life she led after her baby was born, and how hard she worked to keep the kid clothed and fed, and how she had to work harder after her mother died and she had Alice on her hands. I'll hand that to Angela: she was a damn good sister to Alice. Not many can do for a kid sister what she did. She said she thought I was pretty decent, but, after all, I'd been a jailbird, and she wanted something better than that for Alice.

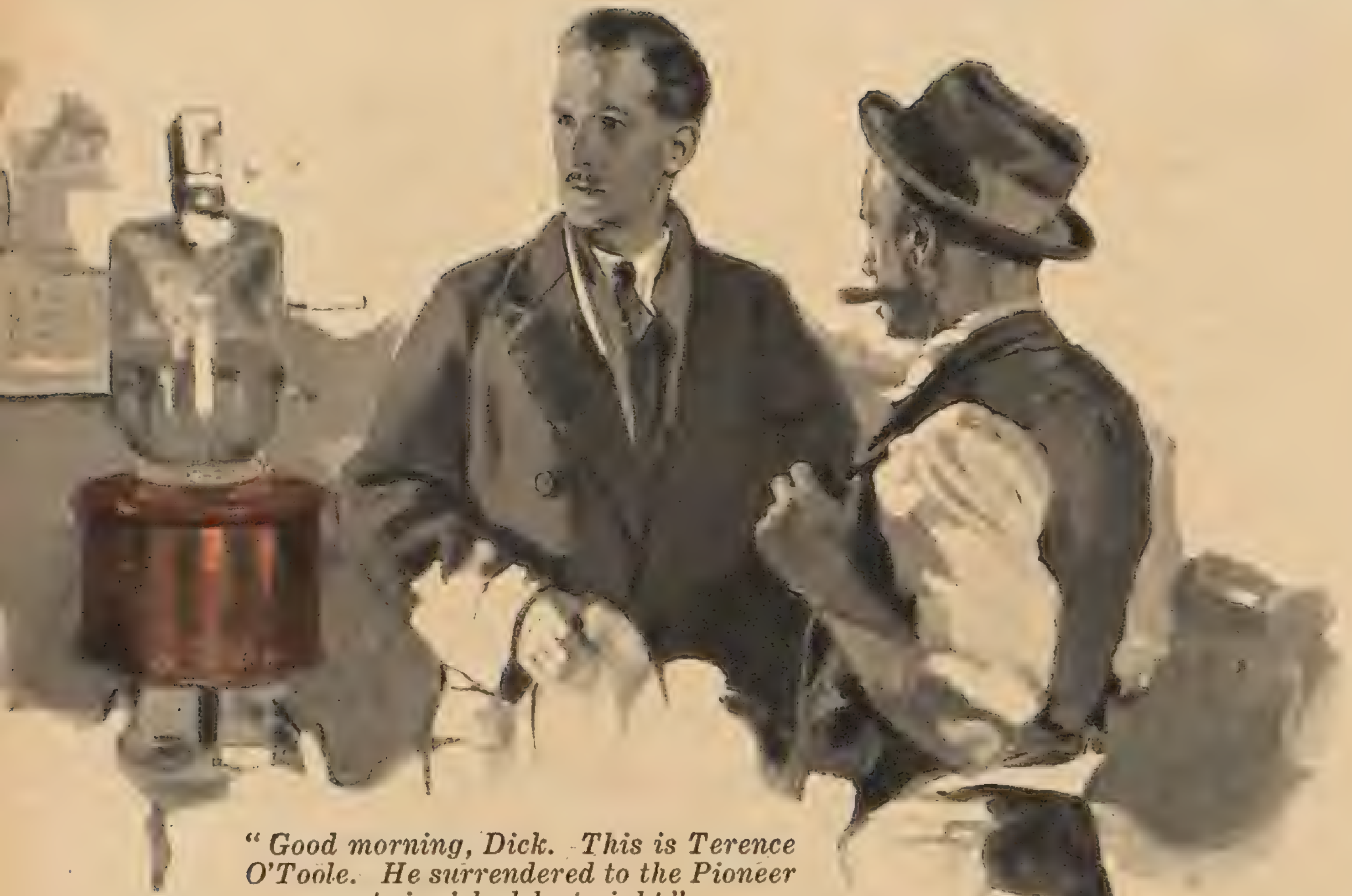
"I just laughed at her. I told her I had enough money to go to California and be a banker if I wanted to. But she raved until we got to Houston. She said she was coming up to raise hell with a certain party. 'I'll bet he wishes I was dead,' she said to me. I believed her. 'And if you lay a hand on my sister, you'll wish it had rotted first,' she said. I about believed that.



"WE drove on out to old Fox's house and fixed up about this load of booze that is supposed to come in tonight. I reckon that's the tip your brother got in Galveston. Somebody talked. That reward the state and city offered for me ain't bad money for squealing. They think they'll get me at that boat. Well, they're all wet. I got a code radio off to the captain Thursday and that booze is in Davy Jones' locker. That's one boat that will come in dry, and there ain't many dry in this port."

He grinned nervously.

"But, anyhow, we fixed up the routine of how this stuff was to be handled. Old Fox was about half lit when we got out there; he'd been drinking whisky sours. Angela had a couple, I know. I don't drink. I got caught three



"Good morning, Dick. This is Terence O'Toole. He surrendered to the Pioneer at six o'clock last night."

years ago because I was trying to deliver a load of booze while I was half shot, and I came out of that jail the best personal prohibitionist in these states, I'll tell the world. We sat around and talked and laughed at old Fox and his crazy philosophy, and finally Angela asked Fox why the other party didn't show up. Fox said he wouldn't come in while my car was outside. So Angela told me to clear out, and she'd come home on the interurban. The last thing she said was for me to keep away from Alice.

"So I drove straight on down to Alice's place," O'Toole continued, making no attempt to be funny. "She wasn't there, and then I recollected that she had said she might drive down to Galveston with Mrs. Caruthers and put her on the boat the next day. About eleven thirty I put in a call for the Galvez and got Alice. That's the conversation the phone girl told this Rorke about. She listened, all right! She had a good memory, too."

"I KNOW that," Sally smiled at him. "Alice told me all about it before she saw it in the paper. It checked with the telephone girl's story exactly."

"Did she tell you? She sure trusted you! Well, I thought of going back to see if Angela's friend had gone, and take her back to Galveston with me. But I didn't want to listen to her rave for another two hours, and she didn't expect me to come, anyway, so I just went on by myself. I got home about two thirty, and half an hour later Alice drove in."

Sally felt a little shiver run up her spine. So that was where Alice had gone on her midnight drive! Of course!

"I had just put my car into the garage, so I got in hers and we drove up and down the beach and talked until after five o'clock. Then she dropped me off at my house and went on to the hotel. I never saw her or talked to her after that."

O'Toole leaned over and crushed out his cigarette almost savagely.

"I was pretty well worn out, and I went right off to sleep and slept like a log. I waked up around noon, dressed, and drove uptown to my regular place to eat breakfast. I was sitting there when the waiter brought me over the papers, and I read about the fire and that they thought it was Alice's body. I was knocked so cold at first I couldn't think. And then I realized that it must be Angela, because Alice had been in Galveston with me when the fire happened. I beat it down to the pier, but the steamer had already sailed, and I knew Alice was likely on her way back to Houston. Like I told you, I started after her, but she had too much start on me.

"I stopped in Harrisburg and tried to phone her, but she didn't answer, and then I got the later paper, and knew they would connect me with Angela pretty quick. For one thing, I knew that old parrot at the drawbridge had seen me and had seen her. So I came on in to some friends the law don't connect me with.

"I NEVER did dare phone Alice after that, as I told you, because I didn't want her to find out about her sister's bootlegging, and because I didn't want my friends in bad with the cops. I don't wish anybody bad luck with cops. All they know how to do is hound a fellow. Then I saw about Alice in the papers today, and I couldn't sit still any longer, and here I am."

O'Toole slumped back in his chair, waiting for Sally's comments.

She felt as though she were in a theater. All this was a fantastic play. Terence O'Toole, for whom they would pay five hundred dollars, had been sitting there rehearsing his part.

What characters the drama had: a bootlegging angel of mercy, a gentle mother, and an unselfish sister, the "red-headedest woman"; a bootlegger with a broad streak of chivalry and only occasional lapses in grammar; the lovely little sister who must be protected, who had acquired her sophisticated tastes in Paris; the old woman-hater who was buying a hog farm; the "certain party" Angela had come up to "raise hell" with, who "wished her dead."

Sally flicked the ash from her cigarette and leaned back. She had been bent forward listening so intently that she hadn't realized how tense her nerves, her muscles were.

When she spoke, it was with the impulsive girl uppermost, not the cool reporter.

"Mr. O'Toole, I believe that story!"

Once she had said it, she felt that it had sounded very young.

In spite of his troubles, his sorrows, and the strain under which he had been living for the past few days, O'Toole grinned.

"It's true enough, Miss Lomax," he protested wryly. "But I don't expect your brother will believe it; lawyers and officials don't like to believe what they don't want to believe."

"What do you mean to do now? What do you want me to do?"

"Help me catch the man back of this."

"How?"

"I don't know. If I thought the police wouldn't tor-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SMOKE SCREEN
Continued from page sixty-nine

ture me half crazy, so a 'confession' could clear their skirts, I'd go down to the station and surrender. But they'd bring out the old rubber hose and the high-powered light, and the little flicks with the handkerchief."

Sally shut her eyes. She knew about those refinements: the beating with rubber hose that left no bruise or welt; the high-powered light burned steadily at the prisoner's eyes until he was frantic; the incessant, baffling flicks with a handkerchief that wore out the strongest nerves with the simplicity of the torment. The confessions these methods sometimes wrung from innocent men!

"Dick has gone to Galveston. If he has gone out to that boat, he won't be back until midnight."

O'Toole nodded.

"I don't know what to do about it myself. Maybe the best thing I can do is call in somebody I trust."

"Go the limit, Miss Lomax. I'm trusting you."

Sally went out to the hall telephone and called Andy Hunt at the office.

"What's up, kid? . . . Come out to your house? On Saturday night? . . . I don't get you, Sally. . . . Is it about the Blair case? There's nothing important on that except O'Toole, now . . . . Wa-a-it a minute! Don't say another word over this phone! . . . Who the hell do you think I'd want to bring with me?"

He was gone.

Sally went from the telephone to the kitchen, where she gave Lulu instructions to set out a light supper for three on the dining table. Then she returned to O'Toole.

"I've asked Andy Hunt, my city editor, to come out here," she announced. "You can trust Andy, and if he decides for you to surrender, you can depend on it that he won't let anybody try any third-degree stuff."

O'Toole simply looked at her. It dawned on Sally, now, that the man was physically worn out; that his nerves had let down so that he was ready to depend on her like a child; that his resources of self-control had been drained by those four days of staying away from Alice Blair, and that Alice's death had taken the last of it.

"By the way, Mr. O'Toole," she asked, "do you know who it was Alice called the 'Big Rattler'?"

"That looked silly in the paper, didn't it?" He was blushing. "Those were just our pet names for each other: Little Copperhead and Big Rattler."

THE doorbell rang just as Lulu announced that she had cold meats and a salad on the table whenever Miss Sally wanted to come in. Lulu opened the street door. Sally, just behind her, was a bit flustered. Her home had welcomed many important guests—and the governor had dined there with Dick and her a few weeks before—yet she had never scrutinized the dignified old hallway as critically as now, when her city editor entered it. But Hunt did not even wait to look around him.

"Do you know where O'Toole is?" he demanded.

"Come in, Andy. I asked you to come out and have a bite of supper with me. We'll be there in just a minute or two, Lulu." The cook padded off to the dining room. Once she was out of hearing, Sally answered: "Come in the library, Andy. I want you to meet Mr. O'Toole."

Hunt threw his hat on to the big chair in the hallway, and followed Sally. By God, he had taken this girl for a society dumb-bell! Wanted to fire her! Suppose he had! Good Lord! The fervor of his relief that he hadn't fired her made his handclasp warm and friendly to O'Toole.

Then Sally led the way to the dining room.

The big silver coffee pot was full; Sally had told Lulu she needn't bother any more; to run along to her Saturday-night church meeting. Until the housekeeper had gone, Hunt held his questions.

Sally suggested that O'Toole repeat to Andy the story as he had told it to her. She prompted him here and there. By the time they had finished their meal, the city editor had gathered all the facts she knew. Andy had said very little during the recital; Sally recalled that he was the best poker player on the Pioneer staff. When the story was done, the editor had his comment ready.

"I'll not say, O'Toole," he spoke slowly, "that I believe all you have told me. I'd be a fool to say that, when I haven't checked any of the facts. Besides, it's not my business to say whether it's so or not. I'll say it's a good story; too good to print if it *is* true. Because if you didn't kill Angela Browning, to print all this story will tip off the man who did. If you did kill her, you're just a killer, and it's not my business to help you frame a publicity yarn that will give your bootlegging friends ample information to fix up your alibi. Half a dozen men, like as not, rode back to Galveston with you that night!" He grinned amiably.

"Now, you can't surrender to the police without getting Dick Lomax's dander up. You'd better give up to him personally, and I'll see that Dick don't let them work you out. He won't be here until midnight, but if you'll place yourself in my hands, I'll fix the whole thing. I want the story of the surrender, exclusive."

IT didn't really matter to O'Toole. He wondered, dully, why he had bothered to come out here and tell all this. Alice was dead. He should have shot himself like she did. She had argued with him once about suicide. Seemed to have an idea that nobody had a right to kill himself. But she had done it. No, she couldn't have! Little Alice, with the dimples and the laugh and the child's trust in him! She couldn't have shot herself!

"I've already put myself in your hands, Mr. Hunt," he said. "I've told Miss Lomax that all I want is the man who killed Angela; he's responsible for Alice's death. If my surrender will help, let's go. If it will do more good for me not to surrender, what do I do next? I can't figure any more."

"Well, I think the best thing is for us to run a story saying that you surrendered to the Pioneer, and that we have turned you over to the district attorney. We won't turn you over until four o'clock in the morning. No, wait! We'll let Dick have you at six o'clock. I don't want to give the opposition a chance to make over after our regular edition is on the press, and they're likely to do that if they find out at four o'clock that you're in the county jail. They can have what they want on Monday morning; we should worry after our first story. One more thing: you're to tell this story you have told Sally and me to *no one!* I want that promise."

O'Toole readily agreed. Andy rose.

"All right, my boy. Let's be off; it's eight o'clock. I'll take you down to the Rice Hotel and let you get a night's sleep there, after we have made some pictures of you. Come on, Sally, let's go."

So, presently, a room was engaged in the Rice Hotel in the name of Andy Hunt, and the city editor and "one of my reporters," with a hat over his eyes, apparently drowsy, went up in the service elevator to it. There the wearied bootlegger tumbled into bed.

A reporter, left on watch, was to rouse him at six o'clock and take him to the Pioneer office through the back streets.

Through the night Sally stayed at the office with Andy. At six o'clock she was sitting beside him and Johnny Rorke when Andy called the Lomax house. Rorke had come back from Galveston at one o'clock in the district attorney's car. Dick had dropped him at the Pioneer office as he went home. Rorke, after news of O'Toole's surrender to Sally, which had, as he said, left him limp at such luck, had stretched out on the file table to sleep until six.

The district attorney answered the phone sleepily.

"Lomax, this is Andy Hunt, at the Pioneer. Can you come down?"

"What's the idea?"

"I want to turn Terence O'Toole over to you; he has surrendered to the Pioneer."

Calmly Lomax said: "Very well, Hunt. At your office? I'll be down as soon as I can dress."

When Lomax arrived, he saw, sitting at Andy Hunt's desk, O'Toole on one side of her, Rorke and two reporters on the other, his ubiquitous sister. She looked neither more righteous nor more triumphant than the others, but the mere fact that she was there kindled Lomax's fury against the whole lot of them. Andy saw Lomax stiffen. Before the district attorney could speak, Andy stood up.

"Good morning, Dick. Thanks for coming down. This is Terence O'Toole. He surrendered to the Pioneer at six o'clock last night. We are turning him over to you with the plain understanding that he is not to be put through any third degree, that he can have counsel, and that the Pioneer can have access to him at all times."

"How do you do, O'Toole? That's agreeable to me, Hunt. May I use your phone?"

He ignored his sister entirely. Sally's eyes were dancing.

"That phone is not connected, Dick. Use this one." She pushed Andy's private phone toward him.

He glared at her, picked up the phone, and called the county jail.

"Hello, Randy. This is Lomax. I'm bringing a prisoner over."

That was all. Sally looked at her brother's perfectly tailored back for a minute, and then went over to O'Toole, who was standing hesitantly in the middle of the city-room floor.

"Good-by, Mr. O'Toole." Her voice was cordial. "I'll get Andy to fix everything up. Oh, wait one minute! Andy! Mr. O'Toole hasn't a lawyer yet. We forgot that!"

"Never mind, O'Toole. I'll call Bob Morrison as soon as I think he's awake. I reckon you have enough money for him, haven't you? We find him pretty high-priced talent."

"Plenty of money, Mr. Hunt. Thank you. Thank you, Miss Lomax."

"That's right; Bob is the Pioneer's lawyer," Lomax spoke up. "Oh, all right. Come on, O'Toole."

He went out with the bootlegger, Rorke, and the reporter who had stayed in the hotel room with O'Toole trailing after.

Andy Hunt and Sally left the Pioneer office together, in broad daylight. Andy had asked Sally if she wanted to go out to the old house on Telephone Road with him to see if they could find the cache O'Toole had said was under the house.

"I'm inclined to agree with you, Sally," he conceded as they got into Sally's roadster, "that this guy is telling the truth. But one of the first things Morrison will want to know is how much we have done to check up on it. Bob is not going to want to fool with this case, with his campaign for governor coming along so soon, but I reckon he'll have to look into it, anyway, if I ask him to. It's been too much of a Pioneer story for him to throw it over. He's going to kick about defending a bootlegger because of the preacher and woman vote, but we'll make him sit in, and suggest a trial lawyer."

"ONE of those men in his firm could take it," Sally said, "and he wouldn't have to have the publicity."

"Yeah; he'll probably want Potts to take it. Bob is forever choking that guy down my throat. I don't like him; I distrust him; I think he's crooked." Sally wondered at Andy's vehemence; he seldom expressed likes and dislikes so warmly. "I asked Bob once why he kept him around. It seems that Potts was in Bob's office in Dallas, and trailed after him down here, and Bob, like the good old fool that he is, took him into the firm. Oh, well!" Andy sighed, and spat over the side. "They've made a lot of money, but that's no credit to Potts!"

There was no guard standing, now, over the wreck of the old house. Public curiosity had died out. The sun was just coming up as Sally parked her car at the gate and followed Andy up the graveled walk.

He looked closely at the blackened shell of a front door, at the place where Martin Fox's body had lain; he merely put his head into the room where Angela Browning's body had been found.

Andy seldom visited such places; he had reporters to do such sight-seeing for him.

"For a good-looking woman, she sure picked out a dump to die in, didn't she?" He grunted. "Well, where is this closet, kid?"

Sally led the way to the closet under the stairs in which, the morning after the fire, she had discovered the kerosene-soaked papers.

"O'Toole said the trapdoor here opens from the side, and you have to hunt for the way to open it," she remarked. "Wait until I run back to the car for a flashlight."

They found a round hole in the wall, from which a knot in the grain of the wood had been punched out. Slipping a finger through it, Sally lifted a wooden latch, and pulled out the side of the closet, which swung on hinges, revealing steps which the man and the girl gingerly descended.

The cellar was unexpectedly large, with a dirt floor and rough boarded walls. On a pine table against the farther wall stood an oil lantern. Andy struck a match and lighted it. Piled in a corner were empty gunny sacks; one of another heap proved to have half a dozen straw-jacketed bottles in it. Andy pulled out a quart bottle and read aloud the label.

"Well, if this stuff hasn't been cut, I'll say they kept good Bourbon for their pets. Sally, child, this is one time I'm believing in 'finders keepers.'" Andy smacked his lips in anticipation. "I must say this bears out pretty well what the boy said. He may be telling a straight story." Andy's eyes twinkled.

THEY searched every corner, but there was nothing more to be found.

Finally they went back to the car, Andy with a bottle in each overcoat pocket and two clutched to his chest, while Sally held two under her coat. She let Andy out at his house, and drove home, more weary than she cared to admit to herself. Half an hour after she had closed the garage door behind her car, she was sound asleep. She slept until two o'clock Sunday afternoon.

She met Dick at the dinner table at three o'clock. Apparently he had slept off a good part of his bad temper. Once more he seemed glad to take her into his confidence.

"That was a nice piece of work, sister," he conceded as he pulled out her chair for her. "Rorke says you carry a rabbit's foot. I expect that your friend O'Toole is going to need to borrow it before this is over."

"Why?"

"Well, I don't know what his story to you is, but it is going to have to be mighty good for a jury to believe him. I'll shoot it full of holes, and I haven't even started oiling my guns."

"Maybe so, Dick. But I have a hunch he'll never come to trial."

"Yeah, I know you and your friend Andy think he's innocent, but that's just what *you* think, my dear. That's not what a jury of hard-headed men is going to think; the state of Texas doesn't allow newspaper men and women on its juries."

"Did Judge Morrison take the case?"

"Oh, yes; Bob couldn't do anything but take it, after Hunt asked him to. Bob will drop it or turn it over to somebody in his office. Potts, likely."

"Do you like Potts?"

"Why ask me that? What's that got to do with the case?"

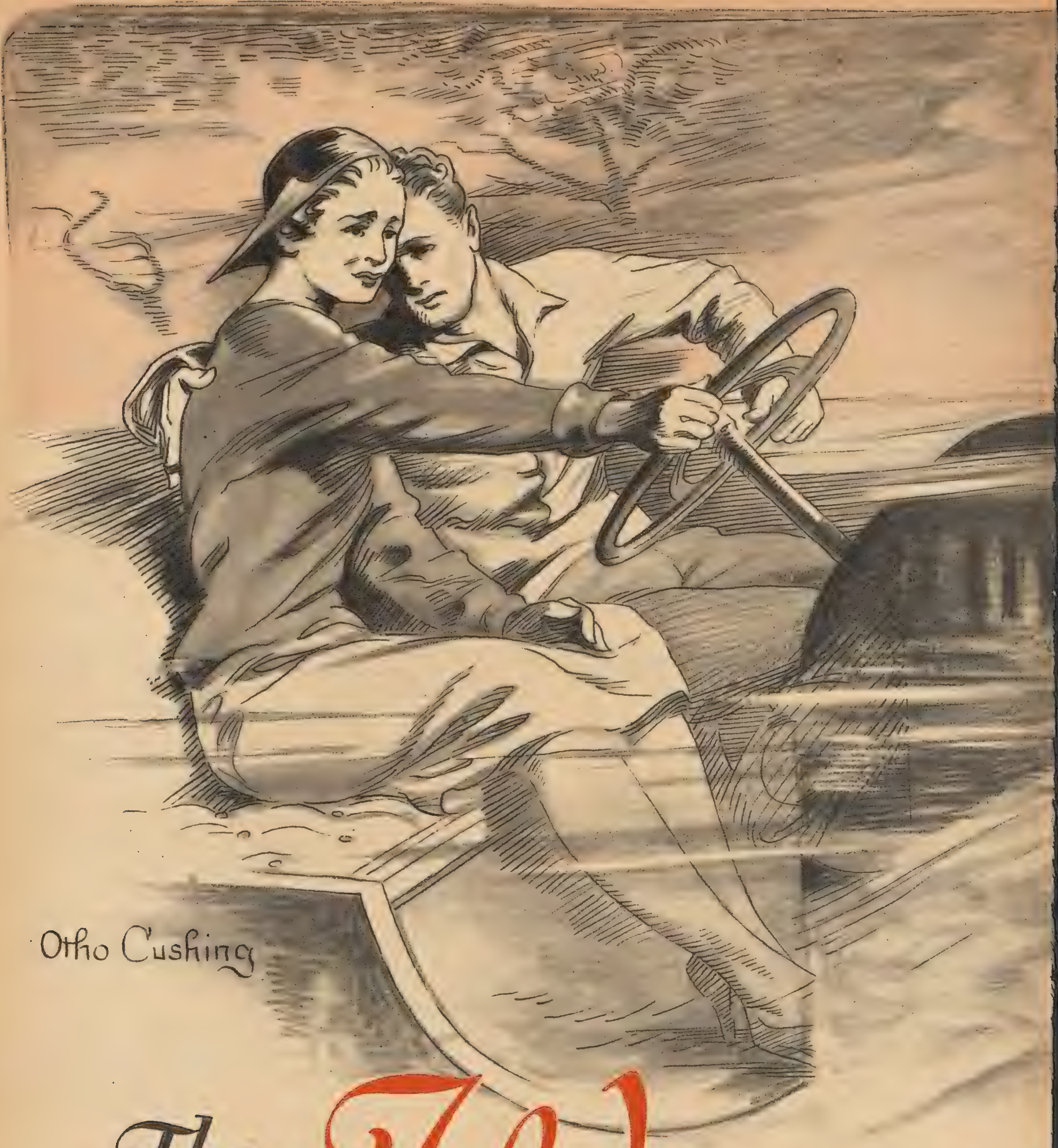
"Oh, nothing. I just wondered if you liked him. Andy doesn't."

"Well, you know, Sally, that Hunt chap of yours is a funny guy. I don't make him out all the time. Did you know that yesterday afternoon he arranged for an autopsy on the Blair girl?"

Sally shook her head.

"Yes, sir, he got an autopsy order without bothering to say anything to me about it. I don't see what he expects to find, but since he was paying for it, I didn't make any fuss. There were no relatives to object."

Sally is working in a little circle of known facts. Outside, all is darkness, mystery, and menace. Next week you'll see strange hands reach out of that darkness and touch her.



The Woman

Figures Show that the Female Motorist Is Five Times as Safe as the Male

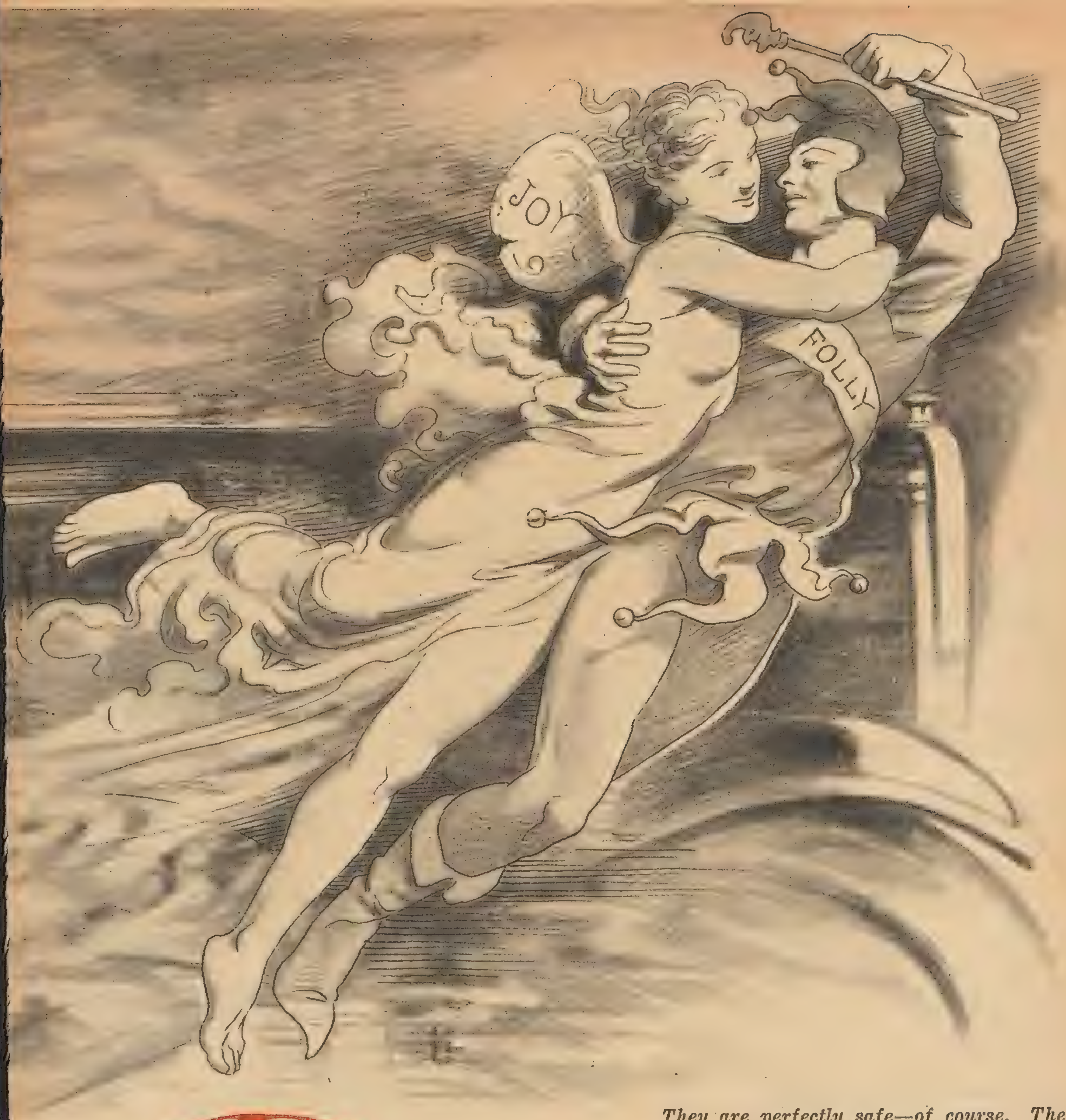
THE Man is driving his car, and the Girl is curled up beside him. It is Night and it is Moonlight. Also it is Spring.

Ahead of them stretches the clean concrete road, straight and white as a ribbon. Hardly any traffic. Just one red tail-light visible in the distance.

The Man hunts for cigarettes. In his pockets. Then in his overcoat pockets. Then in the car pockets, stretching across the Girl's knees when he refuses to take her word for it that they are *not* in the right-hand pocket, on her side.

Perhaps they have fallen under the seat. Business of feeling under and between the seats, and feeling behind to be sure they're not on the rear seat. Finally he locates the cigarettes—in his own jacket pocket.

During this prolonged search he has had one or both



They are perfectly safe—of course. There's a MAN at the wheel, isn't there?

Driver

By

GRACE ROBINSON

Pictures by OTHO CUSHING

hands off the wheel at least ten times, not to mention the number of times he has turned his eyes away from the road. And not once has his toe relaxed its forty-five-mile-an-hour pressure on the gas, with occasional spurts to fifty and fifty-five as his bodily gyrations involuntarily sent his foot farther in the direction of the floorboards.

Now the matches. Wearinell are the matches? Another search. Hands off wheel. Eyes everywhere but on road.

Giving the gas a couple more miles per hour, he lights his cigarette—with great difficulty, because the windows are open and a mighty draft is pouring through the car. After several attempts and many unprintable words he gets a light.

Then he puts on his gloves. (Business of finding gloves, hands off wheel, etc.) Then he takes off his

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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A NATIONAL TRAVEL SYSTEM

THE WOMAN DRIVER
Continued from page seventy-three

hat and turns his body halfway around in order to get good aim at the rear seat so that the precious spring sky-piece will not land on the floor.

By this time he decides the Girl must be cold. She decides she is cold, and reaches to roll up the window on her side. But no, it must not be that the little Girl shall roll up the window, although she has two hands and two eyes unemployed. He must reach across her and roll it up himself, completely ignoring the road and relaxing his one-handed grasp on the wheel.

Then he fancies the door on her side is not solid. She didn't slam it hard when she got in. In vain she protests she slammed it with all her might because she knows that door business is one of his obsessions. He unlocks the door, slams it, unlocks it again, slams it, and repeats this several times until satisfied the door is tight and not ajar. He nearly runs off the road while doing this. Despite her pleas, he stubbornly refuses to let the Girl do it. She is not competent to slam a door.

Suddenly the red light that has been going ahead of them ceases to move. Occupied with the door, he didn't notice what the car ahead was doing, and there is a great squeaking and grinding of brakes as he stops short in order to avoid a smash-up. Bump!

His companion lets out a little scream as they skid slightly, following the jolting stop.

As he starts his car (having stalled) and backs up in order to pass the motionless machine, a bobbed curly head emerges and then a girlish form.

The Man makes a humphing noise in his throat.

"I thought so. IT'S A WOMAN!"

After a time his right arm goes around his companion. After many entreaties she consents to kiss his neck while he drives. In time, she drops sleepily on his shoulder. With his left hand and an occasional half-glance at the road the Man drives from the outskirts of New York City up the crowded Boston Post Road to New Haven.

They are perfectly safe—of course. There's a MAN at the wheel, isn't there?

THE moral of this little scene is that men are not the safe drivers they are cracked up to be. In fact, they're so much more dangerous than women drivers that it's a wonder any sensible female will consent to ride in a car piloted by an average man.

Even though she has learned more recently, and covered only a fraction of his total mileage, it would be better for the average woman operator to wrest the wheel from his grasp and do the driving herself than to trust both their lives to him.

Relatively, the average man is about five times as dangerous at the wheel as the average woman is.

The actual figures show that in this country women drivers constitute 24.3 per cent of all drivers. But they are involved in only about 6 per cent of all accidents. And when they do get into an accident they are more likely to pull out of it without killing themselves or someone else than they are to kill or be killed.

Considering accidents on the basis of whether they are fatal or nonfatal, women are involved in 7.4 per cent of all nonfatal accidents, and in only 5.2 per cent of all fatal accidents.

As law-abiding operators, they are the sainted sex. Police and court figures show that the supposedly airy and irresponsible females figure in about 2.5 per cent of traffic violations. Of course some scornful man will say: "Sure, she don't get pinched. She vamps the cops."

That is not true, according to the National Safety Council, which says: "The beauty whose high-powered sport model breaks all the city speed laws as well as the bones of unwary pedestrians, and whose devastating charm disarms the motorcycle cop and even the stern judge, is rarely met with except on the screen.

"Police departments, chambers of commerce, and automobile clubs seem to agree that the hand that rocks the cradle is quite competent at the steering wheel."

When one considers the relatively short time women have been driving cars, and the natural handicap of lack of instinctive mechanical skill she is generally charged with, it is remarkable that the sex has piled up such a clean record. The secret of woman's reliability at the wheel, according to most of the authorities interviewed for this article, is not that the average female is a better operator, but that she drives more slowly and more carefully than the average male.

She probably won't get you to your destination as quickly as a man might, but she is almost certain to get you there alive. That is a great consolation.

Otho Cushing

So it has been since Pallas Athene triumphantly tooled a chariot from Olympus to the plains of Troy.

William J. White, assistant to the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles for New York State, praises the caution of women drivers, although he says it is frequently irritating to men.

"Of ten women drivers, a greater percentage would exercise caution than of ten male drivers," he said. "A woman has greater regard for life and limb than a man. On a thoroughfare where there isn't room for three cars abreast, a man in a hurry will lose patience with a woman moving along at a speed he regards as too slow. Nevertheless, that caution, nine times out of ten, will keep her out of accidents. I except the flapper type of girl. She is likely to be reckless and careless.

"I don't think the woman's reputed lack of understanding of machinery is a special deterrent to her skill with a car. I think not knowing what happens inside when you shift gears hinders good driving. But men are also faulty in this respect. Probably one-half of the men on the road are not familiar with the inner mechanism of their cars. Near-perfection in automobile construction and numerous service stations along the main highways make it unnecessary to know much.

"I taught my wife to drive, but as I worked it, it was a simple matter. I took her to an abandoned race track near my home in upper New York State, taught her the speeds, explained clutch and brake, and then left her. There was nobody she could hurt, and nothing she could run into."

"WOMEN drivers seldom take liberties with the law and seldom knowingly encroach upon the other fellow's privileges," says Captain Anthony Howe of the motorcycle squad, New York City police.

"They are careful—perhaps too cautious at times. They are slow drivers as a rule. We are seldom compelled to arrest a woman for speeding, and arrests for driving while under the influence of intoxicating liquors are an extreme rarity among women drivers.

"The woman driver rarely takes hazardous chances. Invariably and rightfully she pays attention to all caution signs on the road. Blame the woman driver for overcautiousness if you will, but I prefer to call it by another name—saneness. Overcautiousness is more frequently an attribute than a fault.

"In the matter of courtesy, women drivers again excel. By courtesy I refer not only to everyday politeness and civility to our traffic officers, but I refer to courtesy in its broader sense—courtesy of the road involving consideration for others. Courtesy, in my opinion, is the basic principle underlying proper motor-car operation.

"Women drivers, as a rule, are superior in many respects to men drivers. This is not only my own personal opinion, but seems to be the opinion of practically every one of the motorcycle officers in my command.

"Perhaps the main reason for woman's superiority in normal automobile driving can be directly traced to the fact that she is practically one hundred per cent man-educated in the art of motor-car operation. It is generally known and accepted that a husband rarely, if ever, permits his wife or daughters to graduate from his tutorship in automobile handling, no matter how many years they may have driven or will continue to drive. Automobile driving, as far as the woman is concerned, is one continuous lesson. It's a long course and its effectiveness is shown by the conspicuous absence of women drivers' names from our police blotters. The male member of the family has rightfully added continuous automobile education to his long list of responsibilities."

THIS tribute to male teaching ability should be consolation to men whose domestic life was temporarily shattered by the ordeal of teaching the wife to drive. Due to the danger involved, and the wear and tear on the nerves, there is no strain on a man's and woman's regard for each other like the time when he teaches her to drive. Never does she seem so astoundingly stupid; never does he seem so utterly unreasonable. Babies may be born, divorces may be arranged; every conceivable kind of family crisis may be endured without calling down on the wife the contempt and ridicule that are her portion while she serves her apprenticeship at the wheel.

I recollect a newspaper couple whose married life is a shining example of the beauty of sacrifice and devotion. The girl lay ill with an injured back nearly a year and the man, harassed with anxiety, waited two years to marry her. After their marriage the man, of delicate constitution, had repeated serious illnesses. Most of their life together has been a duet of nurse and patient, peppered with the harrowing exigencies that complicate a newspaper man's career. Yet they always loved each other tenderly—until he tried to teach her to drive.

Friends who witnessed the early efforts were astonished. The two fought like a couple of tomcats. The girl was exceptionally sensitive and intelligent, and the man, alas, was exceptionally witty and sarcastic. The lessons were tempests of nerves, recrimination, and unconscious ridicule. At last she decided she could never learn from her husband, and he decided he had married the dumbest woman on earth. Later, without his knowledge, she got the car out of the garage and for a whole afternoon drove all over the Bronx in New York City, threading her way in and out of metropolitan traffic with ease, and all this under constant risk of arrest, for she had no driver's license! After that, she could drive.

Perhaps it is this doubt and nervousness on the part of her male teacher that makes the woman driver excessively careful and saves her from a high accident rate. Mr. H. L. Mooney, research director for Hanff-Metzger, Inc., recently made a nation-wide survey for a client, the Texas Company.

This survey yielded the figure cited above, that women drivers constitute 24.3 per cent of all drivers. This was based on statistical estimates of the proportional number of women drivers, based on nearly a third of the total number of drivers in the country, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE WOMAN DRIVER
Continued from page seventy-five

on street and gas-station checks made in thirty cities.

The general accident figures that revealed woman's safeness as an operator were obtained from seven years of Massachusetts records, three years of New York records, two years of Connecticut records, and records from Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Rhode Island, Indiana, California, Victoria, B. C., and the District of Columbia. In addition, nine cities—St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minnesota; Baltimore, Maryland; Buffalo, New York; Toledo and Dayton, Ohio; Denver, Colorado; Worcester, Massachusetts; Birmingham, Alabama—contributed material for this check. The resulting total of 569,960 drivers involved in accidents showed only 33,830 women involved, or 5.9 per cent.

SELF CONFIDENCE

Likewise, the check on fatal and nonfatal accidents was made from records of states and cities where figures were available. These showed the interesting figures cited above, that women drivers were involved in 7.4 per cent of recorded accidents resulting in physical injury or property damage, but in only 5.2 per cent of fatal accidents.

In fatal accidents, 11,185 drivers were involved, of whom 587 were women. In nonfatal accidents, 239,791 drivers were involved, of whom 17,858 were women. In contemplating these figures one must, of course, remember that there are many more men than women drivers, and that therefore the men's accident figure will naturally be greater.

But if women were exactly as prone to have accidents as men, they would be involved in 24.3 per cent of the total of accidents, since 24.3 of all drivers are women.

Instead, they are involved in a much lower percentage, which seems to prove conclusively that women are by far the safer operators.

Those who disagree with this view will argue that men pile up more mileage, that men drive the taxicabs, the trucks, and the busses, and that men often drive during the hazardous accident hour of 5 to 6 P. M., while women do most of their driving during the comparatively safe daylight hours. These factors are true, and might alter the above totals slightly. But they could not be included because no figures are available. Women, however, may argue that all this driving gives a man infinitely greater practice at the wheel, so that he is more competent to meet the greater dangers to which he is exposed.

THERE were two notable exceptions to the woman's record for safety. Both were from Ohio, and neither was included in the averages reached because the replies came too late. Data compiled from Columbus by the police department and the Columbus Auto Club showed the female drivers of that town as surprisingly reckless people. In 1929 they were involved in nearly one-third of all traffic accidents there, although they drive only one in four of the city's 69,036 cars. The Columbus Dispatch, which printed an article on the subject, declared that at this rate, if men and women drivers were equal in number, Columbus women would be responsible for two-thirds of the accidents. A similar proportion was true in 1928. It was estimated that of persons who pleaded guilty and paid their fine in traffic court, 35 per cent were women. It is notable, however, that of 398 arrests in 1929 on the grave charge of reckless driving, only ten were of women.

Youngstown, the other exceptional Ohio town, reported that one-tenth of its drivers were women, and they were responsible for half the accidents and traffic violations. But these figures were approximations only, since no statistics had been kept as to sex.

What do we find in New York City? There police estimate a million cars are moving daily in the five boroughs, and half of these are crammed into that little bit of Manhattan Island below Fifty-ninth Street. The problem of that important little island is complicated by the fact that 200,000 cars enter it daily, coming in from Brooklyn, New Jersey, and other near-by territory.

The five boroughs have 25,000 taxicabs licensed there, not to mention more than 400,000 pleasure cars, and nearly 800,000 trucks, motorcycles, trailers, and busses.

Does the female driver venture into this maelstrom? She does; and with what result? Says Magistrate Louis B. Brodsky of Traffic Court: "I find women are by far more careful and law-abiding than men. Of my cases in Traffic Court, there are two per cent of women to ninety-eight per cent of men.

"A woman has her mind on the wheel. She concentrates and avoids accidents. Her offenses are mostly wrong parking. We have an occasional woman speeder, but when a woman speeds in New York it is never on a busy thoroughfare, although she may be guilty in a park where the chances of endangering life and property are at a minimum.

SELF ASSURANCE

"Personally, I find women a nuisance on the road because of their extreme care. Sometimes they hold up traffic, which is irritating to a driver who wants to make a little speed. But, after all, that fault is conducive to safety. In being careful, the woman is acting wisely as far as the public interest is concerned.

"In emergencies I think a woman uses her head with equal alacrity with a man. Once she undertakes to learn to drive she becomes an efficient driver. Sometimes a woman is brought into court for failing to stop on signal. But it's invariably because she didn't see the signal. She's never the smart guy, trying to beat the traffic light.

"WOMEN hardly ever offend in the serious matter of driving while intoxicated. In the first two months of 1930 we had only one such case, and not more than five for the whole year 1929.

"Hit-and-run drivers are never women. A woman will always stop after an accident. Reckless driving, too, is a very rare charge against women. We have almost no such cases.

"Under our law, the magistrate is compelled to revoke the driver's license for a third offense at speeding. I have never revoked a woman's license."

Other cities bear out women's rectitude as to the more serious driving charges. In Milwaukee, of 531 drunken drivers in 1928, only five were women. Of 941 reckless drivers, nine were women.

In Flint, Michigan, in 1929, 396 men were convicted of drunken driving, and only one woman. One female in 148 offenders was convicted of reckless driving, while no women left the scene of an accident, as against thirty men who did.

John C. Long, secretary of the street traffic committee of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, believes ability to drive well and safely is a matter of temperament, not a matter of sex.

"Some women have good time reactions and are competent to meet any kind of mechanical situation," he says. "Others are baffled. Women are more conservative by nature. That tends to make them more careful drivers. I think any mileage test would develop that there was very little difference between male and female drivers.

"Women who have learned to drive when young make good drivers. Anything learned in youth is likely to be more effective than something learned in later years.

"Driving by women is so good that no state authority has found women drivers a problem. It has not been thought necessary to study it."

Laura L. Miller, assistant secretary of the Automobile Club of Maryland, explains women's natural handicap:

"It is the boy and not the girl who steers his express wagons and toy automobiles over the hills and streets in his play, and learns by actual experience that on certain curves or grades he must manipulate his 'wagon' cleverly. After a while such manipulation becomes reflex action. He has that knowledge stored away when he is grown up and begins to operate a car.

"Compared to the girl in a family of the same walk of life, his experience is perhaps double hers when he first starts to drive."

Despite the laudations cited above, there appears to be a minority in this country who feel the woman driver is still merely a woman trying to do something for which only men are fitted. So it has been since Pallas Athene triumphantly tooled a chariot from Olympus to the plains of Troy for example. An advertising agency carrying automotive accounts several years ago interviewed cab-operating officials and taxi chauffeurs. The consensus of opinion was that "women are as good drivers as men up to the moment circumstances require them to use their 'snap judgment.' Then, in a pinch, in traffic, when one is called upon to act instinctively, intuitively, the average woman driver falls down, does the wrong thing, or does nothing, and lets the man chivalrously save the situation for her (and cuss her out)."

MEN, this authority asserted, have the "feel" of a car. "Women don't make it mind, make it talk, the way a man does. For instance, until you have driven a good many miles on icy roads, you have a negative, unconfident attitude toward the car and toward your innate ability to handle it. Then, after pulling it out of a couple of 'narrow ones,' you may become more sure of yourself, drive more rapidly, and, because of confidence, more safely.

"Mentally, most women drive on ice the year round."

Despite this dark view, investigation shows that of ninety-six insurance companies which handle automobile liability, not one makes any sex discrimination. For the most part, they have paid no attention to the subject, indicating they do not consider the woman at the wheel any more of a risk than a man.

OF country-wide opinions obtained on this subject, 54 per cent considered the woman driver at least the equal of the man. Forty-six per cent considered her inferior.

Of ten opinions on the subject of emergency instinct, seven were that woman is inclined to lose her head in emergencies, and only one rated her speed in thinking higher than that of man. Nevertheless, of persons who ventured an opinion on a woman's driving care, 77 per cent considered the female a far more careful driver than the male, and all who expressed a conviction on the matter agreed that she was the slower driver of the two sexes.

Thus it appears that it is chiefly the brilliant but speedy male motorist who piles up the accident totals in this country. The woman is slow but safe, and consequently less of a menace on the road than the man driver.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Or Under the Shower?

A college professor, with his tall, statuesque wife, came to spend the week-end with Laura's parents.

Looking over the professor's wife, Laura remarked:

"She'll never get into our bathtub."—Mrs. Leokadya C. Walters, 4195 Iroquois Ave., Detroit, Mich.

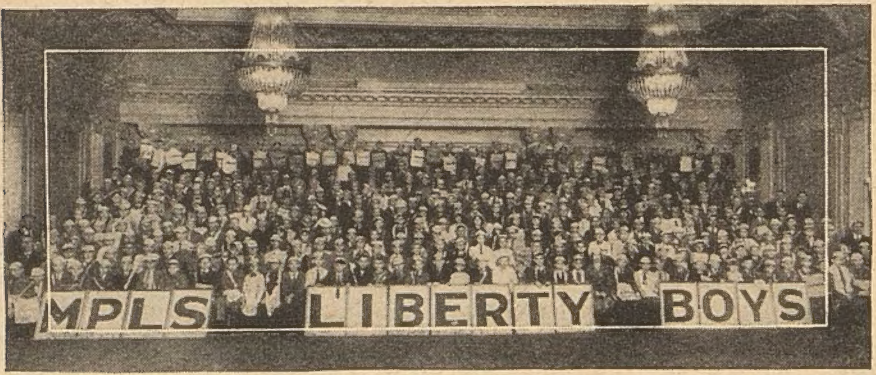
* * *

She Knew the Answer

Lucy was wheeling her new doll in the sunshine.

"Hello, Lucy!" said a neighbor. "Your doll is just like you, her eyes are so blue."

"No!" answered Lucy, with decision. "My baby is ezzakly like her daddy!"—Miss Mary Coles Carrington, 1420 Grove Ave., Richmond, Va.



Some of the go-getters in Minneapolis, Minn., under the supervision of Ed. Lewis, distributor, who make their own spending money every week and get free prizes too.

Boys!

Earn Money Each Week and Get *Free* Prizes, *too*

THOUSANDS of peppy boys throughout the United States and Canada are earning their own spending money every week—and getting free prizes besides. Why not do what they are doing? It's easy! Just some pleasant work—in your spare time—in your own neighborhood. Just fill out the coupon and we will send you our Big Catalog of Free Prizes—illustrated with pictures of bicycles, baseball, tennis and other sports equipment, musical instruments and most everything a regular fellow wants, which you can get without a penny of cost. We will mail you full details and will start you making money the very first week. Send the coupon now and you will be started on the road to a weekly income and dandy prizes. Don't wait any longer. Opportunity knocks. Answer!

CRACK! Z-z-z-z. The ball steams over the pitcher's head. Over second base. Out to center field like a flash. With a mighty leap the fielder stabs at it. Smack! right into his glove and it sticks there as though it were taffy.

"Say, Joe, that's some peachy glove you have."

"You bet, it's easy to pick them out of the air with this mitt and I got it free too."

"What!"

"And that's not all. I didn't pay a cent for these baseball shoes or for that bicycle over there either."

"Gee, I've always wondered how you could afford all the swell equipment you have. How do you do it?"

"Just write to Liberty Magazine, 220 E. 42nd St., New York, and they'll tell you how you can get a stack of prizes and make spending money at the same time. It's easy."

"Thanks for the tip. I'll write at once. I want a stock of things."

4-26-30

Liberty Magazine, *Boy Sales Division*,
220 E. 42nd Street, New York City.

Please tell me how to join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

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For APRIL *Menus*

By ETHEL SOMERS

LATE April ushers in many of the new foods of the spring season. Such foods as hothouse asparagus, squab, soft-shell crabs, fresh pineapple, early strawberries, Jerusalem artichokes, and spring lamb are again seasonable.

In planning April and early May menus you will do well to introduce variety by including some of these new foods.

Fried Asparagus

1 medium size bunch asparagus
1 egg
⅓ cup bread crumbs
¼ cup butter or substitute

EITHER left-over or freshly cooked asparagus may be used. Overcooking must be avoided, as the stalks then lose their shape and brilliant color, besides becoming bitter in flavor. Dip the drained, cooled asparagus stalks in the well beaten egg and then in bread crumbs and place in a hot skillet with the butter or substitute. Turn until browned on all sides and serve as a main dish, either plain, or with cream sauce, cheese sauce, or egg sauce.

Egg Sauce

3 egg yolks
½ cup cream or undiluted evaporated milk
¼ cup butter
1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

BEAT the egg yolks until light and lemon colored. Stir in the cream or evaporated milk and cook over hot but not boiling water, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens. Stir in the other ingredients and serve hot as soon as made.

Candied Fruit

1 to 1¼ cups prepared fruit; for example, sliced pineapple, pineapple cores, apple slices, pitted cherries, grapefruit or orange sectors, whole small pears, or halved kumquats
2 cups sugar
2 cups water
Confectioner's sugar

THE sugar and water should be boiled together about six minutes or to 218° F. Prepare the fruit. Neat round servings can be made by cutting the slices with a grapefruit corer. Small fruits are left whole, but the seeds are removed. Orange and grapefruit are split into sections. Add as much of the prepared fruit as will be covered by the sirup. Boil very gently until the fruit is tender. Test by piercing with a fork. Remove the fruit carefully and drain on absorbent paper or a cooling rack. Sprinkle with sugar, turning the fruit to coat all sides. Dry slowly in a warm but not hot place. Soft fruits should be further sugared after twenty-four hours or even canned if necessary. Left-over cores of ripe, tender pineapples may be candied in like manner, except that they should be cooked tender in water before they are added to the sirup.

Pineapple cores, above, are excellent for candying if they are juicy and tender.

Pickled pineapple, at left, is a popular fruity accompaniment for meat.

Have you ever tried asparagus as a filler for your luncheon or supper omelet?

Pickled Pineapple

1 quart pineapple wedges
½ teaspoon whole cloves
½ tablespoon broken stick cinnamon
4 cups brown or white sugar
2 cups vinegar

PLACE the cloves and cinnamon loosely in cheesecloth bags. Add with the sugar to the vinegar. Boil for five minutes (217° F.). Remove the spices and add the fruit, which has been sliced and then cut in uniform wedges. Heat gently until the fruit is tender enough to be easily pierced with a fork. Pack the fruit closely into a sterilized jar and pour the hot spice mixture over it. Keep at least one week before using.

FOR further aid in freshening your menus for the spring season, consult Miss Somers' three Liberty cookbooks. Pineapple and strawberry appetizers, pineapple salads and desserts are just a few of the additional spring recipes that feature Miss Somers' booklets. The cookbooks cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. When sending for them, please use the coupon.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of

☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
☐ Salads, Sandwiches, & Summer Drinks, 10¢.
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[Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for 25¢.]

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Asparagus Omelet

4 egg yolks
1 tablespoon milk
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons melted fat or butter
4 egg whites
1 bunch asparagus, steamed tender

FIRST beat the egg yolks until thick and lemon colored. Add the milk, salt, pepper, melted butter or substitute. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and then pour into an omelet pan or fry pan which has been heated smoking hot and then lightly oiled with fat to prevent the omelet from sticking. Cover with another fry pan inverted, or a cover to fit. Turn the flame low and continue to cook until the under surface is lightly browned and the egg mixture is set. This may be detected by inserting a silver knife in the center of the omelet. It should come out clean if the omelet is done. Lay the stalks of cooked asparagus over one-half of the omelet. A prettier effect is obtained if the tip ends are allowed to extend at the sides. Fold the omelet and serve piping hot with cream sauce, tomato sauce, or cheese sauce.

Baked Squab

(For Two)

1 squab
¼ lemon
1 cup thin white sauce, or
1 cup cider seasoned by boiling for ten minutes with a few grains nutmeg and ¼ bud garlic

SELECT a plump (preferably tame) squab. Rub with the lemon in order that the flesh be kept as white as possible. Place in the casserole and pour in the white sauce or seasoned cider. Cover the casserole and bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) until tender, or one and one-half hours. Serve on toast garnished with parsley, or top with any desired crust (as biscuit, puff pastry, or pie crust), and finish the baking according to the type of crust used.

Momentum

A LITTLE over a year ago Liberty's net paid circulation had just edged past a million and a half. No other magazine had ever before attracted such a large, enthusiastic following of buyers in so short a time. Every copy was bought voluntarily; not a single subscription solicitor was employed. Of those things we were proud.

* * *

But Liberty's momentum had not begun to spend itself. A new record was in the making.

During 1929, Liberty lifted its net paid average 750,000 above that of the previous year. Notch another magazine record—for circulation gained within a year.

Liberty's guarantee of 2,250,000 net paid circulation for 1930 has been achieved months ahead of schedule. Again advertisers are enjoying liberal velvet above their contracts.

* * *

Liberty now has the largest newsdealer sale of any magazine. In recording these huge circulation gains Liberty has not deviated from its established policy: 99 per cent newsdealer sale. No circulation sorcery has been invoked. Through the persuasion of its editorial content alone, more people buy Liberty from the newsdealers than any other magazine.

For 1931: More than 2,700,000 average net paid circulation guaranteed.

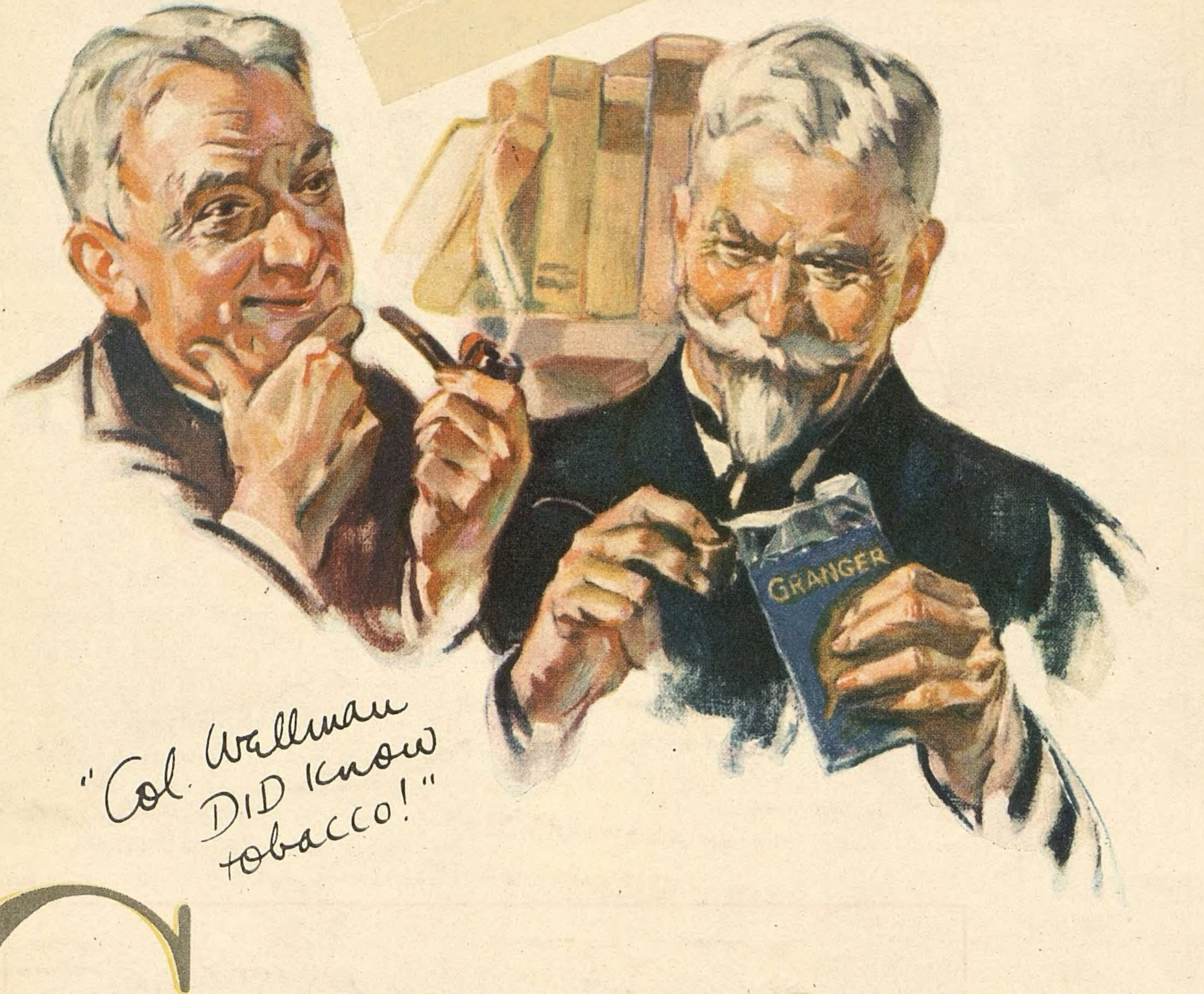
We estimate that *before* 1935 Liberty will have the largest magazine circulation in the world . . .

Robert R. McCormick
Joseph M. Patterson

5c Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

THE BIGGEST NEWSDEALER SALE OF ANY MAGAZINE

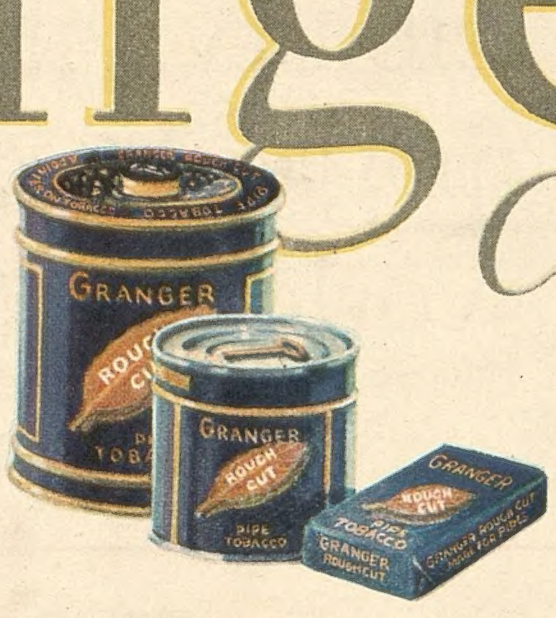
A COOLER SMOKE IN A DRIER PIPE



"Col. Wellman DID know tobacco!"

Granger

Rough Cut


GRANGER
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GRANGER ROUGH CUT

AN 1870 method—
for 1930 goodness!

It's surprising how much cooler, cleaner, and sweeter a pipe becomes, with Granger inside.

Cooler and cleaner, because of the slower-burning Rough Cut, and sweeter—*there's* the feature—because of an old-time tobacco-man's secret. "Wellman's Method" (used only in Granger) certainly works wonders in mellowing tobacco!

But—just try Granger in your favorite pipe, and let it speak for itself!

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